

AMERICAN Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1839.

Embellishments:

PLENIPOTENTIARY, ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER COOPER, R. A.
D'ORSAY AND HIS TRINEAU, ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER AUBREY.

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THIS NO. CONTAINS EIGHT SHEETS, OR ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES
VOL. X. 9

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A very capital paper from "Expedition" was received too late for insertion in this Number. A paper on "Time" was also crowded out.

B. O. T. has our grateful acknowledgments for his courtesy ; his researches "among musty files of papers, of about the year 1800," promise to shed some light on the Turf matters of those days which are highly valuable and interesting.

Mr. Hoffman's new work—"Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie"—has not been republished in this country.

C. F. J.'s communication from Missouri, will appear in our next.

The usual space devoted to the record of *Pedigrees* in this work, is filled with other matter in this number, as but few had come to hand when that portion of the Magazine was printed ; amends will be made in the ensuing publication.

The "hint" conveyed by "Craven," in his April No., is understood. The paper he alludes to, however, was not sent from this office.

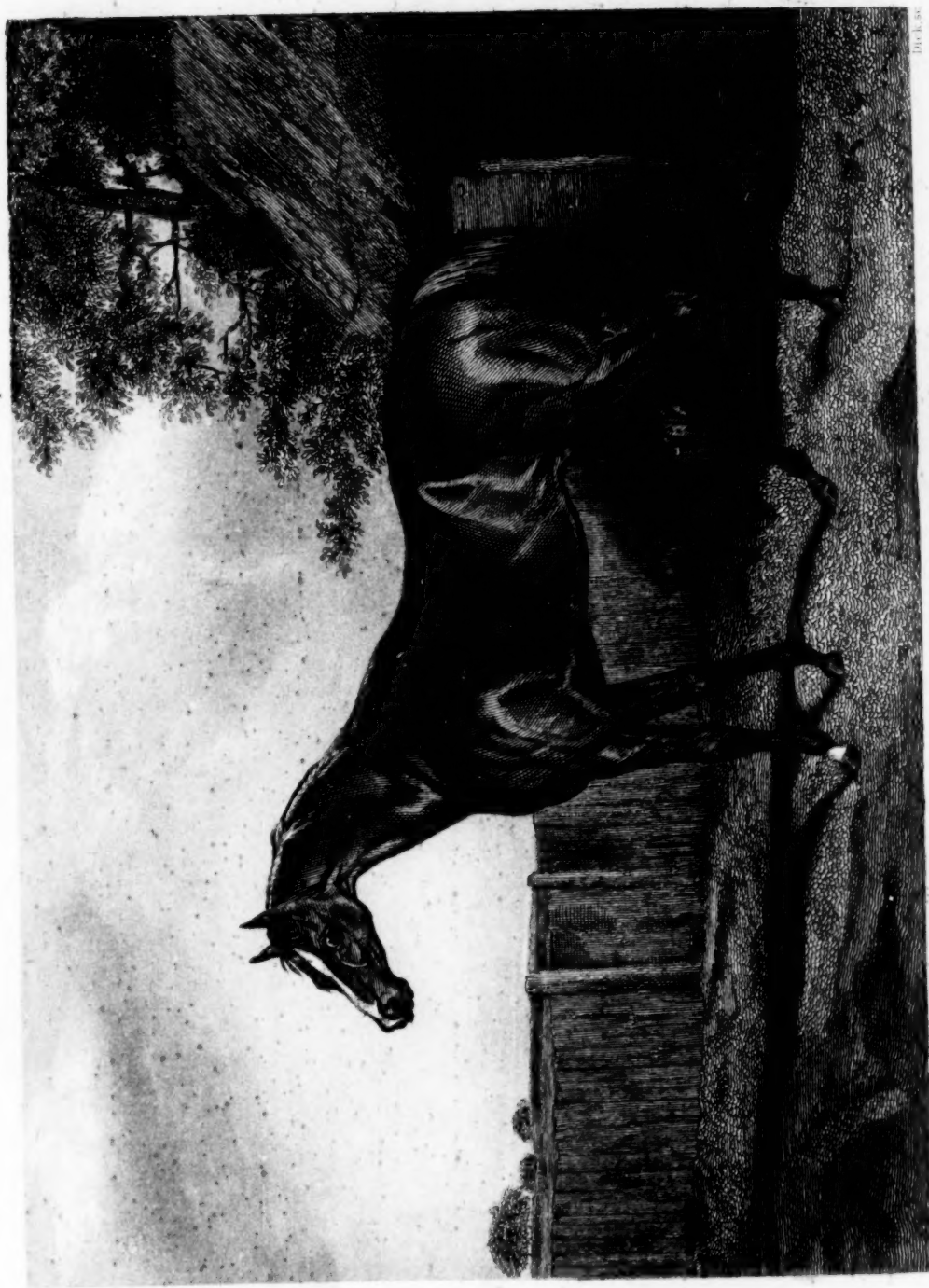
Intelligence of the death of two very fine stallions reached us while making up our last "form" for the press. We allude to Lord Jersey's *Sultan*, and Mr. E. H. Boardman's Imported *Consol*. The first named broke his thigh and was obliged to be destroyed : he was 23 years old. *Consol* died of a constipation of the small intestines ; he was 11 years old.

Orders for Foreign Periodicals, if addressed to Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, Booksellers in this city, will meet with prompt attention ; a branch of this house having recently been established in London.

Francis B. Ogden, Esq., is the American Consul at Liverpool.

Secretaries of Jockey Clubs, and Proprietors of Courses, who have heretofore received this Magazine free of charge, are respectfully informed that the increased expense attending its publication, and the amount expended, monthly, in procuring costly Embellishments, renders it imperative with the proprietors to discontinue supplying copies to any one not complying with the terms of subscription, and no exceptions, whatever, will be made. Who can the proprietors look to for support, if those most directly interested are to receive their copies free of charge ?

Errata.—In the second line from the bottom of page 240, the reader will please erase the word "*procured*" and insert the word "*approach*."



PLENIPOTENTIARY.

New York, Engraved for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

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PLENIPOTENTIARY;

ACCOMPANIED WITH A PORTRAIT, BY DICK, AFTER COOPER.

As an appropriate embellishment of the "Turf Register," its readers are presented in this Number with a portrait of THE GREAT PLENIPO—the best race-horse that modern, or perhaps any other days, have produced. There is no doubt, we believe, in the minds of English turfmen, that the subject of this article was altogether superior to any horse that Newmarket had seen for many years; indeed he was supposed to be at least four pounds better than Priam was at three-year-old weights, and that is saying enough. When abroad in 1837, Maj. DAVIE wrote to the then Editor of this Magazine that "Mr. Batson, the owner of Plenipo, remarked that if he had more of his stock than he wanted, he might one day be induced to sell him for a long price, but that is a day so distant, that it is useless now to speak of it. By most sportsmen here he is considered the best horse that has been in England since Eclipse."

Plenipo, a chesnut colt, was bred by Mr. Batson and foaled in 1831; he was got by Emilius out of Harriet by Pericles, her dam by Selim out of Pipylina by Sir Peter—Rally by Trumpator—Fancy by Florizel. Emilius was got by Orville out of Emily by Stamford, her dam by Whiskey out of Grey Dorimant by Dorimant—Dizzy by Blank—Dizzy by Driver—Smiling Tom, etc. Plenipo thus unites in himself both the speediest and stoutest blood in England.

Let us now look into the brilliant career of Plenipo, so long at least as "brilliant" it was allowed to be. He did not start as a two-year-old, Mr. Batson prudently reserving him for a chance of the "grand prize" which he had never hitherto won, but which, from the form and breeding of this colt, he had a fair prospect of winning. The accomplishment of the wished-for event was very soon all but reduced to a certainty. In the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1834, after having won a Sweepstakes of Fifty sovereigns each, for 3 yr. olds, over the Round Mile, in a canter, Plenipo beat Lord Jersey's celebrated colt *Glencoe* (since imported by JAMES JACKSON, Esq., of Florence, Ala.,) over the same ground and with the same ease; betting 6 to 4 on *Glencoe*. It is scarcely necessary to add that these specimens of his powers placed *Plenipo* (as he was then, and is now called in the Ring,) first favorite for the Derby, which, after five false starts, as well as being opposed to a capital field of horses, consisting of twenty-two, he "won in a canter by two lengths!" Prophecies touching such matters are seldom much to be attended to; but the following remark was made to "Nimrod" by the famous jockey, Frank Buckle, previous to the race:—"If you bet any money on the Derby," said he, "don't be *against* Plenipo. He is the best horse we have had at Newmarket in my time,—I think, four pounds better than Priam was at the same age—and, barring an accident, he *cannot* lose the Derby."

Well might Mr. Batson have felt proud of such a nag as this; well might he be considered *plenipotent* in the South; and as such, with the exception of a walk-over for the St. James's Palace Stakes, at

Ascot, of 100 sovereigns each, eighteen subscribers, (the winner of the Derby to carry seven pounds extra!) he had nothing more to do this year than to walk to Doncaster, to win, as was expected, the great Northern prize with the same ease as he had gained that of the South. To say that he was again first favorite in the betting, is something like a waste of words; but, by what means he was last in the race, and his hitherto brilliant career cut short, is to this day only known to the villain or villains who marred his noble nature, and thereby cast a stain on Doncaster race-meetings, which, added to others equally foul and deep, it cannot soon or readily, get the better of.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers—the uninitiated in these matters, especially—to be told how the disgraceful act of “hocussing,” or “making a horse safe” *not* to win a great stake, was in one instance performed in England, and at Doncaster, too, without having recourse to drugs. It is thus described by “Nimrod,” in his work “On Sporting:”—

“It will be remembered by those having any knowledge of the English Turf, that in 1833, Mr. Watt won the St. Leger stakes with Rockingham, having also another horse called Belshazzar,* in the race, with which he declared to win, if he could, forasmuch as the said Belshazzar would have been, what is called on the Turf, the best winner of the two for himself and friends:—In other words, the odds had been greater against him than against Rockingham, when their books were made. Now, whether Belshazzar was good enough to have won this great stake, it is out of my power to say; but of the means that were taken to prevent his doing so, I am able to speak with confidence, having had all the circumstances relating to them from the lips of Mr. Watt himself; and the following is a detail of the case:—The horse was what is called “all right,” up to the noon of the day on which he was to run; but as a precaution against trickery, Mr. Watt and his trainer gave positive directions to the boy who looked after him, and rode him in his exercise, not to take his eyes off him until led out to run; which directions he promised to obey. This, I must repeat, was done to make assurance doubly sure, as not the least suspicion was previously entertained by any one, of the honesty of the head lad of the establishment, whose conduct during nine years service had been irreproachable. It happened, however, that whilst Mr. Watt and the trainer were in the stable, looking at the head lad plaiting Belshazzar’s mane, whilst the said boy held him by his head for the purpose, with his tail turned towards the manger, as is usual on such occasions, with quiet horses, to have the advantage of light from the window, Mr. Watt and his trainer left the stable to speak to Mr. Lane Fox, who was only a short distance from the building: Now, here an opportunity—“accursed opportunity”! presented itself. “Bless me, Jack,” said the head lad to the boy, bending himself nearly double at the moment, “what a touch of the gripes I have got from eating them plums! Here, take this, and get me two penn’orth of peppermint-drops at the shop.” Now, it may be asked, why did the boy obey the head lad, rather than the strict orders of his master? This question is easily answered. The ashen plant is so severely used at times by these head lads, that

*Belshazzar was imported into this country but a few months since; a memoir of him will be found at page 154-5 of this Number of the T. R.

the boys under them do not care to offend them ; and doubtless this boy calculated on running to the shop, before his master and Mr. Watt returned to the stable. And run he did, as Mr. Watt told me, for he would not even wait to have the "drops" put into paper, taking them out of the scales with his hand. But this expedition was fatal to the "honest" head lad. When the boy entered the stable, he found Belshazzar licking his lips, from which water was slabbering through the muzzle which had that instant been slipped on him again, after having been taken off to admit of his swallowing three parts of a pail of water, which was placed in readiness for him ! The murder did not come out until some time afterwards, when the head lad owned to the disgraceful act, as detailed by the boy, but nothing could induce him to tell, at whose instigation he perpetrated it. Whether the reward was much or little, Mr. Watt had no means of ascertaining ; but whatever it was, it was soon spent, and the lad reduced to want."

For such of the readers of the Register as may not have seen Nimrod's paper on "The Turf," in the Quarterly Review, we here transcribe a passage in allusion to the infamous Plenipo fraud :—

"That the Doncaster St. Leger of 1834 was a robbery, there is not to be found a man in all His Majesty's dominions, unconnected with the fraud, to deny. But by what means the best horse that England has seen since the days of Eclipse—a horse allowed to have been a better horse than Priam was—was made the worst horse in that race (so bad indeed, as to have been beaten before he got a quarter of the distance he had to run), will perhaps never be known, except to those who made him so. Mr. Batson, his owner, like Æmilius Scaurus, the consul, stood on his character, and made no defence ; but as a St. Leger horse is, to a certain extent, the property of the public, the public had a right to some kind of explanation under Mr. Batson's hand. He might have followed the example of the late Col. King, in the Bessy Bedlam robbery, at the same place, and for the same stakes, in 1828. The Colonel sent a statement of all he knew of the foul transaction to a London newspaper, leaving the public to judge for themselves, from the facts he detailed."

In 1835, Plenipo only started three times, viz :—for the Newmarket Craven Stakes, which he won, beating Glaucus, Nonsense, Shillelah, and others ;—a plate of £50, beating Clearwell by Jerry, and another, (seven to one on Plenipo) ;—and the Port Stakes of 100 sovereigns each, four subscribers ; the late Sir Mark Wood withdrawing his stake, and no other horse being at the post.

In 1836, Plenipo was announced to cover a limited number of mares, at twenty-five guineas, by subscription only, at Limberhurst Lodge, near Linton, Cambridgeshire, where he still remains. In the list of English Stallions for the present season, we find him announced as standing at 25 gs., and 1 g. to the groom, limited to *thirty* mares, besides *six* of the owner's.

Plenipo's get is finding its way to this country. Delphine, imported by Col. Hampton, of S. C., came over in foal to him, and dropped last March a very superb chesnut colt foal, to which the name of "Herald" has been given ; this colt is nominated in the great Peyton Stake at Nashville, Tenn., for which it is first favorite ; it is marked with a star and snip, and is said very much to resemble its sire ; many

gentlemen describe it as one of the finest colt foals they have ever seen. Mr. Robert L. Stevens, of this city, is breeding the celebrated Polly Hopkins to him this season. Among the importations of Mr. Lucius J. Polk, of Tenn., in Dec. last, was Jenny Mills, a fine brood mare, by Whisker out of Hornsea's dam, by Cerberus, who was stunted to him last season.

The portrait of Plenipo, which accompanies this Number, was engraved on steel by Dick, from a very beautiful illustration of "Nimrod on Sporting," to which elegant and entertaining work we are indebted for the materials used in the compilation of this article; the original portrait was painted by Cooper, R. A., in August, 1837, after the close of his second season as a Stallion, and is said to be a very faithful and striking likeness.

NATIVE AND IMPORTED STOCK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TURF REGISTER.

As an Amateur of the Turf, and a party interested in a small way in Blood Stock, I often amuse myself, and seek instruction in the controversies by which the racing world is constantly agitated.

The present season will go far to determine the most interesting one which has, for years, been discussed among turfmen in our country,—the comparative merits of the Native and the English stock. A disinterested observer, who should attempt to decide the question upon general reasons only, by the laws which experience would seem to have established throughout the animal world, as applicable to the intermixture of blood, would scarcely hesitate *a priori* to recommend the crossing of English horses with our Native mares, and our Native horses with Imported mares. But, upon inquiry, he would find that the breeders in this country have ranged themselves into parties, which take opposite and extreme views of the question. Many gentlemen of great experience, are parting with their old stock, as rapidly as practicable; and are breeding their remaining mares to imported horses; and not only this, but they are absolutely aiming to supply the places of their Native mares with English stock. This party adopt the opinion of the entire superiority of the English horses of the present day, to our own, and are investing largely in the stock. Another party, which likewise numbers gentlemen of long experience on the Turf, and extensive breeders, pursue a directly opposite course, confining themselves entirely to American stock, in the full faith that the English system of racing and breeding, has now so long aimed at producing speedy sweepstake colts, in place of hard bottomed horses, which are here most valued, that we have nothing to gain by any further drafts from the English studs. They believe that the present race of English horses has, for many years, been degenerating, and that our own stock will be sensibly injured by the importations already made.

So large is the amount of capital now invested in the blood-horse,

that, in the settlement of the question, something more is involved than mere pride of opinion ; and all interested in the Turf, are now examining the reports of races, as they come into us from different parts of the country through your office, with a single eye to this question—"How has the imported stock run?" We have already the experience of several years, bearing directly upon the point, and yet the opinions of the opposite parties would seem as widely asunder, as irreconcilable as ever. Leviathan has done more for the English stock than any other of the imported horses, and in the South-west he now maintains a decided supremacy over all other horses. Many farmers in Tennessee, who breed only to sell, send their mares to him notwithstanding the high price of his services, because it is the best stock "to sell." One gentleman from that State, assured me that he pursued this course himself, although he was by no means convinced of the superiority of the stock.

The race courses of New Orleans form, now, the Newmarket of the South-west, and there have the partizans in this vexed question, brought their opinions to the test. On that Turf the Leviathans have maintained the tug of war against the best of our Native bred.—Fanny Wright, for a while, stood up worthily for the Bertrands ; and more recently Wagner has assumed the lead, and challenged the world to dispute his supremacy. So that in the South-west, there would seem to exist the same uncertainty which has thus far marked this controversy from its commencement.

After Leviathan, rank Luzborough and Fylde, as the champions of imported stock. The brilliant career of Picton in his three-year-old form, justified the highest hopes, but the too sanguine confidence of his owner, induced him to risk the reputation of his colt in a contest with the long-tried, and best bottomed horses of the Native stock, in four mile heats ;—he made a gallant struggle to "justify his training," and then succumbed, crippled, as I believe, by the effort. Last year Portsmouth commenced an adventurous career, and carried off prize after prize from hosts of competitors, and by his race with Boston, this Spring, he has set the seal to his reputation. The slight falling off, which all felt, had occurred in the popularity of Luzborough, has been entirely recovered by the victory over Boston.

Fylde has now been dead two years ; but his colts have proved successful at all distances, and in numerous races. His loss is sorely regretted by those interested in the standing of the imported horses. Duane, too, should be enumerated among the noted horses of his day ; perhaps he has done more to raise the character of the English stallions, as getters of four mile winners, than any nag which has yet come out. Henceforth Hedgeford will stand prominent among our stallions.

Thus far I have named only the get of imported horses out of our Native mares. But there have been winners, imported horses themselves, of high pretensions, and still increasing promise. Monarch has beaten easily every thing that has been brought against him, but his competitors have not been of the highest order. Maria Black has won in numerous fields, and made one race at my favorite distance, of four miles, which stamps her "game." The Queen, and Likeness, and Langford and others, have distinguished themselves ; but thus

far, no such decided superiority has been evinced, as to justify the extreme partiality of some of my neighbors to English horses. Therefore do I look, with keen anxiety, for the results of the present opening season, which will go farther than any preceding one to determine the controversy.

To the "Old Dominion" especially, are all eyes turned, and there the advocates of the Native stock have had the best of the argument of *facts*, this Spring, notwithstanding Portsmouth's victory. I have heard from Belfield, from Petersburg, and from Broad Rock; in the sweepstakes, in which the get of Chateau Margaux, of Tranby, and of Luzborough, have been engaged against our Native bred colts, the latter have proved superior; but, as yet, the means of comparison are far too limited, and the details you have given in your paper too meagre, to warrant ultimate conclusions. I look with pleasure upon the controversy, as it is interesting in itself, and because I hope from it most salutary results. I shall endeavor to judge dispassionately, as opportunity is furnished for wider speculation, upon the subject, and shall shape my course by the lights of experience, derived from a cautious review of the Racing Calendar, rather than by the clashing examples of the great leaders upon the Turf. If, as I believe, the cross of the Imported horses upon our Native mares shall prove successful—if their produce maintain their ability to go our distances, with the get of Bertrand, of Timoleon, and of Eclipse, all experience in breeding other animals, which sanctions and encourages the system of remote crosses, and repudiates near alliances, will be confirmed. But if it be found, as many predict, that in our long and repeating races, the produce of these crosses shall tire and give back, then shall I believe that, *for our purposes*, the breed of English horses has degenerated; and that if we would "hold fast to that which is good," we must still continue breeding from our own well-tried, hard-bottomed, stock. On no account let us be induced to forego heats of four miles, as the only test of a race horse. The moment we depart from that standard, from that moment, I am convinced, will "the breed of noble bloods" degenerate.

JERSEY.

ORIENTAL "FIELD SPORTS."

"A SHY" WITH A TIGER.

* * * The third cheroot was rapidly vanishing into potash, and I was about setting to work (being, Mr. Editor, a Reg. IX, uncovenanted, under canvass on settlement duty,) when lo, and behold, my friend Ramdoss making the best of his way—or rather his tattoo was so doing. My friend was Gomashta, of Caleechurn Rae, Bahadur, the Zemindar, whose lands I was assessing. "*Sahib! bagh hi*,"—within the week, he has carried off three men and two bullocks. My master has sent his elephant, and begs that you will come and kill it—there are also butchas." "Thank you, your master is a very nice

man,—I guess he'd sooner see the tiger settled, or myself, either the one or t'other." In the midst of this entertaining dialogue, up came the elephant; of course I offered the kawas to my friend the Gomashita, which he declined. However, he provided a substitute in the shape of a ryot. So I, my man of all work, Ramjany, and the ryot, started.

I was well armed—two double barrels, a ditto rifle, ditto single, but my friend's howdah was not at all a strong looking thing—all ginger bread; the ryot brought us up to a small untigerish-looking spot, one or two large Peepul trees in an open maidan, covered underneath with cane, thorn, and grass jungle. "Well," said I, "where's the tiger?" "*Wuhan hi*—there he is," quoth blacky—slipping quietly out of the howdah, and perching himself on a stout arm of the tree. "*Wuhan hi—áta hi Sahib*"—'as much as to say, "look out for squalls, Mr. Settlement Deputy—touch him up with a little bit of regulation—one paragraph—do *Sahib*." The jungle slightly moved—fancy!!! when all at once at us he came—she came, or they came, I couldn't see, but I could hear. Those who have seen them charge, can understand the thing, perhaps, but I, having recently become a Mofussilite, was, of course, more used to the shrill voices of our Cossitollah debating society, than to such rough conversation as the present. Away went the undaunted elephant, with a scream of terror—crush—crush—crush—away flew the howdah to smithereens: just one instant and Ramjany and I slipped off behind. I had the start, and fell undermost—he over me. I missed his weight in a moment, turned around, recovered my legs—there was the brute walking away with the old man of all work, mine ancient servitor—a nice situation for a married man—with a large family. He took him to an open spot not seven yards from me. There he stood—lash, lash went his tail, and every attempt the poor wretch made was immediately resented by the brute. I felt giddy—sick. I recoiled and had nearly fallen, when I saw amongst the ruins of my howdah my double rifle, not a yard from me. An instant, it was in my hands; another, it was levelled:—the barrels of it were bent in the shape of the letter C. What a soul sickener! However, I retained it at the present. Should I myself be attacked I would discharge it when the brute was actually touching it, and, in this position I commenced my retreat—a growl close alongside.

I had now recovered one of my double guns; it had fallen on the jungle and was uninjured. The growl which alarmed me, came from the tigress. She was protecting her cubs, and was evidently meditating a spring. I fixed my eye on her, she sneaked away to the other brute and poor Ramjany. The tiger met her with an angry growl, and seized its victim by the back of his head and literally skulled him. I didn't hear the crush, but I felt it; never shall I forget it—the poor fellow's eyes leapt out of their sockets; his legs plunged two or three times convulsively; a cruel feeling of sickness came over me. My gun was instantly levelled: now for revenge—I aimed directly between the brute's eyes, as he was trying to disentangle the poor fellow's hair. I was too close possibly to miss. I pulled the trigger,—it wouldn't go off; the other—no, that wouldn't go off; the monster just raised its head at each sound of the cap; 'twas now that I gave myself up entirely. Now I envied the guide, perched on a branch overhead, quite safe; there he sat jabbering and pelting the brute with bits of rotten

branches. It was my only chance. I made a spring,—had hold of the branch,—a roar. The tigress *had* seized me. Just imagine the agony of the moment!—being dragged along by the arm through a close jungle, and the extra force applied to remove its opposition: wrench,—wrench,—and here I must have fainted, as I have no further recollection of what happened.

That I am alive at this moment shows that I eventually did escape! When I returned to consciousness, I found myself not in my tent, but at the Sudder station carefully tucked up in bed. The first words, and they were music to my ears, Mr. Editor, were from my friend C. "Thank God, thank God,—he is still alive." My bed was literally covered with blood; my arm carefully bandaged; my head one mass of clotted blood. The sequel is soon told—it was holiday time; we had been making too free over night. I myself was, as the medico gentleman assured me, in such a state of inebriation, that, at one time, there was imminent danger of a fit of apoplexy. Without further ado, he stuck his lancet into my arm, and applied eighteen leeches to my head, and administered a powerful vomit. Hence the bloody bed, and, I suppose the prickly sensation of the thorn jungle; ditto the dreadful sickness. After this lucid explanation, my reply was "Ramjany, you scamp, are you not devoured? *Belattee pance lao—judy.*" Now, Mr. Editor, never be guilty of over-shikar, in the holidays.

Bengal Sporting Magazine.]

PETER SIMPLE.

D'ORSAY AND HIS TRINEAU;

ACCOMPANIED WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

The atmosphere of Paris, in winter, would be hardly distinguishable from that of London, did the French burn coal—but the snow (which lies on the ground perhaps once in five years,) is known as a white substance in Paris, while in London they fancy the snow-flakes are dark on the back—they are blackened so instantly after they fall.

One of the embellishments of this Number, from the burin of Dick, is the *Dragon-sleigh* of the very handsomest man in the world, honored by the company of Lady Blessington, who, if not the handsomest woman, is certainly the most *entrainante* and delightful. The horse in his day, too, was the finest known horse, and the dog, the noblest known dog in the universe—of Paris. Four better portraits, for the size and distance, were never drawn. The Count and Lady Blessington look like those celebrities seen through a reversed opera-glass. It is a characteristic instance of the superb extravagance of the "*cupidon dechainé*," that the whole turn-out, including the snow-shedders upon his legs, was got up upon the mere chance of a quinquennial or septennial snow. Yet he comes rightly by it, for it was one of the extravagances of his father, (who was called D'Orsay le Beau) that every hinge in his drawing rooms was a musical-box, and played the guest into his presence. Why are not constellations given to such men—with a star or two extra for pin-money, to their fair Coun-





Engraved by C. E. Hoyle

EDWARD AND ELIZABETH

How they loved in the shadow of the tree and in the moonlight

tesses? They would spend you the Pleiades, before you could them, the missing one and all.

To return to the picture, it was done by a master, and is a true one, not merely in the poses, but remarkably in the attitudes and air of the Count and the Countess, his *belle-mère*. He stepped the horse, so bounded the dog. One could be sure that of all the Engravings by Chalon, Paris, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others, they have here the best known picture of Lady Blessington.

KILLING TROUT OUT OF SEASON.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 22, 1829.

Nothing annoys an old Sportsman so much as the killing of game out of season, and nothing distresses a true disciple of old Izaak more than taking trout before May day. The writer of this belongs to Izaak's school, and, if you will have it so, to the aristocratic branch, as was my feeling, when, first, of my feelings when reading in the *Register*, an article headed "Trout Fishing on Long Island," and then, of *February* named as the commencement of the season. I perceived there was a mistake as to the month, and looked again and again. All would not do; February it was, and no mistake. The next day a Mr. informed me "Stump Pond was clear of ice!" At the close of my reading, my feet grew cold, and a chill came over me, which was not until I had taken down a glass of "half and half" that I shook it off.

You speak of sly old foxes, and of men for the purpose of bringing back a monster trout. I have brought to my recollection a true story of my Fox-hunting friend, Mr. M., of Virginia, who always bragged of killing more monster trout than any other pack killed in the same season. I asked his neighbor if this were true? "Yes," said he. "He is successful in Cub-hunting, but he cuts as hard as the wind when he gets upon them." This story may not seem pertinent to the subject, but I think it is. Your old sly foxes will come to the point, and all trout, when the fish are scarce, and caught with the net, but not before May-day.

For the sake of every fisherman's love of angling, do all you can to prevent the taking of trout out of season. In Pennsylvania, where a law is proposed by law: Big Spring, near Carlisle, is one of the best places to be closed to the month of May, June, July, and August, and fishing time closed at all times. Ask your Legislature to do this, and have given to Pennsylvania; for should that body deem the propriety of passing a law of the kind, ask them to appoint a Commission to see the fishing in May day. The Committee will then select the best trout, and persons of every calling, all engaged in trout fishing; and should it prove a day of clouds and sunshine, with just enough of breeze to make a ripple,



tesses? They would spend you the Pleiades, before you could them, the missing one and all.

To return to the picture, it was done by a master, and is a true one, not merely of the faces, but remarkably of the attitudes and air of the Count and the Countess, his *belle-mere*. So stepped the horse, so bounded the dog. Our readers may be sure that of all the Engravings by Chalon, Paris, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, and others, they have here the best known likeness of Lady Blessington.

KILLING TROUT OUT OF SEASON.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29, 1839.

Nothing annoys an old Sportsman so much as the killing of game out of season, and nothing distresses a true disciple of old Izaak more than taking trout before May day. The writer of this belongs to Izaak's school, and, if you will have it so, to the aristocratic branch, to wit: fly fishing. Judge, then, of my feelings when reading in the last number of the "Register," an article headed "Trout Fishing on Long Island," and the month of *February* named as the commencement of the season. I believed there was a mistake as to the month, and looked again and again. All would not do; February it was, and no mistake. The next line or two informed me "Stump Pond was clear of *ice*!" At this point of my reading, my feet grew cold, and a chill came over me, and it was not until I had taken down a glass of "half and half" that I shook it off.

You speak of sly old foxes, stealing out of town for the purpose of bringing back a monster trout. Talking of foxes, brought to my recollection a true story of my Fox-hunting friend, Mr. M., of Virginia, who always bragged of killing more foxes with his pack, than any other pack killed in the same season. One day I asked his neighbor if this were true? "Yes," said he, "Mr. M. is successful in Cub-hunting, but he quits as soon as the young foxes get *hair upon them*." This story may not seem pertinent to the subject, but, I think it is. Your old sly foxes steal over to the Island, and kill trout, when the fish are lean, hungry, and covered with lice, but quit before May-day.

For the sake of every thing dear to the lovers of angling, do all you can to put a stop to the taking of trout out of season. In Pennsylvania, some streams are protected by law: Big Spring, near Carlisle, is one of them; fishing is confined to the months of May, June, July, and August, and netting trout forbid at all times. Ask your Legislature to follow the lead given by Pennsylvania: but should that body doubt the propriety of passing a law of the kind, ask them to appoint a Committee to visit Big Spring on May day. The Committee will there see Farmers, Mechanics, Doctors, and persons of every calling, all engaged in trout fishing; and should it prove a day of clouds and sunshine, with just enough of breeze to make a ripple,

your Committee will be gratified with the sight of at least three hundred brace of fine, fat, rosy trout. G.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

We cry you mercy, friend "G," and while we cordially sympathise with you in your annoyance at the killing of game out of season, permit us to state that when we alluded to the latter part of February as the "commencement of the season" on Long Island, we had especial reference to the trouting in the *tide* streams. Trout taken out of these streams differ almost as much in flavor, size, and colour from those caught in fresh water as the latter do from shad; they are rarely taken in the creeks above sloop navigation, where they appear as soon as the ice breaks up in February, and are seldom taken after May-day. You should have been informed too, that most of these tide streams are regularly netted, not for trout merely, but for eels and several scaly varieties of the finny tribe, so that when "the sly old foxes" fish for them in these troubled waters they "lay the flattering unction to their souls" that they are not in the least degree obnoxious to the grave charge of killing trout out of season.

Again: there is not a trout pond of any celebrity on the Island in which the number allowed to be taken is not limited; for instance, at Carman's Pond, each person fishing is allowed to take away six per diem—at Stump Pond, ten—at Liff Snedeker's, twelve—at J. Smith's, fifteen, &c. By a record kept at Snedeker's last year it is computed that not less than 1500 were taken, while at Stump Pond (it should be yecept Lake,) the number was nearly 2800! At the latter, the trouting is, notwithstanding, uncommonly fine this season. If we commence trouting earlier on the Island by two months than is recognised as "in season" by the disciples of old Izaak residing in neighbouring States, they must at least give us the credit of winding up our reels for the season quite as much earlier than themselves.

We have half a mind to be a little ruffled at the reflection cast upon the Island trout—that they are "lean, hungry, and covered with lice before May-day." The insinuation is unfounded and outrageously libellous, as we will demonstrate to the satisfaction of "G" *next* February, by sending him a sogdollager caught in a tide stream, which is dry one half the day, while it has sufficient water the other half to float the largest steamer on the Mississippi.

Nevertheless, it would give us the greatest satisfaction to have our fresh water trout protected by law, and the friends of the measure may rely upon our hearty co-operation with them in procuring the passage of the necessary enactment.

ON BRIDLING AND BITTING HORSES.

A great error, which is now common with most horsemen and drivers, (not military) is in the use of the bit. The bit is intended and constructed, so as, with the assistance of the curb-chain, to form a powerful lever, acting on the lower jaw, while the arch of the cross piece presses with violence against the roof of the mouth. For this purpose the curb-chain must be sufficiently tight to keep the check pieces of the bit in a straight line with the line of the horse's face, when the arch of the cross piece will be in the same line, and not touch the roof of the mouth: but if the curb-chain be left too slack, the arch piece is always tormenting the roof of the mouth; and when the bridle is pulled, instead of acting on the chain and lower jaw, the checks of the bit come back on a line with the bridle, so nothing further than the action of a snaffle is produced by a bit a foot long. Thus it is, that we every day hear of horses running away,

"shocking accidents," fractured skulls, &c. Not so with the Turks Arabs, South Americans, and those people who are the most celebrated in the management of horses. Talk to any of these of a horse running away with them, they would not understand you, because they understand how to bridle a horse. It is a mistake to suppose, that by putting on the bit and curb-chain as it ought to be, that, therefore, it is unpleasant and "hard" upon the horse's mouth. On the contrary, the bit is then kept steady, without the arch fidgetting the roof of the mouth. The rider is not bound to bear upon the bridle : but when he does pull, the horse must obey. We all know how the Turks and Arabs will gallop up to you, or to a wall, and in the space of a yard or two stop their horse, stiff on all four legs, as though he had suddenly been turned to stone. I have been led into these remarks upon bits and stirrups principally, by recollecting that Colonel Taylor, shortly after I saw him at Naples, lost his life in Portugal at the battle of Vimiera (I think) entirely owing to the false arrangement of his bit. While gallantly heading a charge against the French, his horse leaped a ditch, and took to a pace which very few of his men could follow. He thus found himself almost alone, within a hundred yards of the enemy. All might yet have been well with him,, had he been able to stop and turn his horse ; but his bridle had no power ; he was seen to pull it with all his might, without any effect ; his horse carried him straight into the enemy's ranks ; and they, not knowing his dilemma, received him on the points of their lances or bayonets, so that he was killed. The kind of horse he rode, too, was not that fitted for war. It was a regular " hunter," long backed, necked, and legged, full sixteen hands high—very different from the compact built horses now in use in the British cavalry. If I may be allowed to suppose it possible for Colonel Taylor to be thinking of any such matters during his fatal unwilling course towards the lances of the French, and it is most likely that he did think of bits—and curse them too—most likely he thought of me at that dire moment. I had been in company with him at Naples, and held with him the conversation on bits and stirrups to the effect which I have here described.

While on the subject of horsemanship and bridles, I will take the opportunity of suggesting some other items to the consideration of such of my readers as are not irrevocably wedded to every thing in usage, merely because it is a usage, and an old one, perhaps, into the bargain. In consequence of my habits of observation, I am of opinion that the use of "blinkers" to draught horses is much more calculated to cause the evils intended to be guarded against. We prevent the horse from seeing in any other direction but straight before him, lest he should be frightened by some object on either side of him. I do not understand the *rationale* of this. He is as likely to see, to him, alarming objects in front as any where else. Any thing new, in shape or color, or sound, affrights a horse ; but when he finds that there is really no cause of fear, he is speedily reconciled. The horse is curious, and somewhat of an observer ; moreover, he is formed by nature and inclination to see and constantly look behind him. This is indicated by the use of his heels, and by the necessity, in a wild condition, of fleeing from his enemies, the wolves and panthers. Now, put a horse into a vehicle that makes much noise behind him,—

jingling, ringing, shaking,—he naturally feels anxious to look behind to ascertain the cause. If you approach a blinkered horse so that he cannot see you coming, and give him a sudden pat on the side or shoulder, he will start and tremble; but go up to him in front, and slap him ever so hard, he sees that there is no cause of fear, and does not stir. Supposing by some accident, a horse is left with a portion of a shaft, or any other fragment, dragging behind him, off he gallops, and is, he thinks, pursued by the dreadful thing following him, which he cannot see. At Naples, the hackney coach and cabmen use no blinkers to their horses; and I have observed for years, the great advantages of the omission. Although these horses are generally spirited stallions, and sometimes vicious, never such a thing as their being frightened and running away occurs. Moreover, the horse keeps always one eye at least at the hand of the driver, so that the mere lifting of the whip is enough to make him pull, without its actual application. More might be said upon this subject, but brevity forbids me.

The “bearing rein” is an excellent device for taking from the horse a portion of his power of traction, and keeping him in a constant state of torment while in harness. The act of drawing requires the freedom of the neck, which should be allowed extension, instead of the chin being forced up to the throat. The constant pain to the horse’s mouth, and the cramped muscles of the head and neck, are too evident to need discussion. We see the horses shaking, and shaking up their heads, and coachee gives them a good cut of the whip to ease them, I suppose, by substituting one sort of pain for another. Of course I shall be told of “the look of the thing,” without “blinkers” or “bearing reins.” Very well, then go on using them. I have done my duty towards the steeds by giving my opinion, which, I hope, others better qualified will enlarge upon.

Life of Maceroni.

SELF-TRAINED HORSES.—When a colt is weaned and turned out, it has of course a shed or stable to lie and feed in. By making a slight fence about the height of the colt’s knees, a few yards from the door, you compel him to walk over to get to his corn. When he is quite used to this, raise the fence six inches. This will make him rear up and get his fore legs over, and he will soon find it easier to jump over than to draw over his hind legs after him. When he does this freely, raise the fence still higher, till he is obliged to make a good standing leap over it every time he goes in. When he is perfect at this, which he will be in the course of a month, then dig a ditch, and throw up a bank with the earth instead of a rail, and he will first walk into the ditch, and then get his fore legs on the bank, but in a day or two he will quietly jump on the bank. After being perfect in this, have another ditch on the other side of the bank and he will jump on and off in a few days as well as any hunter. The writer has a thoroughbred colt, only nine months old, which is as perfect at all sorts of fence as the best hunter.

Diary of a Huntsman.

RACING IN RUSSIA.

Extract of a letter dated Nova Tcherkask (the country of the Cossacks of the Don), 27th September.

After the horse-races had taken place at Taganrog, several Noble Cossacks, such as the Counts Orloff, Denissoff, and Platoff, Seigneurs Yelovajski, Yeffremofs, Wlassofs, Tchernosouhofs, Dmytross, &c., met at Nova-Tcherkask to ascertain which race of horses in our country is best fitted for the course. The races on this occasion well deserved to have the Members of the Jockey Clubs of Paris and of England for spectators. These were steeple-chases across the steppes; the distance sixteen versts (three French leagues and a fifth). Twenty-two horses of different indigenous races started, each shod, saddled, and bridled like a war-horse, and most of them mounted by the Nobles themselves—the others by the Cossacks. Numerous carriages, filled with Ladies in elegant full dress, were stationed near the place of starting, and also near the spot fixed on for the termination of the course. The regiment of the Cossack Guard, and that of the Ataman, were present in full uniform, and added much to the exhilarating scene. When the horses started, "Hurrah!" resounded on all sides for several minutes. The first horse that arrived at the goal was that of Colonel Yelovajski, a dark bay of pure Cossack blood, which went over the ground in twenty-eight minutes. The other horses were Persian-Cossack, English-Cossack, Circassian-Cossack, Polish-Cossack, Kirgis-Cossack, Turkish-Cossack, and Tartar-Cossack. The different bets won and lost upon the course amounted to about 200,000 francs. The joy of the Cossacks was very great from the winner being of the pure indigenous race of their country. The festivities which succeeded the race lasted three days; after which all the Cossack Nobility, divided into troops, spread over the steppes to hunt the wolf and fox with greyhounds, the custom in this country.

Extract of a Letter, dated Ouralsk (Asiatic Russia), October 10, 1838.

The Jockey Club annals cannot perhaps furnish a similar instance of what took place at our last horse-races, which were held on the 29th September, at which, as usual, were assembled several Sultan-Kirgis and the high and civil military functionaries of our province, who, preceded by the Ataman of the Uralian Cossacks, repaired in procession to the Hippodrome situate to the south of our city. The length of our course was eighteen versts (four French leagues and a half): the first races were to be run by Cossack horses, twenty of which started at once. Two amongst them, one ridden by the Cossack Santchyn, and the other by the Cossack Salihof, from the very start outstripped the rest, and ran side by side as if tethered to each other, and without obtaining the slightest advantage, to the end of the race. They reached the goal in 24:35. The prize of 250 roubles (about 1000 f.) was divided between the two competitors. The equal speed of the two horses astonished every spectator, and immediately every one was on the *qui vive* to know their origin, when they were discovered to be *twins*.

The horses of the Kirgis-Kaissaks ran next: they were eighteen in number. That ridden by Dojin-Baj-Mohamed, Son of the Sultan Sovereign of the Kirgis-Kaissaks, was declared the winner: he took

but nineteen minutes to clear the distance. It must be admitted that this *was* an extraordinary performance, but the horse that gave this proof of his speed is one of the first coursers, and the young Sultan is considered the cleverest jock in Kirgistan. This prince distributed among his servants the 310 roubles (1240 f.) won by his horse.

A race between Cossack and Kirgis-Cossack horses was announced for the next, but it did not take place, as no one deemed that he possessed a horse capable of entering into competition with that of Dojin-Baj-Mohamed. The only horse that might have ventured to contend with any chance of success was the black stallion belonging to the Cossack Boustche-Tchou-Groumien, which for four successive years carried off every prize: but this horse was ill. Last year he compassed the eighteen versts in 18 min. 25 sec.

BOAT SONG.

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, ESQ.

The songs written for rowers being rarely composed by practical *craftsmen*, are generally useless, save in the drawing-room; because the measure of the music is not timed to the stroke of oars. Placide's drinking song as the gardener in "The Marriage of Figaro," has always been a favourite with the Boat Clubs, when rowing with a quick stroke; as "Long time ago" is, when pulling with a slow one. The following, evidently written to the air of "*In early life I took a wife*" substitutes some more appropriate words for those of Placide's popular favourite.

We court no gale with wooing sail,
 We fear no squall a-brewing;
 Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,
 Alike our course pursuing.
 For what to us are winds, when thus
 Our merry boat is flying,
 While bold and free, with jocund glee,
 Stout hearts her oars are plying?

At twilight dun, when red the sun
 Far o'er the water flashes,
 With buoyant song our barque along
 His crimson pathway dashes.
 And when the night devours the light,
 And shadows thicken o'er us,
 The stars steal out, the skies about,
 To dance to our bold chorus.

Sometimes near shore we ease our oar,
 While beauty's sleep invading,
 To watch the beam through her casement gleam,
 As she wakes to our serenading;
 Then with the tide we floating glide,
 To music soft receding,
 Or drain one cup, to her filled up
 For whom those notes are pleading.

Thus on and on, till the night is gone,
 And the garish day is breaking,
 While landsmen sleep, we boatmen keep
 The soul of frolic waking.
 And though cheerless then our craft looks, when
 To her moorings day has brought her,
 By the moon amain she is launched again,
 To dance o'er the gleesome water.

HARKAWAY.

[We resume from page 11 of the previous Number the "strange eventful history" of this high mettled racer. His performance last noted was his winning Her Majesty's Plate, of 100 guineas at Doncaster, on the 17th of Sept. last; three days subsequently he was to have been started for the Doncaster Cup, but here his owner stepped in, and it must be confessed that *his* "performance" out-herods any thing that could have been achieved by Harkaway or horse-flesh.]

We hear next of Harkaway at Heaton Park, where (on the 26th Sept.) he started for the Stakes of that name; the odds were 6 to 5 on him, and 5 to one *vs.* Prize-flower, (the half-bred Priam colt) who won it owing to an accident. It is thought of this race that the Harkaway party actually meant "winning"—perhaps with the intention of asserting afterwards that the horse was "saved for it" instead of running for the Cup at Doncaster. However, it was otherwise ordered, and accident inflicted the only punishment they were likely to feel, viz.—by making them lose their money. In making the first turn, Harkaway's feet slipped from under him, and after sliding some distance he came down as if he had been shot, and was, of course, put out of the race; Calloway, to the satisfaction of all present, was unhurt, but there was a general cry of "*What a pity FERGUSON was not on him!*" Lord Milltown's filly Cruiskeen, also fell near the same place, and to complete the chapter of accidents, Rachel stumbled and was thrown on her nose, while Fairy Queen, being thrown out, also stumbled, and in recovering herself went foul of Cruiskeen, who was knocked down but not damaged. Neale, her jockey, was slightly hurt, but contrived to limp home, and was able the next day to ride again. When Heaton Park races first commenced, regular Jockeys were not allowed to ride, and it is a little singular that since their services have been introduced, there has scarcely been a race for which they have ridden in a field of horses that has not produced some confusion. In 1835, Tarick fell whilst running for the very same stake as Harkaway, and not far from the same place.

It should be mentioned that for this last race Harkaway was handicapped to carry 9st. 2lbs., under which he started, being *fourteen pounds* more than that carried by any horse in the race, though four others were of the same age of himself; this very fact shows what an impression his earliest performances had made upon the public, for he was handicapped for this race while the current of public feeling was in favor of his owner, who had gone over to England with the character of an upright but oppressed man. It was after his reputation had become questionable, and his horse had "enacted more wonders," that 13 st. 7 lbs., or one hundred and eighty-nine pounds, was the enormous burden imposed upon Harkaway for the Doncaster Cup. And notwithstanding this, it will be remembered that he was first favorite, though the field included Don John, Bee's-wing, The Doctor, and Melbourne! Whether his owner's mode of doing business had actuated the Handicappers to visit the sins of Ferguson on the back

of his horse, or whether they really considered Harkaway so much superior to any other nomination, we shall not presume to say. Don John, the winner, a 3 yr. old, carried but 101 lbs!

The next we hear of Harkaway is at the Holywell Hunt Meeting, where for the first time Ferguson's character came under the cognizance of an association of gentlemen acting in an official capacity. We refer to the Mostyn Hunt, a body of the nobility and gentry, whose favor in matters affecting character, was, and is, at all times a desideratum. One of the rules of the association is to the effect that no horse can start in any race under its control except he is nominated by a member of the Hunt: and in the Club, on the question of nomination or no nomination coming under discussion, the result was, *that Mr. Ferguson, the owner of Harkaway, did not obtain a nomination for his horse.* The members of the Hunt present were, the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Mostyn, Hon. E. M. Mostyn, F. R. Price, Esq., T. P. Lloyd, Esq., P. Mostyn, Esq., James W. Hammond, Esq., and R. W. Vaughan, Esq. The Harkaway party were dreadfully mortified on finding they could not get a nomination, as they calculated upon winning, owing to the exceeding heavy state of the course: not having anticipated any difficulty in procuring a nomination, they had "put on the pot" to a heavy amount at 2 to 1 on Harkaway P. P.! Of course they were floored!

Determined to follow up his notoriety to the end of the year, Ferguson conveyed his horse, per caravan to Penrith, within fourteen miles, and went himself to Carlisle, where he entered the horse for both the Royal Plate and Cup; after finessing awhile about Penrith he took his departure, *but not for Carlisle*, where he ventured not at all. "Alfred Highflyer" accounts for this by saying "there were no more pigeons to pluck, the Irishman finding himself *too far north!*" We recollect, however, reading a current rumor in the London papers of the time, to the effect that Harkaway had broken down while taking his exercise near Carlisle, and which appeared to be confirmed by the fact of Ferguson's advertising him for sale. Bell's Life stated that £6000 was demanded for him. At the extortionate rates which owners of stallions here charge for their services, without limiting the number of mares, Harkaway would be a good speculation if imported at a cost of \$40,000.

A thousand reports have reached us since the Carlisle affair, relative to Harkaway and "his man Friday;" one of them was to the effect that Ferguson had taken his horse off the Turf, and was riding him to hounds twice a week, on his estate in Ireland, occasionally interrupting the monotony of hunting with a Steeple Chase! In either event we must commend the man for his prudence and good sense in remaining at home; the climate of England was waxing rather too warm for him, while Dublin and the Curragh were not localities exactly suited to one of his *peculiar* habits.

Harkaway, was, however, put in nomination for the Great National Steeple Chase at Liverpool with another horse of Ferguson's, but in the name of a Mr. John Devine. To this stake, which came off on the 26th Feb., there were fifty-two subscribers, the greatest number ever known in England. It was stated in "Bell's Life in London" that his other nomination having gone amiss in training, Ferguson had taken up Harkaway and was practising him at fencing! It is hardly neces-

sary to state he did not start. He is now in nomination for the Chester Trades' Cup, for which, though he is handicapped to carry eleven pounds more than any other horse, he is first favorite. The following is the "Latest state of the Odds" as given in Bell's Life of the 17th Feb.:—

8 to 1 agst Harkaway (taken.)	100 to 5 agst Vertumnus
9½ to 1 — King Cole	100 to 5 — Chit-chat
100 to 6 — Ion	100 to 5 — Ludwardine
100 to 6 — Eaglet	100 to 5 — Cow-boy
100 to 6 — Drone	100 to 5 — Caravan
100 to 6 — Van Buren	100 to 5 — any other.
100 to 6 — Slashing Harry	

Had Harkaway continued in Ireland his extraordinary capabilities as a racer would have scarcely been credited in England, much less on this side the water; many would have thought his oft repeated and almost uniform success arose chiefly from his having "nothing to beat;" but from his performances in England, and particularly from the style in which he won the Goodwood Cup, no doubt can be entertained as to his great superiority. His running at Liverpool was scarcely equal to his performance at Goodwood; but, let it be kept in mind that he had crossed the water a short time previously, and a racer can scarcely fail to suffer in a sea voyage, how short soever, be the weather what it may; yet, many are inclined to think he would have proved successful for the Liverpool Cup, had not his rider let him out a few seconds too soon; had he kept him together till within the distance, he would have rendered the struggle shorter, which on a very severe run in, like that of Liverpool, ought to be a weighty consideration, particularly under the circumstance of unusual weight; after all, Harkaway was beaten only half a neck.

In contemplating the portrait of this extraordinary horse, rendered as interesting by the collateral circumstances of his career, as by his very numerous and surprising performances, the eye will be led to regard in a particular manner the beauty of his eye and ear, the strength and length of arm, the flexibility of the loin, the widely spread and well developed quarter. Under every view of the case, Harkaway must be considered as a very remarkable horse; since he possesses not only superior speed, but unusual power also, accompanied by the rare quality of being able to appear very frequently at the starting post—in this respect he appears to excel every other horse on the turf. If Harkaway be not the very best horse in Great Britain (as he has proved himself in Ireland) there is not one of his year can race successfully against him; all preceding nags brought into England sink into nothingness compared with Harkaway.

The handicapping system must necessarily be highly injurious, and even destructive, to superior racers, as they are punished for their success by being compelled to struggle under extra weight; it must be admitted that the system in question renders the race more interesting, but the accumulated load seldom fails to bring down the bearer of it, who there leaves the course with blemished fore legs; because, inasmuch as the weight of the animal is received upon the fore feet every stride, the unnatural concussion, thus produced, must tend to injure the delicate texture and mechanism of the interior of the foot, the tendons of the lower part of the leg, or the requisite flexibility of

the pastern. In consequence superior horses very rarely leave the course uninjured, and too frequently communicate something like their own blemishes to their stock. Touchstone, though to appearance as powerful a horse as Harkaway, never carried so heavy a load as some of those under which the latter has successfully struggled; but the former, a very superior racer beyond all doubt, was subjected to extra weight from the fiat of the handicapper, and ultimately sunk under its effects. The evening before Touchstone appeared for the last time on the course, (the night before the race for the Ascot Cup) a hint was conveyed to the Marquis of Westminster that one of his legs was "amiss." "Then he shall start on three legs," said his Noble Owner; "and if he does not win the Cup I will change my trainer." He broke down shortly afterwards, so that the trainer might have been perfectly correct in his notion; his well practised eye might have perceived indications of "breaking down" not easily discernible by others.

If we trace the history of the Turf, from its establishment in the time of James I. to the present moment, no horse will be found whose performances, on the score of comparison, appear analagous to those of Harkaway. Flying Childers might be fleetier than Harkaway, but the greatest weight he carried was 9st. 2lb., and that not till he was "aged," being six years old when he came upon the turf: while Harkaway carried 10st. as a three year-old! Eclipse (the best racer the world ever saw) like Flying Childers, had attained maturity, or nearly so, before he appeared at the starting post; this extraordinary horse carried 12 st. in ten out of the eleven King's Plates which he won; but he had attained his 6th year before this load was placed upon him, and therefore the difference in weight can be scarcely regarded as equal to the difference in years, Eclipse, six years old, carrying 12st.; Harkaway, three years old, carrying 10 st.: both ran successfully with these weights, the former for the King's Plates, the latter for the Rossmore Free Handicap—for which he was most *freely* weighted.

King Herod was a stout racer, remarkable for carrying weight, rather than for speed perhaps; but he was not brought on the turf till he had attained his fifth year; he raced successfully on the whole, though he repeatedly sustained defeat.

If we scan more modern times, we shall scarcely find a racer who has come out so often, carried such weights, and so successfully, as Harkaway. The celebrated Sir Peter Teazle broke down when he was four years old, with considerably less than 10st. on his back, as he was running against Cardock, Driver, Schoolboy and Gunpowder, in the Newmarket First October Meeting, 1789.

As a specimen of modern times, we have already instanced Elis: it may be further remarked that Bay Middleton, the successful opponent to Elis, and who was never beaten, broke down when four years old. It is needless to multiply instances.

On a re-capitulation of his performances it appears that Harkaway at the end of his 4 yr. old year had started twenty-eight times and won *twenty-one* races, including EIGHT KING'S PLATES, two CUPS and the Royal Whip, beating the best horses on the Irish and English Turf, giving them from ten to eighty pounds! It is necessary to call to mind that Irish jockeys ride their races with greater severity than their English comrades. No matter what the distance, with them every

post is a winning post, and here is a horse, ridden after the *fashion* of the country, having run twenty-seven miles in one week (viz. in April, 1838,) quite fresh and up to his work. We again ask can any other four year old produce the same certificate of *good conduct*?

As an appropriate illustration of the effect produced by Harkaway's being *caravaned* out of Doncaster when the farrier should have been fitting his "pumps" to start for the Cup, we introduce the following letter, addressed a few weeks subsequently to the Editor of "Bell's Life in London:"—

"Evil be to the hour when I met my friend M. in Stephen's Green, just as I had left Dycer's, (the Tattersalls of Dublin,) after having sold a colt there for £50, I having the five ten pound notes snugly deposited in my fob. M. had just returned from Liverpool, and, with his broad mug in full blow, described to me the entire of the running of Harkaway for the Liverpool Cup: "If Tommy Lye had stopped upon St. Bennett for a moment Harkaway must have won;" "If Holmes had held Harkaway a second longer he must have won;" If, if, if, but no matter; he had a dead secret for me, and after having deposited me in the middle of the Green, and after having cautiously seen that no person was within a hundred yards, he whispered to me that Harkaway was to win the Goodwood, Wolverhampton, and Doncaster Cups, that the odds were 20 to 1 agst him, that he had taken £400 to £20 about the events, and that I should have half if I liked. Knowing that M. was, for an Irish boy, pretty right in general, and having a liking for the horse (which I had known from a foal,) I agreed, handed M. a £10 note out of the five, wished him luck, and walked down to Morrison's, when, with the assistance of ould Mick (the best Boots, perhaps, in Ireland,) I was soon ready, and twenty-five hours after saw me snugly deposited in a certain kennel not a hundred miles from the county of Clare, with a select few around me, their sterns wagging, and their eyes beaming with joy at the sight of "the mather," as the dog-boy calls me; and there I should have been happy at this moment, for I am

"A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And never fawn on those they love not—

had it not been for your widely-circulating paper, to which I am a subscriber. I had forgotten my bet entirely, when, just as I sat down to my breakfast a few days afterwards, your paper was handed to me. Harkaway had won the Cup at Goodwood. Bravo! one event safe. I confess that even then a little castle-building took place, but the airy fabric disappeared before the form of a fox-hound bitch that I had just received as a present; I forgot even Harkaway as I looked at her head and neck. A letter from M., however, recalled me; he had taken the odds again, and booked me half. Bravo! another week, and with it came the welcome "Bell," Harkaway had won at Wolverhampton, and was first favorite for Doncaster. Ye Gods, who rule the sporting world, what a change came over me! £400! I would buy, first of all, new caps for the huntsman and whipper; ditto for myself; and I looked at two saddles which I had cumbered with my weight for two years; in a second they appeared too ancient; I would have two new ones; my red coat, Soho! Soho! the huntsman could

have it for a second. I—I, the backer of Harkaway—would have two new ones, double breasted, with deep flaps; the old horse should have a new suit of clothes; the brown mare (the pet of the stable) should have an oil-cloth for going to cover; both the boys should have top coats; in short the £400 should be laid out to the best advantage, and I would go to Doncaster and see Harkaway fill the pockets of his spirited owner and admiring countrymen. No sooner said than done. Limerick Mail to Dublin; Morrison's, for one day, dinner, pint of sherry, three bottles of claret, two tumblers of brandy punch—what matter? Harkaway will pay; Field, leather breeches maker, three pairs of leather breeches, to be paid for on my return from Doncaster; Morgan, hatter, three hunting caps—"pay after Doncaster;" Jamieson & Son, distillers, one puncheon of whiskey, to be sent by Canal—"pay after Doncaster;" Rigby & Son, best double-barrel, additional barrels, new patent cocks, two cases, to be sent by canal—pay? oh, pay after Doncaster; dinner at Hayes's, Kingstown, at half-past four, one bottle champagne, one ditto claret, one glass of brandy neat, to keep off sea-sickness—waiter half a crown—Pho! pho! Harkaway will pay; Steamer, supper, bottle mulled sherry, five cigars; steward, although included in fare, an extra half-crown! What matter, Harkaway? Rail road, Manchester—coach fares doubled, no room; what matter? post it! Did so; paid like a prince; eat and drank like a Kerry man. Pay, pay, pay! To be sure; 'tis only in advance; Harkaway will pay for all. Doncaster, four guineas for bed for four nights—to be sure, Harkaway again. My time flew, and I knew no care. 'Tis true I had a slight twinge or so when Harkaway came out and won the Plate, but it was soon appeased: he was short of work; what was it but a slow gallop? he liked it, &c. &c. &c. However, matters went not quite so smooth on Wednesday morning; even amongst Ferguson's friends (or, at least, those who ought to be classed as such, and had often perilled life and limb for him,) there was "doubt in Israel." A York man had laid heavy against him; a Liverpool man ditto; at Bath, at Cheltenham, and at London, there had been heavy betting against him; both against him, and backing Bee's-wing at 7 to 4. However, I was not one of the down-hearted, for I reasoned that the horse was there, was well, had run and won in a canter, no lameness, no cough; in fact, as we say in Ireland, no nothing. I had known his owner for years, and was sure he would start, aye, and win. In vain they attempted to prove to me that he was made safe; that he dared not start; that he was in chains; that he was bought and sold; nay, more, that he was on his way to Sheffield. I would not believe it. Why bring him to Doncaster at all? Not for a dirty £100 Plate; and if brought there, why keep him after winning? why not travel him off to Heaton Park, where he was in the Stakes? "Pho, pho," said I; "you are nervous; start he will; so sit down to your breakfasts, boys, and don't spoil your appetites." All our moneys were in the same way, and, from the imaginative faculties of my countrymen, I make no doubt others had been building *chateaux en Espagne*, as well as myself. Breakfast over, we determined to send one of our body to Mr. F., and accordingly the most influential was commissioned, but Mr. F. was *non est*. About five o'clock P. M. the murder came out; a person supposed to be best informed about

Harkaway was betting 10 to 1 against him for the Cup. "Holy nature," what vituperation, what curses loud and deep, what anathemas, from the poor harvestman, who left and lost his day's work to give one cheer for ould Ireland and Harkaway, to the first peer of the realm; all were engaged in the humane act of sending the eternal and earthly parts of Mr. Ferguson to the Old Gentleman who keeps the fire-office below; ashes were heaped upon his ancestors' graves, and the diminishing of his shadow earnestly entreated from Providence as a national blessing. As to my part, I was stunned; my new pig-skins, my hunting cap, my leathers, my horse clothes, my double-barrel, and (oh! murder of murders!) my whiskey, all gone, whistled down the wind—my little dogs, Blanche, Tray, and all. I ran to my portmanteau. Eighteen sovereigns, out of which ten were to be paid. I met M.; his mug was sufficient; on yesterday it looked like the setting sun, to-day it looked like a melo-dramatic attempt at the blue cholera. "By Copsty," says he, "I am ruined, and if you desert me I'll be left here in pledge for '*the expinses*.'" He left me. Thursday morning found me like the wretch condemned to die, easier for the certainty. Don John won, and thereby saved the credulous many a thousand, as Bee's-wing was booked to a certainty by those who had the dead knowledge about Harkaway. Nothing save Don John could have saved them. I shall only repeat what Mr. Orde (the spirited owner of Bee's-wing) said upon Wednesday night in the betting rooms:—"Be careful that in backing a horse you are certain that he is to run, and that they do not purloin your money like thieves in the night." I return poor and sad to my native insignificance, but I return wiser. I have paid my bet and my landlord; I have retained nothing save my honor. Farewell my castles in the air—farewell my dreams.

EHEU HARKAWAY! EHEU FERGUSON!"

THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. X.

"When will your hounds be going out again think ye, Mr. Benjamin?" inquired Samuel Strong, a country servant of all work, lately arrived at Handley-cross, as they sat round the saddle-room fire of the Dragon Inn yard, in company with the persons hereafter enumerated, the day after the celebrated run described in our last.

Samuel Strong was just that sort of man that would be Samuel Strong. Were his master to ring his bell and desire the waiter to tell the "Boots" to send his servant "Samuel Strong" to him, Boots would pick Samuel out of a score of servants, without ever having seen him before. He was a real Sussex clod, quite the southern-hound breed of servants. Large-headed, almost lop-eared, red-haired, (long, coarse, and uneven,) fiery whiskers, making a complete fringe round his harvest moon of a face, with a short thick nose that looked as though it had been sat upon by a very heavy person. In stature he was of the middle height, square built, and terribly clumsy. Nor were the defects of nature at all counteracted by the advantages of dress, for Strong was clad in a very rural suit of livery, consisting of a footman's morn-

ing jacket with a standing up collar made of dark grey cloth, plentifully besprinkled with large brass buttons, with a raised edge, as though his master were expecting his crest from the herald's college. Moreover, the jacket, either from an original defect in its construction, or from that propensity to shrink, which inferior clothes unfortunately have, had so contracted its dimensions, that the top buttons of the waist were half-way up Samuel's back, and the lower ones were just where the top ones ought to be. The tails, therefore, only half concealed that portion of his person that they were meant to cover; and the shrinking of the sleeves placed a pair of large serviceable-looking hands in nervously striking relief. The waistcoat, broad blue and white stripe, made up lengthways, was new, and probably the tailor, bemoaning the scanty appearance of Sam's nether man, had determined to make some atonement to his front, for the waistcoat extended full four inches below his coat, and concealed the upper part of a very baggy pair of blue plush shorts, that were met again by very tight drab gaiters, that evidently required no little ingenuity to coax together to button. A twelve-shilling hat with a narrow silver band and binding of the same metal, and a pair of darned white Berlin gloves, completed the costume of this figure servant; and the rest of his history, so far as it is necessary to know it, will be gathered as we go on.

Benjamin Brady—the reader's old friend "Binjimin"—was the very converse of Samuel Strong. A little puny, pale-faced, gin-drinking-looking Cockney, wanting a front tooth, with a pair of roaring pig eyes, peering out from below his lank white hair, cut evenly round his head, as though it had been done by the edges of a barber's bason. Benjamin had increased considerably in his own opinion by the acquisition of a pair of top-boots, and his appointment of whipper-in to the hounds, in which he was a good deal supported by the deference invariably paid by country servants to London ones.

Like all inn saddle-rooms, the Dragon one was somewhat contracted in its dimensions, and what little there was, was rendered less, by sundry sets of harness hanging against the walls, and divers saddle-stands, boot-trees, knife-cleaners, broken pitchforks, and bottles with candles in their necks, scattered promiscuously around. Nevertheless, there was a fire, to keep "hot water ready," and above the fireplace were sundry smoke-dried hand-bills of country horses for the bye-gone season—"Jumper—Clever—Clumsy—Barney Bodkin—Bilby Button, &c.,"—while logs of wood, three-legged stools, and inverted horse-pails, served the place of chairs around. On the boiler side of the fire, away from the door—for no one has a greater regard for No. 1 than himself—sat the renowned Benjamin Brady, in a groom's drab frock-coat, reaching down to his heels, a sky blue waistcoat, patent cord breeches with grey worsted stockings and slippers, airing a pair of very small mud-stained top-boots before the fire, occasionally feeling the scratches on his face, and the bites the fox inflicted on his nose, the previous day—next him, sat the "first pair *boy* out," a grey-headed old man of sixty, whose jacket, breeches, boots, entire person in fact, were concealed by a long brown hollowed thing, that gave him the appearance of sitting in boots, spurs, and a night-shirt. Then came the hostler's lad, a boy of some eight or nine years old, rolling

about on the flags, playing with the saddle-room cat ; and immediately before the fire on a large inverted horse-pail, sat Samuel Strong, while the circle was made out by Bill Brown (Dick the hostler's one-eyed helper) "Tom" a return post-boy from Tunbridge, and a lad Joe, who assisted Bill Brown the one-eyed helper of Dick the ostler—when Dick himself was acting the part of assistant waiter in the Dragon, as was the case on this occasion.

"When will your hounds be going out again think ye Mr. Benjamin?" was the question put by Samuel Strong to our sporting Leviathan.

"D—n me if I knows," replied the boy with the utmost importance, turning his top-boots before the fire. "It's precious little consequence I thinks, ven we goes out again, if that gallows old goose of a governor of ours persist in 'unting the 'ounds himself. I've *all* the work to do! Bless ye, we should have lost 'ounds, fox, and all yesterday, if I hadn't rid like the werry wengeance. See 'ow I've scratched my mug," added he, turning up a very pasty and much scratched countenance. "If I'm to 'unt the 'ounds and risk my neck at every stride, I must have the wage of a 'untsman, or blow me tight the old 'un may suit himself.

"What'n chap is your old gen'leman?" inquired the "first pair boy out," who, having been in service himself, where he might have remained if he could have kept sober, had still a curiosity to know how the world of servitude wagged.

"Oh, d—n if I knows," replied Benjamin, "precious rum 'un I assure you. Whiles, he's werry well—then it's, Bin this, and Bin that, and you'll be a werry great man, Bin, and such like gammon ; and then the next minute, perhaps, he's up in a regular sky blue, swearing he'll cut my liver and lights out, or bind me apprentice to a fiddler—but then I knows the old fool, and he knows he can't do without me, so we just battle and jog on the best way we can together."

"You'll have good wage I spose," rejoined Samuel with a sigh, for his "governor," only gave him ten pounds a year, and no perquisites.

"Precious little of that I assure you," replied Benjamin—"at least the old warmint never pays me. He swears he pays it to our old 'oman ; but I believe he pockets it himself, an old ram ; but I'll have a reckoning with him some of these odd days. What'n a blackguard's your master?"

"*Hush!*" replied Samuel, astonished at Ben's freedom of speech, a thing not altogether understood in the country. "A bad un I'll be bound," continued the little rascal, "or he would'nt see you mooning about in such a rumbustical apology for a coat, with laps that scarce cover you decently ;" reaching behind the aged post-boy, and taking up Mr. Samuel's fan-tail as he spoke. "I never see's a servant in a cutty coat, without swearing his master's a screw. Now these d—d things such as you have on, are just what the great folks in London give their flunkies to carry coals, and make up fires in, but never to go staring from home with. Then your country folks get hold of them, and think by clapping such clowns as you in them, to make people believe that they have other coats at home. Tell the truth now, old baggy breeches, have you another coat of any sort?"

"Yee'as," replied Samuel Strong, "I've a fustian one."

"Vot, *you* a fustian coat!" repeated Benjamin in astonishment, "vy I thought you'd been a flunkey!"

"So I am," replied Samuel, "but I looks arter a huss and shay as well."

"Crickey!" cried Benjamin, "here's a figure futman wot looks arter an 'oss and chay—Vy you'll be vot they call a man of 'all vork,' a vite nigger in fact! dear me," added he, eyeing him in a way that drew a peal of laughter from the party, "vot a curious beast you must be! I shouldn't wonder now if you could mow?"

"With any man," replied Samuel, thinking to astonish Benjamin with his talent,—

"And sow?"

"Yee'as and sow."

"And row?"

"Never tried—dare say I could though."

"And do ye feed the pigs?" inquired Benjamin.

"Yee'as, when Martha's away."

"And who's Martha?"

"Whoy she's a widder woman, that lives a' back o' the church.—She's a son a-board a steamer, and she goes to see him whiles."

"Your governor's an apothecary, I suppose by that queer button," observed Benjamin, eyeing Sam's coat. "What we call a chemist and druggist in London. Do you look arter the red and green winder bottles now? Crickey, he don't look as though he lived on physic altogether, does he?" added Benjamin, turning to Bill Brown, the helper, amid the general laughter of the company.

"My master's a better man than ever you'll be, you little ugly sinner," replied Samuel Strong, breaking into a glow, and doubling a most serviceable looking fist on his knee.

"We've only your word for that," replied Benjamin, "he don't look like a werry good un by the way he rigs you out. 'Ow many slaveys does he keep?"

"Slaveys," repeated Samuel, "slaveys, what be they?"

"Vy cook-maids and such like h'animals—women in general."

"Ow, two—one to clean the house and dress the dinner, t'other to milk the cows and dress the childer."

"Oh, you 'ave childer, 'ave you, in your 'ouse?" exclaimed Benjamin, in disgust. "Well come, our's is bad, but we've nothing to ekle (equal) that. I wouldn't live where there are brats for no manner of consideration."

"You've a young Missis, though, hav'nt you?" inquired the aged post-boy, "there was a young lady came down in the chay along with the old folk."

"That's the niece," replied Benjamin—"a jolly nice gal she is too—her home's in Vitechapel,—often get a tissey out of her—That's to say, she don't give me them herself exactly, but the young men as follows her do, so it comes to the same thing in the end. She has a couple of them you see, first one pays, and then t'other. Green, that's him of Tooley-street, gives shillings because he has plenty; then Stubbs wot lives near Boroughbridge—the place the rabbits come from—gives half-crowns, because he hasn't much. Then Stubbs is

such a feller for kissing of the gals.—‘Be’ave yourself, or I’ll scream,’ I hears our young lady say, as I’m a listening at the door. ‘Don’t,’ says he, kissing her again, ‘you’ll hurt your throat,—let me do it for you.’ Then to hear our old cove and he talk about ‘unting of an evening over their drink, you’d swear they were as mad as hatters.—They jump, and shout, and sing, and talliho! till they bring the street-keeper to make them quiet.”

“You had a fine run t’other day, I hear,” observed Joe, the deputy-helper, in a deferential tone to Mr. Brady.

“Uncommon!” replied Benjamin, shrugging up his shoulders at the recollection of it, and clearing the low bars of the grate out with his toe.

“They tell me your governor tumbled off,” continued Joe, “and lost his ‘hoss.”

“Werry like,” replied Benjamin, with a grin, “he generally does tumble h’off. I’m d—d if it is’nt a disgrace to an ‘oss to be ridden by such a lubber! A great fat beast! he’s only fit for vater carriage.” Haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! went the roar of laughter among the party; haw! haw! haw! haw! haw! pealed the second edition.

“He’s a precious old file too,” resumed the little urchin, elated at the popularity he was acquiring, “to hear him talk, I’m blow’d if you wouldn’t think he’d ride over an ‘ouse, and yet some how or other, he’s never seen after they go away, unless it be bowling along the ‘ard road;—t’other morning, we had a run, and he wanted to give in during the middle of it, and yesterday he stood staring like a stuck pig in the wood, instead of riding after his ‘ounds. If I hadn’t been as lively as a lark, and leapt like a louse, we should never have seen an ‘ourd no more. They’d have run slap to France, or whatever there is on the far side of the hill, if the world’s made any further that way. Well, I rides, and rides, for miles and miles, as ‘ard as ever the ‘oss could lay legs to the ground, every thing, ‘edges, ditches, gates, styles, rivers, determined to stick by ‘em,—see wot a mug I’ve got with ramming through the briars—feels just as if I’d had it brushed with a pair o’ wool-combs; howsomever, I did, and I wouldn’t part company with them, and the consequence was, we killed the fox—my eyes such a h’animal!—longer than that,” said he, stretching out both his arms, “and as big as a bull—fierce as fury—flew at my snout—nearly bit it off—kept a hold of him though—and worried his soul out—people all pleased—farmer’s wife in particular—offered me a drink ‘o milk—axed for some Jackey—had none, but gave me whiskey instead,—Vill any man here sky a copper for a quartern o’ gin?” inquired Benjamin, looking round the party. “Then who’ll stand a penny to my penny, and let me have first go?” No one closing with either of these handsome offers, Ben took up his tops, looked at the soles, then replacing them before the fire, felt in his stable-jacket-pocket, which was lying over his own saddle, and bringing out a very short dirty old clay pipe, he filled it out of the public tobacco-box of the saddle-room, and very complacently crossing his legs, proceeded to smoke. Before he had time to make himself sick, the first pair boy out interrupted him by asking what became of his master during the run.

“Oh! d——n if I know,” replied Benjamin, “but that reminds me

of the best of the story—We killed our fox you see, and there were two or three 'ossmen up, who each took a fin and I took the tail, which I stuck through my 'oss's front, and gathering the dogs, I set off towards home, werry well pleased with all I had done. Well, after riding a werry long way, axing my way, for I was quite a stranger, I came over a hill at the back of Hag-wood, where we started from with our fox, and what should I see in the middle of a big ploughed field, but old Jorrocks himself an 'unting of his 'oss that got away from him.—There was the old file in his red coat and top-boots, floundering away among the stiff clay, with a hundred-weight of dirt sticking to his heels, getting the 'oss first into one corner and then into another, and all but catching hold of the bridle, when the nag would shake his head from side to side, as much as to say, "not yet old chap," and trot off to the h'opposite corner, the ould un grinning with h'anger and wexation, and following across the deep wet ridge and furrow in his tops, regularly churning the water in them as he went. Then the 'oss would begin to eat, and Jorrocks would take Bell's Life out of his pocket and pretend to read, sneaking nearer and nearer all the time. When he got a few yards off, the 'oss would stop and look round, as much as to say, "I sees you, old boy," and then old J. would begin coaxing *whoay*, my old feller, *who-ay—who-ay*, my old bouy (Benjamin imitating his master's manner by coaking the old post-boy), until he got close at him again, when the 'oss would give a half-kick and a snort, and set off again at a quiet jog-trot to the far corner again, old Jorrocks grinning and wowing vengeance against him as he went. At last he spied me a looking at him through the high 'edge near the gate at the corner of the field, and cutting across, he cried, 'here Binjamin! BINJIMIN, I say!' for I pretended not to hear him, and was for cutting away, 'Lend me your 'oss a minute to go and catch mine upon;' so accordingly, I got down, and up he climbed, 'let out the stirrups four 'oles,' said he, quite consequential, shuffling himself into his seat, 'Vot you've cotched the fox 'ave ye?' said he, looking at the brush dangling through the 'ead stall. 'Yes,' says I to him, says I, 'we've cotched him.' Then vot do you think says he to me? Vy, says he to me, says he, then cotch my 'oss,' and away the old wagrant went, 'oss, 'ounds, brush, and all, telling every body he met as how he'd cotched the fox, and leaving me to run about the ploughed land after his lousy nag—My tops baint dry yet, and never will I think," added Benjamin, putting them closer to the fire, and giving it another poke with his toe.

"What'n 'osses does he keep?" inquired the return post-boy from Tunbridge.

"Oh, precious rips I assure and no mistake—Bless your 'eart our old chap knows no more about an 'oss than an 'oss knows about him, but to hear him talk—Oh, crickey! doesn't he give them a good character, especial ven he wants to sell von. He vont take no one's advice neither. Says I to him t'other morning, as he was a feeling of my 'oss's pins, 'that ere 'oss would be a precious sight better if you'd blister and turn him out for the vinter.' 'Blister and turn him out for the vinter! you little rascal,' said he, looking as though he would eat me, 'I'll cut off your 'ead and sew on a button, if you talks to me about blistering.' Says I to him, says I, 'your a d—nation old hidiot

for talking as you do, for there is'nt a grum in the world* wot does'nt swear by blisters! I'd blister a cork leg if I had one," added Benjamin, "so would any grum. Blistering against the world says I, for every thing except the worms. Then it is'nt his confounded stupidity only that one has to deal with, but he's such an unconscionable old screw about feeding of his 'osses—always sees every feed put afore them, and if it warn't for the matter of chopped inions (onions) that I mixed with their corn, I really should make nothing out of my stable, for the old un pays all his own bills, and orders his own stuff, and ven that's the case, those base mechanics of tradesmen never stand nothing to any one.

"And what do you chop the onions for, Mr. Benjamin?" inquired Samuel Strong.

"Chop inions for!" exclaimed Ben with astonishment, "and is it possible that you've grown those great fiery viskers on either side of your chuckle head and not be h'up to the chopped onion rig? My eyes, but you'll never be able to keep a *gal*, I think! Vy you double-distilled fool."

"Come, sir," interrupted Samuel, again doubling his enormous fist, that would almost have made a head for Benjamin, amid a general roar of laughter, "keep a clean tongue in your head or I'll knock the rest of your teeth down your throat."

"Oh you're a man of that description are you!" exclaimed Benjamin, pretending to be in a fright, "you don't look like a dentist either somehow—poor h'ignorant h'ass. Vy the chopped onion rig be just this—You must advance a small brown out of your own pocket to buy an inion, and chop it wery small. Then s'pose your chemist and drug-gist chap gives his 'oss four feeds a-day (vich I s'pose will be three more than he does) and sees the grain given, which some wicked old warmints will do, you take the sieve, and after shaking the corn, and hissing at it well, just take half a handfull of chopped inion out of your jacket pocket, as you pass up to the 'oss's 'ead, and scatter it over the who'ats, then give the sieve a shake, and turn the whole into the manger. The governor seeing it there will leave, quite satisfied that the 'oss has had his dues, and perhaps may get you out of the stable for half an hour or so, but that makes no odds, when you goes back you'll find it all there, and poulterers like it none the worse for the smell of the inions. Now Mr. von eye," said he, turning to Bill Brown, the one-eyed helper, "is it time for my 'osses to have their bucket of water and kick in the guts?"

The time for this luxurious entertainment not having arrived, Benjamin again composed himself in his corner with his pipe, and the party sat in mute astonishment at his wonderful precocity.

The return post-boy (whose time was precious) at length broke silence, by asking Benjamin if he was living with his old master.

"Deed am I," replied Ben, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "and had I known as much of sarvice as I does now, I'd have stayed at school all my life—Do what they will at school, they carn't make you larn, and there's always plenty of playtime. Crikey 'ow well I remembers the day our old savage kidnapped me away—Me and nasty-faced

* Benjamin certainly spoke the truth there, for let a groom be in the last stage of ignorance he still can recommend a blister.

Joe, and Peter Pink-eye Rogers, were laying our 'eads together how we could sugar old mother Gibb's milk, that's she as keeps the h'apple and purple sugar-stick stall by the skittle-ground at the Royal Artilleryman, on Pentonville-hill, vell, we were a dewising how we should manage to get her to give us tick for twopennorth of lolly-pops, when Mr. Martin, the 'ead master, and *tail* too, I may call him, for he did all the flogging, came smiling in with a fat stranger at his 'eels, in a broad-brimmed vite castor, turned h'up with green, and 'essian boots with tassels, werry much of the cut of the old Paul Pry, that they used to paint upon the busses and pint pots, though I don't see no Paul Pry's used now—Well, this 'ere chap was old Jorrocks, and h'up and down the school he went, looking first at one bye (boy) and then at another, the master all the while hegging him on. Just as the old gentleman seemed to take a fancy, swearing they was *all* the finest byes in the school, just as I've since 'eard old J. himself chaunting of his 'osses ven he's 'ad one for to sell, but still the old file was difficult to suit—some were too long in the body, some in the leg, others too short, anothers' 'ead was too big, and one whose nose had been flattened by a brick-bat from a Smithfield drover's bye, did'nt please him. Well, on he went, h'up one form, down another, across the rest, until he got into the middle of the school, where, for the convenience of flogging, the byes sit face to face, with their books on their knees, instead of having a desk afore them, and at last the old cock got into the line, and began h'examinig of them werry closely, fearing he was not going for to get suited. 'Werry odd, Mr. Martin,' said he, 'werry odd, indeed, I've been to the kilt and bare-legged school in Atton (Hatton) Garding, the green coat and yellow breeches in 'Ackney (Hackney), the red-coat and blue veskit school at Olloway (Holloway), the sky blues and Jockey caps at Paddington-green, and have found nothing at all to my mind; must be getting out of the breed of nice little useful bouys, I fear,' and just as he said the last words, he came afore me, with his 'ands behind his back, and one 'and was open as if he wanted summat in it, so I werry kindly gave him a great gog.

"'Hooi! Mr. Martin,' he roared out, 'here's a bouy spit in my 'and the biggest gog whatever was seen!' showing his mauley to Martin, with the gog all streaming from it; and Martin seeing who was behind, werry soon fixed upon me—'You little dirty, disreputable abomination,' said he, seizing of me by the collar, at least wot should have been a collar, for at the Corderoy's they only gave us those quaker-like upright sort of things, such as old fiery-face there," looking at Samuel Strong, "has on. Says Martin to me, says he, laying hold of me werry tight, 'vot the deuce and old Davey, do you mean by insulting a gentleman vot vill be Lord Mayor? Sir, I'll flog you within a barley-corn of your life!"

"'Beg pardon, sir, beg pardon, sir,' I cried, 'thought the gentleman had a sore 'ead, as he kept his 'at on, and a little salve would be useful.'

"'Haw! haw! haw!' roared Mr. Jorrocks, taking out a red cotton wipe and rubbing his 'and, 'haw! haw! haw! werry good Mr. Martin, werry good—promising bouy that, I thinks, promising bouy, likes them with mischief—likes them with mischief, poopeys (puppeys) and bouys—never good for nothing unless they 'ave—'Ow old's the rogue."

"Now Martin know'd no more about me than I know'd about Martin; but knowing the h'age that Jorrocks wanted a bye of, why, in course, he made out that I was just of that age, and knowing that I should get a precious good hiding for spitting in the old covey's 'and, if I stayed at the Corderoy's, why I swore that I was uncommon fond of 'osses, gigs, and such like, and after the old file had felt me well about the neck, for he had an idey that if a bye's big in the neck in course o' time he'd grow strong all over, he took me away, promising Martin the two quarterages our old gal had run in arrear for my book larning—though blow me tight I never got none—out o' my wage, and would ye believe it, the gallows old gudgeon kept me going on from quarter to quarter, for I don't know 'ow many quarters, saying he hadn't viped off the old score for my schooling, just as if I had any business to pay it; at last, one day as I was rubbing down the chesnut 'oss as he sold to the chap in Tooley-street, he comes into the stable, full of pride, and I thought rather muzzey, for he bumped first again one stall, and then again another, so says I to him, says I, 'Please, sir, I vants for to go to the Vells this evening.' 'To the Vells!' repeated he, staring with astonishment—'To the Vells!'—'Wot Vells?'—'*Bagnigge*!' said I, and that's a place, Mr. Baconface," observed Ben, turning to Samuel Strong, "that you shouldn't be hung without seeing—skittles, bowls, stalls all round the garding, like stables for 'osses, where parties take their tea and XX—all painted sky blue with red pannels—gals in shiney vite gowns and short sleeves, bare down the neck, singing behind the h'organ with h'ostrich feathers in their 'eads—all beautiful—admission tup-pence, a game at skittles for a penna, and everything elegant and quite genteel—musn't go in that queer coat of yours, or they'd take you for a Bedlamite, and may be send you to the hulks—queer chaps the Londoners—once knowd a feller quite as queer a looking dog as you, barring his nose, which was a bit better, and not so red. Well, he had a rummish cove of a governor, who clap't him into a nut-brown suit with bright basket buttons, and a glazed castor, with a broat welwet band 'all round his 'at,' and as he was a mizzling along Gower-street, where his master had just come to live from over the other side of the vater, vot should he meet, but one of the new polish (police), who seeing such a h'object, insisted he was mad; and nothing would sarve him, but that he was mad; and away he took him to the station 'ouse, and from thence, afore the beak at Bow-street, and nothing but a sending for the master to swear that they were his clothes, and that he considered them livery, saved the fellow from transportation, for if he'd stolen the clothes he could'nt have been more galvanized than when the new polish grabbed him. Well, but that isn't wot I was going to tell you about. Blow these boots," said he, stooping down and turning them again, "they never are going for to dry. Might as well have walked through the Serpentine in them. I was a going to tell you the flare up the old 'un and I had about the Vells. 'Well, says I to him, says I, 'I vants for to go to the Vells.' 'Vot Vells?' said he, '*Bagnigge*,' said I, '*Bagnigge* be d—d,' said he—no he didn't say, 'be d—d,' for the old 'un never swears except he's h'outrageously h'angry. But howsomever, he said, I shouldn't go to the Vells, for as 'ow, Mrs. Muffin and the seven Miss Muffins from Balham-hill were coming to take their scald with him that evening, and

he wanted me to carry the h'urn, while Batsey buttered and 'anded round the bread. 'Well, but, says I to him, says I,' that dont h'argufy nothing. If I'm a grum, I'm a grum, if I'm a butler, I'm a butler, but it's out of all conscience and calkilation expecting a man to be both grum and butler. Here 'ave I been a cleaning your gallows screws of hosses, and washing your beastly chay till I'm fit to faint, in h'order that I may have a night of enjoyment to myself, and then you wants me to carry vater to your nasty old boiler. A man should have double wage instead of none at all to stand such work. 'Ow do you mean none at all?' said he, 'dosn't I pay your mother a sovereign annually four times a year?' 'Vots that to me?' said I, 'My mother don't do your work does she?' 'Dash my vig!' said he, getting into a reglar blaze. 'You little ungrateful 'ound, I'll drown you in a bucket of barley-water,' and so we got on from bad to worse, until he swore he'd start me and get another bouy from the Corduroy's. 'Quite unanimous' said I, 'Quite unanimous, in course you'll pay up my wages afore I go, and that will save 'un the trouble of taking of you to Hicks Hall.' At the werry word 'Hicks Hall,' the gallows old gander turned quite green and began to soften. 'Now, Binjamin,' said he, 'that's werry unkind o' you. If you had the Hen and Chickens coming to *bitch** with you, and you wanted your 'pumpaginous aqua' (which he says is French for tea and coffee) carried, wouldn't you think it werry unkind of Batsey if she wouldn't give you a lift?' Then he read a long lector about doing as one would be done by, and all that sort of gammon that Martin used to cram us with of a Sunday. Till at last it ended in his giving me a half a crown to do wot he wanted, on the understanding that it was none of my vork, and I says, that a chap wot does every thing he's bid like that sucking Sampson there," eyeing Samuel Strong with the most ineffable contempt, "is only fit to be a tinker's jack ass." Samuel looked as though he would annihilate the boy as soon as he had made up his mind where to hit him, and Benjamin, unconscious of all danger, stooped, and gave the eternal tops another turn.

"We never heard nothing of your coming until three days afore you cast up," observed Bill Brown, with a broad grin on his countenance at Benjamin's audacity and Samuel's anger.

"It wern't werry likely that you should," replied Benjamin, looking up, "for as 'ow we had'nt got our own consent much afore that. Our old cove is a reglar word and a blow man. If he does, he does, and if he don't, why he lets it alone. Give the old devil his due, he's none o' your talking chaps, wot's always for doing something, only they don't. D—n him, he never promised me a cow-hiding yet, but he paid me it with interest. As soon as ever he got the first letter, I know'd there was something good in the wind, for he gave me half a pot of his best marmeylad, and then a few days after he chucked me a golden sovereign, telling me, go and buy a pair of new tops, or as near new as I could get them for the money."

"And what did you pay for them?" inquired both post boys at once, for the price of top-boots is always an interesting subject to a stable servant.

*This is a Cambridge term, and how Mr. Jorrock's or rather Benjamin Brady got hold of it we know not.

"Guess!" replied Benjamin, holding them up, adding, "mind, they are nothing like now what they were when I bought them; the Jew told me, though it don't do to believe about half what these coves tell you, that they belonged to the Markiss of Castlereagh's own Tiger, and that he had parted with them because as how they didn't wrinkle in quite as many folds as his Majesty wished. Here was the fault," continued Benjamin, holding one of the boots upon his hand and pressing the top downwards to make it wrinkle. "You see it makes but eight wrinkles between the top and the heel, and the Markiss's gen'lman swore as how he would never be seen in a pair wot didn't make nine, so he parted with them, and as I entered Holyvell-street from the East-end, I spied them 'anging on the pegs at Levy Aaron's, that's the first Jew vot squints on the left 'and side of the way, for there are above twenty of them in that street with queer eyes. 'Veskit!' said he, 'Veshing veskit, werry sheep; half nothin' in fact,' just as these barkers always chaff. 'No,' said I, passing on—'You don't s'pose I wears cast offs!' 'Clow for to shell,' then said he,—'Bes'h price, bes'h price.' 'Nor to shell neither,' said I, mimicking of him. 'I'll swap my shoes for a pair of tops if you like.' 'Vot vill you give in?' axed Levy Aaron. 'Nothing,' said I, determined to begin low enough. 'Valk in then,' said he, quite purlite, 'onour of your custom's quite enough,' so in I went. Such a shop! full o' veskits covered with gold and flowers, and lace, and coats, without end, with two sides, each as high as a hay-stack, full o' nothing but trousers and livery breeches. 'Sit down, shir,' said he, 'anding me a chair without a back, while his Missis took the long stick from behind the door with the hook, and fished down several pairs of tops. They had all sorts and sizes, and all colours too. Mahogany, vite, rose color, painted von's; but I kept my eye on the low pair I had seen outside, till at last Mrs. Levy Aaron handed them through the winder.' I pulls one on. 'Uncommon fit,' said Levy Aaron, slapping the sole to feel if all my foot was in; 'much better leg than the Markiss o' Castlereagh's Tiger; you'll live with a Duke before you die.' 'Let's have on t'other,' said I. 'Von's as good as both,' said he. 'Oh!' says I, twigging vot he was after—'If you thinks I'm a man to bolt with your beggarly boots, your gallows mistaken;' so I kicked off the one I had on, and bid him 'and me my shoes. Well, then he began to bargain—'Thirty shilling and the shoes.' I was werry angry and wouldn't treat. 'Five-and-twenty shilling *without* the shoes then.' Still I wouldn't touch. 'Give me my castor,' said I, buttoning up my pocket with a slap, and looking werry wicious. 'You'r a nasty suspicious old warmint.' Then the Jew began to soften. 'Onour bright, he meant no offence.' 'One shovereign then he vod take.' 'Give me my castor said I.' 'Good morning, Mrs. Jewaster,' which means female Jew. 'Seventeen and sixpence!' 'Come then, fifteen shillin' and a paper bag to put them in.' 'No,' said I, 'I'll give you ten.' 'Done,' said he, and there they are. A nice polish they had when I got them, but the ploughed land has taken the shine off. Howsover, I s'pose they'll touch up again?"

"Not they," replied Bill Brown, who had been examining one of them very minutely, "they are made of nothing but brown paper."

"Brown paper be 'anged!" exclaimed Benjamin. "Your 'eads more like made of brown paper."

"Look there then!" rejoined Bill Brown, running his thumb through the instep and displaying the brown paper through the liquid varnish with which it had been plentifully smeared.

"*Haw, haw, haw, haw, haw, haw, haw*, peeled the whole of the saddle-room party, in the midst of which, Benjamin bolted with his brown-paper boots.

BELSHAZZAR.

This superior English horse was bred by Richard Watt, Esq. of Bishop Burton, Yorkshire. He was foaled in 1830; got by Blacklock out of Manuella by Dick Andrews,—Mandane by Pot-8-o's, &c.

He was put in training at 2 years old, and won the 20 sovs. Stake each at York August Meeting, (18 subscribers.) Also the 2 yr. old Stake of 20 sovs. each at Doncaster, (31 subs.)

In 1833, he won the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each at York Spring Meeting, (8 subs.) a Sweepstake of 30 sovs. each at York August Meeting, (15 subs.) and the Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each at Doncaster, (5 subs.) Mr. Watt refused 5000 guineas for him this year. He was first favorite for the Great St. Leger at Doncaster, for which race he made all the running up to the rails, and came in 4th—20 having started. Rockingham, the winner, was also the property of Mr. Watt.

In 1834, at the Newmarket Spring Meeting, he won a Sweepstake of 50 sovs. each (5 subs.) giving Jason 13lbs. and Shylock 11lbs.; and in this year he *let down* in running 4 miles against Consol over York.

In 1835, he was announced as a Stallion, and patronized by some of the first breeders of the North—and at his departure from England was deservedly popular.

He was imported by THOS. ANDERSON & Co., of Tennessee, shipped in the ship *Sea*, Capt. Fisher, at and from Liverpool to New Orleans, and arrived December 25th, 1838. He is now located in Nashville.

Rockingham, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger; Glaucus, winner of the Whip at Newmarket, and the Ascot Cup; Muley Molock, and other horses of reputation, were among those beaten by him.

Cara, the only one of his get that has appeared in public, ran for the Chesterfield Stake at Newmarket, and looked like a winner till near the Chair, when she ran out and lost her chance. In the Newmarket October Meeting, she won the Criterion Stake (Sweepstake of 30 sovs. each, 36 subs.) very cleverly by a length, from the turn of the land in, beating 2 Langars, placed 2d and 3d, a Reveller, a Mulatto, 3 Camels, an Emilius, a Cain, a Zinganee, 2 Priams, and several others.

Belshazzar's family show a full proportion of winners of great prizes. Manuella won the Oaks, and bred Memnon the winner of the Great Doncaster St. Leger; Altisadora, her sister, also won the Great Doncaster St. Leger; Old Mandane, besides these two distinguished mares, bred also Muta, Lottery, Brutandorf, &c.

Belshazzar's dam and grandam produced winners of 99 races, and

of the number, 19 were four mile races ; Theodore, who was out of Blacklock's dam, won the Doncaster St. Leger, and Blacklock himself ought to have won it, for no one conversant with the Turf but admits he was a better Race-horse and Stallion than Ebor.

To all the above strong recommendations we may add that Belshazzar is of a rich chesnut color, with a small star, and a very little white on his off hind foot. He is full sixteen hands high, of sufficient length, great power, correct proportions, splendid action, and of general high finish.

T. A.

ON SHOEING.

We conclude in this Number (from page 80 of the last) the Lectures of M. DR SAINT BEL, Demonstrator of Comparative Anatomy, contained in his treatise on the "Proportions of English Eclipse." The following Lectures upon the subject of Shoeing, etc., are exceedingly valuable :

LECTURE II.

Of the position of the Foot on the Ground, and of the Concave Form of the lower surface of the foot, CONSIDERED IN RESPECT TO SHOEING.

If we suppose a leg well formed, and the foot on which it is supported duly proportioned, and consider them in a state of inaction, or standing, we shall perceive

1st. That a perpendicular line falling from the point of the shoulder to the ground, will touch the hoof exactly at the toe : if the foot were before or behind this line, its position would be evidently faulty. In many instances, however, the foot is thrown into one or other of these positions by the false directions of the leg. We are to take care, in these particular cases, not to attribute to the foot a fault which is not justly imputable to it.

2d. A perpendicular line falling from the upper part of the knee to the ground, considered in front, will divide the foot into two equal parts in its passage through the centre of the coronet to the centre of the sole. If this line should fall either on the inward or outward quarter, the foot would evidently be awry. In this case, the lateral part of the foot becomes unequal either in height or direction, and the toes are either turned inward or outward.

The toe may be turned outward, either by the bad conformation of the foot alone, or by the false direction of some part of the leg. When the fault is in the foot, it proceeds from the inward quarter being too low, in which case the weight of the body pressing more immediately upon, overburthens it, and prevents it growing ; whilst the outward quarter, relieved from bearing a part of the weight which it ought to have shared, grows and spreads itself at the expense of the other. This fault may be lessened by shoeing, as will be explained in the next Lecture.

The toe may also be turned outward by the following defects :

1st. When a horse is narrow chested, and the elbow, pressed against the ribs, directs the extremity outward.

2d. When the knees are turned inward.

3d. When the articulation of the fetlock is bent inward ; both which produce the same effect as the former.

In these cases we may in some degree relieve the inward quarter, but we must not attempt to restore the position of the foot entirely, as advised by a certain author, because in following his advice we should strain the ligaments of the articulations, which, no doubt, are originally faulty, and to which art can offer no remedy but what is attended with great danger. The opposite causes to these here described, produce contrary defects.

1st. When the elbow is too much detached from the body, the whole leg, and consequently the foot, will be directed inward.

2d. When the knees are bent outward, (a deformity which seldom occurs.)

3d. When the fetlock turns outward. In each of these three cases the art of shoeing can at the utmost only check the progress of the evil, and can never remove it entirely.

There is a cause, not less common, which destroys the natural position of the foot on the ground ; namely, when one of the quarters is more forcibly contracted than the other. This contraction is caused by the upper surface of the shoe being made concave, which cavity confines the quarters as in a vice.

In this state, the quarters, being compressed by the shoe, and the heels losing that resistance which nature had opposed to their contraction, draw mutually toward each other ; or else, the weaker yields to the stronger, and the foot becomes awry. In these cases, the art of shoeing sometimes affords a remedy, as will be hereafter explained.

We proceed now to examine the inferior surface, or cavity, of the foot, *considered in respect to shoeing.*

We know that the horse in the wild state requires no shoes to protect his feet from the resistance of the ground which he treads. But, being rendered subservient to the use of man in a domestic state, applied to severe and continued labor, and compelled to tread frequently, and for a long time together, on the irregular and stony surface of the roads, it becomes necessary to secure his feet from ruin by strengthening them with iron bands which we call shoes. The question then is, what ought to be the shape of the shoe, and whether the shoe as in use at present, is conformable with, or contrary to, the intentions of nature.

It is clear to every observing mind, that nothing in nature is the effect of chance. An intelligent principle has evidently presided over the formation of animated bodies which inhabit this earth, and the same principle has been no less provident in determining the functions of their several parts. In fact, into whatever part of nature we inquire, we every where discover manifest proofs of a positive design, and of aptness to a particular end. If we examine, for instance, the inferior surface of the feet of animals, we shall perceive them to be more or less irregular, according to the purposes of their species ; that is to say, according to their means of providing themselves subsistence, and of removing themselves more or less speedily from one place to another.

Without adducing instances from the great variety of animated being with which we are surrounded, and among which the curious observer

may hourly find an opportunity to verify this remark, we shall confine ourselves to the examination of the horse's foot, which is the proper object of our enquiry. We have already observed, in describing the external parts of the foot, that the sole is always more or less concave; this shape answers two purposes, both of which nature evidently designed in so constructing it.

The one purpose is, to make the tread of the foot bear equally on all the points of its circumference; and, at the same time, to raise the sole above the ground, in such a manner as to protect it from the violent pressure which would otherwise have unavoidably injured the tender parts contained within the hoof. The other purpose is to increase the strength and firmness of the foot upon the ground. To convince ourselves that the cavity of the sole contributes to produce this effect, let us observe a horse treading upon a moderately soft surface, and we shall perceive that at every step the foot leaves in the ground an impression produced by the sharp edge of the wall, and by the frogs, while the sole moulds in bass-relief;—so that the lower surface unites itself with the ground, forming a species of articulation, and from this circumstance results a most firm point of bearing, rendering it impossible for the foot to slip or be displaced, while the leg is employed in forwarding the body. When the horse is on very hard ground, the hollow of the foot, it is true, cannot produce an equal effect. But the sharp edge of the wall, and particularly of the toe, will nevertheless fix the foot much more firmly to the ground than if the interior surface was perfectly plain.

These reasons, which we have produced here to prove what were the intentions of nature in thus rendering the lower surface of the horses' foot concave, are so simple and obvious, that it appears unnecessary to adduce examples for their support; in order, however, that we may omit nothing which may tend to convince those who differ from us upon this subject, and who are strongly biassed to their own opinion, we shall offer what appears to us an incontrovertible principle, and should we have the good fortune to succeed in this attempt, we may flatter ourselves with having gained no trivial victory.

The leg of the horse, when in action, describes a portion of a circle proportioned to the length and freedom of its motion. When the horse advances one of his legs, at the moment the foot touches the ground, it describes an oblique line, inclining forward from the shoulder to the ground. In proportion as the body advances, this obliquity is lessened, until at length the leg attains a vertical direction, at which time the horse has completed half his action.

All this time the leg has only been employed in bearing the weight of the body; but in continuing the action it begins to project or determine the body forward, which action it continues until it describes another oblique line, equal to the former, but in an opposite direction, inclining forward from the ground to the shoulder, and forming with the first line an angle more or less open; this is the whole extent of the action of the horse, and the foot, firmly fixed on the ground, does not quit its tread till the whole action is completed; this, however, can only be applied to a well formed foot, enjoying every advantage which may result from its structure. Let us now suppose a flat foot, that is to say, a foot the cavity of which is from some cause filled

up, or effaced. The points of rest on the ground at the moment of progression in such a foot, will be far less firm than that of the concave foot, because when the leg, in projecting the body, shall have obtained but a certain degree of obliquity, it will not dare to hazard the whole extent of its action, lest the foot, which has not sufficient hold upon the ground, should slip back. If we carry our thoughts now to the convex surface of the sole, it destroys entirely the solid bearing of the foot in the ground; such a foot is constantly in a state of vacillation, and would unavoidably slip back, before the leg could possibly obtain its last degree of extension.

I beg to observe that I have employed the extreme points of comparison, in order to render my reasonings the more perspicuous; in further illustration of these principles, let us consider how much strength is lost by large draft horses, when drawing heavy carriages up an inclined road. Their feet, which are either flat or convex, slide back at every step, before the leg has been able to complete the whole compass of its action.

To render this more evident, let us make an arbitrary calculation, and suppose the extent of the possible action of the leg to comprehend 25 degrees; this it will accomplish, provided the foot can be solidly and firmly fixed on the ground. But if the firmness of the foot is in any degree impaired by its flatness, it will be obliged to quit the ground at the 22d degree; and suppose one degree lost by the slipping of the foot backwards, this will make a difference of 4 degrees.

But if the inferior surface of the foot is convex, it will quit the ground at the 20th degree; and if two degrees are added for the slipping backwards, it will make the loss of 7 degrees in the total action of the leg.

With the evidence of the experimental proof before us, let us proceed to lay down a sure and certain principle for farriery, and such as shall enable us to determine the proper shape which the shoe ought to have, when we first apply it to the foot that has never been shod.

No one will venture to deny that, whether we consider the inward anatomical construction of the foot, or its outward form, or consider the use of its several component parts, reason directs us to a close imitation of nature. If we apply to the foot of a horse a concave, a flat, or a convex shoe, it is evident that the consequences will be precisely the same as has been shewn to result from feet whose inferior surface are naturally concave, flat, or convex. Suppose for instance, a foot well formed and properly concave, a second flat, and a third convex,—the inconveniences attending the convex and flat foot, will be considerably increased by shoes with a similar surface, because the iron of the shoe being harder than the horn of the hoof, presents a smoother and more polished surface, and, consequently more liable to slip. On this account, therefore, it is, that we propose the concave shoe; that is to say, concave in its lower surface, because it represents the natural shape of the foot, and because it fulfils, in every respect, the views and intentions of nature; and we are therefore convinced that it ought to be applied to all good feet.

As some cases are to be excepted from every general rule, so here the use of the concave shoe is to be excepted from the case of a flat foot, and especially of a convex one. It does not follow from this excep-

tion, that the use of this shoe may not become general in time ; because it must be remembered that feet only become flat and convex through bad shoeing, or by some accident,—as when a horse is foundered ; and that no horses, not even those horses bred in marshy and low lands, are foaled with this imperfection. Nor can we be justified in accusing nature with having neglected to provide sufficiently for the foundations of this admirable machine, when at the same time, the same machine affords so many convincing proofs, both of her wisdom and her providence.

But it is not in the concave form only that the shoe here proposed must differ from the shoe in use among farriers at this day ; there are certain proportions also to be observed in its different parts. Its breadth should be considerably less than that of the common shoe ; and it is totally unnecessary to cover any part of the sole, especially when care is taken to preserve its natural hardness. The breadth of the shoe at the heel should be one-half of its breadth at the toe. Its thickness should decrease gradually from the toe, so as to be reduced one-half at the extremity of the heel. As to the distribution of the stamp holes, every farrier knows that in shoes for the fore feet, they should be at the toes and quarters, because the wall, or crust, of the fore feet, is stronger at the toe than at the heel. The reverse of this is to be observed in the hind shoes, because the heels and quarters of the hind feet, are commonly stronger than the toes. It is impossible to lay down any general rule for disposing of these holes in bad feet ; it must be the business of the farrier to distribute them in such a manner as to be able to fix the nails in those parts of the wall where the horn is sound and firm. Farriers generally multiply these stamp-holes too much, which brings the nails too close together, occasions the horn to break in splinters, and at length destroys the wall.

I would recommend the following number for good feet, viz : for race-horses, six ; that is, three on each side : for saddle horses, seven, four on the outside, and three within, the quarter on this side being weaker than on the other ; the same number for coach-horses of the middling size ; for large coach-horses, four on each side ; and for cart horses, five on the out, and four on the inside. It is also of principal importance to determine the weight of the shoe ; for it is matter of astonishment to see some horses with shoes weighing each five pounds, making together, a burthen of twenty pounds of iron, attached to their four feet. It is obvious to common sense, that such an additional weight fixed to the extremity of the leg, must be productive of some inconvenience or other ; and in fact, the muscles are thereby compelled to greater exertions, the ligaments are stretched, and the articulations continually fatigued ; and besides all these evil consequences, the shoe, by its weight, forces out the nails, and so entirely destroys the texture of the wall, or crust, that it becomes often extremely difficult to fix the shoe to the hoof. Why then, we may ask, do not the practitioners of the present day, who are daily witnesses of these facts, and indeed are the principal authors of them, apply themselves to the correction of their errors ? The answer, I fear, is obvious ; because he who is uneducated, and destitute of sound principles in his art, cannot turn to real profit the experience he has acquired, nor abandon the path of prejudice and custom, in which he has so long journeyed ; but satisfies himself with

continuing to imitate and repeat whatever he has seen done by others.

The weight which we propose for shoes of different kinds, is nearly as follows :

	lb.	oz.
1. For the strongest sort of cart-horses, say English dray horses, ...	2	12
2. For the smaller horses of this kind,	1	12
3. For the largest coach-horses,	1	12
4. For the smaller do.	1	4
5. For saddle horses, of any height,	1 lb. 2 oz.	to 10
6. For race-horses,	5 oz.	to 4

By reducing the superfluous breadth of these shoes, their thickness may be increased without making any addition to their weight.

It will follow that great attention should be paid to the quality of the iron ; since the goodness of the metal will allow one to reduce still more the size and weight of the shoe. Many persons will no doubt observe, that such light and concave shoes will wear out too soon : I have no objection to agree with them in that respect ; but I will ask them, if they would prefer to have their horses lame six months of the year, rather than pay the expense of eighteen or twenty shoes more in the course of twelve months.

Besides the common shoe for sound feet, there are also others, whose various shapes are determined by the different derangements and diseases to which the horse's foot is liable. Such, for instance, are what are called the covered, flat, or convex shoe, the pattern shoe, the shoe for all feet, simple, double and hinged, the shoe without nails, &c. &c.

In my next Lecture, I shall call your attention to the danger of paring the hoof too much, and to the mischiefs which daily result from the exercise of this destructive method.

LECTURE III.

Of Paring the Hoof, the accidents resulting from the unskilful performance of this operation ; and of shoeing good flat and convex feet.

When a colt is brought to a farrier to be shod for the first time, his first business should be to examine the conformation of the young animal, particularly the direction of his legs ; to observe whether the fore legs are perfectly vertical, or whether, on the contrary, they incline backward or forward ; whether the pastern is in just proportions, or whether too long or too short—whether the toes are turned inward or outward ; he should endeavor, by the principles we have laid down in the preceding Lecture, to discover in which part of the limb the fault exists.

He is then to proceed to examine the foot, and to ascertain whether it is proportionate to the leg ; whether its surface is free from defect, whether of a good consistence, i. e., whether strong or weak, hard or soft ; whether the quarters are equal, the heels high or low, slender or thick ; whether the frog is in just proportion to the other parts ; whether the sole is strong, or the contrary ; and to observe its degree of concavity.

If the leg and foot are exempt from every defect, the farrier should begin paring the foot, by merely cutting off whatever breaks the level of the interior surface of the wall : but he is not to meddle with the sole, the binder, or the frog. This seems the proper place to convince him

of the necessity of preserving to these parts their solidity, by laying before him the numberless accidents attending their destruction: Let us ask ourselves what is the drift of this operation of farriery? It is to furnish additional strength to the foot, to render it capable of resisting the hardest bodies to which it may be exposed: but, if at the very time we make this addition, we destroy with the butress those parts, which nature has formed with the very same intent, we not only do not increase the resources of the foot, but we destroy that organ, by predisposing it to a multitude of ailments, of which I shall speak hereafter.

By thinning the sole too much, and going beyond the dead horny part, we destroy its organization: for it is not necessary to go so far as to fetch blood, to produce this evil: it is enough only to touch that substance, which receives the glutinous juice through the numberless pores with which the sole abounds. The result is a real wound, which cannot be understood but by a person acquainted with the laws of the animal economy, and of which the mere mechanical practitioner cannot form an idea. Let us, however, make a comparison, capable of striking the most undiscerning. If, for instance, we take away the upper surface of the bark of a tree, we do it no great injury; nevertheless we rob it of its natural covering; and if we penetrate further into the substance of this bark, we shall produce a real wound; we shall perceive a kind of moisture exuding from the part, which will soon be absorbed by the contact of the air, and drying up the surface of the bark, already too much affected, will produce a scar, more or less irregular, and which will not be effaced till nature has renewed the bark, an operation which will require a certain lapse of time.

What should we say of a gardener, who, in order to protect a tree from the friction of other bodies, to which it might be exposed, should begin to strip it of its bark, with the design of inclosing the body with some artificial covering? We should no doubt look upon him as the most stupid of mortals—yet such a man is the farrier who destroys the whole external surface of the foot in order to fix on his shoe.

The inconveniences that arise from overparing the sole, are not the same in all feet: among those that are hard, narrow, and very concave, as among blood or high bred horses, the drying up of the sole increases the cavity to that degree, that it compresses the fleshy sole, which occasions a constant and a very painful lameness, and which the farrier, who is far from suspecting the true cause, increases every time of shoeing.

When the foot is naturally large, and disposed to relaxation, the sole being too much thinned, yields to the afflux of the humors, loses its concavity, becomes flat, and even sometimes convex; this accident is very frequent. The sole also, when too much thinned, is liable to be easily bruised by the shoe, stones, gravel, &c. It is therefore of the greatest importance to preserve the sole in its natural thickness, and consequently the farrier should only take off with the butteris those limena or scales, which are really dead and almost detach themselves, especially when they remain too long on old shoes.

I repeat what I have already said, that the frog is intended to bear part of the weight of the body, and that for this reason alone, it ought to be preserved entire. When it appears too bulky, as in fat or flat feet, which have generally very low heels, it is better to remedy the

evil by a single increase of thickness in the heels of the shoes, than to strip this part of its horny covering. By this means, the heels are raised to a level with the rest of the foot, and the weight is equally distributed to every point of the circumference of the foot.

By cutting the frog to the quick, as is often practised, the part is irritated and inflamed; the humors become abundant, and produce a sharp discharge, which corrodes its own substance, and even that of the heels; and which sometimes, in its progress, rises to the folds of the pasterns, and occasions the disease which we call the thrush, a very common affection, though none would be more rare if the frog were never pared. Nothing more should be cut away than those dead and proud parts which naturally detach themselves by the laws of growth and re-production.

The heels should be pared according to their strength, height, or depression; and also in proportion to the length or shortness of the pastern, which it is very material to observe; if we remember that these parts support three quarters of the weight of the whole mass, the necessity of preserving them will be obvious.

The binders, those parts so very essential to the heels, should be preserved with the most scrupulous care; the butteris should never touch them excepting in some very extraordinary cases; when they grow too fast it then becomes indispensable to cut them, and with the heels, but always flat, and never obliquely or inward. To judge how very remote the farriery of the present day is from sound practice, we have only to examine the feet of horses in general. We shall hardly find any one whose binders are not destroyed; nay, more than that, the farrier by one stroke of the butteris, makes a division between those parts and the heels, at the place where the bearing lies; and not satisfied with that, he further separates with the same tool, the frog from the heel. These two last ruinous operations are the finishing strokes. A farrier who should be awkward at these, would not be reputed a good workman. In short, ignorant practitioners, who only see by the eyes of the body, the perception of which is limited to the superficies, operate on a horse's foot as a carpenter on a piece of wood to polish it.

But how shall we be able to persuade men unpossessed of the first principles of their art, that their method has hitherto been in direct opposition to the laws of nature? How make them comprehend, that instead of opening the heels, they facilitate their contraction? Indeed, we shall not attempt it, being persuaded we should have to encounter no less obstacles from prejudice, than those which superstition opposed to the demonstrations of Galileo.

It will therefore only be when veterinary science shall have made a certain progress, and that students, enlightened and settled in different parts of the country, have disseminated its principles, that hopes may be entertained of a salutary reform in farriery. But let us here terminate these reflections, and return to the practice of farriery.

We have already said that our method of paring a good foot that has never been shod, consists merely in rendering the wall level, in order to receive an equally level shoe, but that the butteris should not be used on any of the other parts.

In a good foot that has been shod several times, we are still to

take off from the wall nothing more than the old horn, which is not sufficiently solid to receive the shoe; and only cleanse the sole and frog from the proud parts, which are ready to come off spontaneously.

When the foot is thus prepared, the concave shoe is to be applied. Here the old observation naturally recurs, viz: that the shoe should be adapted to the foot, not the foot to the shoe.

The farrier, therefore, must pay the greatest attention to make the shoe exactly correspond with the circumference or outline of the foot. The fundamental principle of farriery is generally neglected; of which we may be convinced on casting our eye on figure M plate 2, which represents the natural form of the horse's foot, compared with figure N, which represents a foot ruined by bad shoeing. [The Plates not having been copied from the original work from which these pages were transcribed, we are reluctantly compelled to insert the article without them. See explanation at page 66, in last Number.]

Two other causes combine with this in strengthening the quarters and contracting the heels: viz., destroying the binders, and the concave form given to the upper surface of the shoe, being the very reverse of that which is here given.

The shoe being adjusted to the foot, without pressing the sole, should admit between it and the part just sufficient interval for the introduction of the pricker; a greater space is liable to admit large gravel or stones, which may bruise the sole, and even occasion sores.

The shoe being nailed on, the farrier should have as little as possible to rasp, and that only from the shoe to the rivets, but never above them, because by rasping the whole surface of the hoof, you not only injure its substance, but you dispose it also to dry. And should the rasp, through the unskilfulness of the farrier's hand, touch ever so slightly the origin of the nail near the coronet, where the part is exceedingly thin, sand cracks are very apt to ensue, the beginning of which is a small wound or crevice, occasioned by the stroke of the rasp. Hitherto we have been speaking of the shoeing of the fore feet; we shall now enter into some detail respecting the hind feet.

It is no less necessary to examine the direction of the hind legs, and the position of the hind feet, in order to proceed with judgment in the operation of shoeing. In consequence, the farrier should place himself behind the horse, and trace with his eye a perpendicular line, which proceeding from the point of the hock, should fall on the sole, passing through the centre of the heel. He is to observe if the perpendicular line falls within the foot, whether the points of the hocks incline to each other; if, on the contrary, it falls on the outward side of the foot, whether both hocks do not incline outward.

In the first case, by viewing the horse in front, he will perceive that the toes of the hind feet are turned outwards; and in the second case, that, on the contrary, these parts are turned inward. He should then examine the legs sideways, to ascertain whether the hocks are too much bent, too straight, or too open.

The next step is the examination of the foot, in which it is to be considered whether it is proportioned to the leg, whether its shape is natural, its consistence good, and if it is free from cracks. Supposing the leg in a proper direction, and the foot free from natural and accidental de-

fects, he should begin to pare this foot also, by taking off from the wall those pieces of horn only, which break the level of the surface to which the shoe is to be fitted ; to clear the sole and frog from all proud parts, and then make use of the concave shoe.

A flat foot must be pared with great caution ; the butteris must only touch the wall, merely to divest it of the old horn as neatly as possible. We must not cut away any thing from the sole or frog, these parts requiring all their strength to resist the humors, which flow to them in too great abundance, whilst the wall, deprived of its nourishment, exhibits itself dried up, irregular, and scaly.

The convex foot, I have already said, in describing the hoof, is that in which the sole extends below the quarters, presenting a surface more or less convex. This deformity is so much the more dangerous, as the horse is obliged to bear on the ground at the centre of the sole, which would soon render him incapable of service, if not remedied in the shoeing.

A foot may, by a particular habit, be disposed to become flat ; the sole may become weak ; in a word, the whole texture of the horn may be disposed to relaxation ; but nature, we are sure, never deviated so far from her own wise laws, as to intend to give the foot the shape we are speaking of.

This shape is always accidental, and the result of the bad method of paring the foot to excess, and of giving a concave shape to the upper surface of the shoe. This last cause, by compressing the quarters, forces down the weakened sole, so as to make it lose its natural shape, and acquire a greater or less degree of convexity.

It is not in this case only, that this bad shape of the shoe produces dangerous consequences ; the strongest feet are impaired by it ; it crushes the quarters, and contracts the heels, from which a compression of the quick parts ensue, and consequently lameness in a great number of horses. There is no method of remedying a convex foot, and we may think ourselves fortunate, if we are sometimes able to check its progress ; the manner of paring it is the same as for the flat foot, the sole must be cautiously pared, and use the shoe No. 4, the shape of which must be altered relatively to the state of the foot : it is evident that there is no possibility of establishing the basis of the foot solidly upon the ground, on account of the convexity which we are obliged to give the shoe. Let us now proceed to the shoeing of feet which are very defective in their position.

When the toes are turned outwards, the pressure of the foot on the ground lies chiefly on the inward quarters. He will most likely succeed, 1st : by preserving to the inward quarter all its height. 2d : by lowering that of the outward quarter. 3d : by increasing the thickness of the inward branch of the shoe ; and fourthly, by rendering the outward one very thin. By means of this two-fold operation, the foot will be brought back to the vertical plane, and will bear equally, and at the same time, on all parts of its circumference.

We should also take care to shoe with great exactness, and very short in the inner heel, because horses, whose feet are turned outward, are apt to cut themselves with the extremity of the inner branch ; and here we must observe, that if the defect under consideration has its origin in the upper parts of the extremity, or in the too narrow conformation of the chest, as it sometimes happens, we must renounce

the method we have just laid down ; because, by suddenly altering the position of the foot, though a vicious one, we should expose the ligaments of the articulations, between that part and the shoulder, to hurtful extensions of more dangerous consequence than the fault which we meant to correct : it is therefore only, when that fault proceeds from the articulation of the fetlock, that some attempts may be made by a slow and gradual process.

When the toes are turned inward, one must proceed by a contrary method. 1st : cut the inward quarter. 2d : preserve the outward one. 3d : increase the thickness of the branch on that side ; and 4th, diminish that of the inward branch, by taking off as much as possible from the wall, reckoning from the middle of the toe to the middle of the inward quarter, because it is with this part that the horse cuts himself ; but before we employ this method, we must understand the nature of the fault, and for that purpose we must employ the mode of reasoning used in the former article.

We proceed now to the consideration of the *narrow heel* ; or, as the farriers call it, *hoof-bound* : this defect consists in the excessive contraction of the heels and quarters, and is natural to many horses of the southern parts of Europe, and also to blood horses of different countries. There is no remedy against this original defect. He must pare and shoe the foot as if it were a good one, and apply the concave shoe, which will project rather more than on a well formed foot. By these means we shall stop the progress of this defect, which the farriers promote by cutting away the sole and the frog, and the binders. This, when not an original defect, proceeds from the natural dry disposition of the fibres of the hoof ; from the destruction of the sole, the frog, and the binders ; as also from the concave or hollow shape of the upper surface of the shoe ; but the natural dryness of the fibres alone, however great, seldom produces lameness. It is then the butteris, that butchering tool, that almost always occasions this evil we are speaking of. It is very rare for a hoof-bound foot to be perfectly restored ; but the defect may be diminished, or at least its progress stopped.

To this end, the sole, the frog, and the binders, must be preserved with the utmost care. These parts, in their growth, will throw out the heels a little, or at least will form an opposition to their further contraction.

The heels are to be pared flat, as well as the whole circumference of the wall ; and we must use the common concave shoe, and in order to second the effects of shoeing, we must not omit bathing the feet in lukewarm water, and applying emollient poultices both under and over the foot. We must not expect a speedy cure ; the space of a year is a very short term in a case of this nature, as may be judged by considering the slowness of the re-production of the nail.

I cannot pass over in silence the *Slipper Shoe*, which many practitioners use to remedy the defect in question, and which is at present the only resource of the Professors of Veterinary Schools of France. The shape of the shoe is exactly the shape of the common shoe in the whole of the extent of its surface ; but the outward edge is exceedingly thin, whilst the inward is altogether as thick ; so that the side of the shoe towards the foot, forms a slope, of which the pretended use is, to press open the heels, and turn them outward. But not only nature

will not consent to so forced an effect, but we must also observe, that we really increase the cause of the defect, in opening the heels, as the farriers do, in order to apply the slipper shoe.

Let us now proceed to the shoeing of the horse "*that cuts*" as it is called. We have already said, in speaking of the feet that turn inward or outward, the horse cuts himself with the toes or with the heels. This accident happens more or less frequently, in proportion to the degree of the defect in the conformation, and of the weakness or weariness in the horse. In all these cases, there is but one remedy, which consists in applying a shoe perfectly exact, very short on the inner side, and without stamp-holes on that side, and paring off from the quarters as much as possible without destroying it, as frequently happens. Several farriers, unable to succeed by this simple method, give to the inward branches of the shoe several irregular forms, which, without preventing the evil, makes the feet bear foul on the ground.

By just attending to the following reflections, we shall be convinced of the uselessness of the excessive thickness which some farriers give to the inward branches of the shoe; and of the cramps which others raise on some points of the branch.

It is certainly not when the foot is on the ground that it cuts the neighboring leg—it is only when that foot is up; consequently, whatever position we give the foot, by means of any shape whatever of the shoe, we shall never be able to change the action or play of the muscles, nor the direction of the articulated parts of the leg.

It is possible, by the manner of shoeing, to turn the toes a little inward, or a little outward, and consequently the heels also: but this effect will only last whilst the foot rests upon the ground; as soon as it quits it, it must follow the direction given by the leg, and form a curve, larger or smaller, which brings it nearer to the supporting leg, which it will strike every time that the horse happens to lose his equilibrium in going; the only remedy is to shoe to a nicety, inwardly.

We shall now endeavor to explain, concisely, the cause which occasions a horse to *over-reach*, i. e., to strike his hind upon his fore feet, and to indicate the best method of shoeing in that case.

The act of *over-reaching* is performed by the toes of the hind feet, either on, or between its branches, or else by striking the heels, which are thereby often dangerously cut, or bruised. It is obvious that the hind feet could not strike the fore feet, unless the last remained too long on the ground, or unless the former rose from it too soon; this tardiness in the one, or over quickness in the other, is the effect of the particular conformation of the horse, though sometimes the fault of the rider, and sometimes the fault of the farrier.

Horses most liable to *over-reach* are those which are low in front, with large shoulders and a bulky head; and the neck either too long or too thick. In all these cases, the fore legs being overburthened, rise but with difficulty, and not sufficiently, and cover very little ground. It is useless to observe, that a horse is also subject to *over-reach* when he is too high in his hind quarters, because this height is only determined by his being too low in front. A horse *over-reaches*, also, when his fore legs stand under him, i. e., when they are in an oblique direction inclining backwards, or when the hinder extremities approach too near the centre of gravity of the body, whether it pro-

ceeds from the general direction of the limb or merely from too great a bend in the hock. A horse over-reaches when he is too short in the body; when the spine of the back bone is curved outward. A horse may also over-reach from accidental causes, when a rider over-burthens the shoulders of his horse with his own weight; this fault is very common in England, and, indeed, there is no country where horses are so soon ruined before.

The neglect of the hand in abandoning the bridle may dispose a horse to over-reach; when the toe of the hind shoe, and the heel of the fore shoe, are too long, it promotes the action of over-reaching. Lastly, natural laziness will expose him to the same inconvenience.

To remedy the action of over-reaching, we must endeavor to accelerate the rising of the fore feet, and to retard that of the hind, in which we sometimes succeed by the following means:

Begin by cutting and paring the fore heels as much as possible, without weakening them; then use the *half-moon shoe*, of which the heels are very short and thin; on the contrary, preserve all the height of the hind heels, take off as much of the toe as possible, and shoe very short in this part. The shoe No. 2. may fulfil this object. The effect which the manner of paring may produce deserves to be explained.

The height of the fore heels being diminished, will expose the flexor muscle to a greater extension, from which will proceed a degree of uneasiness, which will oblige the horse to lift its foot from the ground sooner than it would have done, had the heel been higher. In the hind feet, on the contrary, not only the whole height of the heels will be preserved, but an addition made thereto; and from the thickness of the shoes the last degree of extension of the flexor muscle will be retarded. The horse, far from being induced, through pain, to take his hind legs from the ground, will keep it there longer than if his heels had been lower, and from this manner of operating there will result a greater interval of time between the motion of the fore and hind legs, which will oppose itself into action of over-reaching. A very simple comparison will probably render the principle very intelligible.

Women who wear very high heeled shoes, walk, almost all, with their knees more or less bent, so that the extensor muscles never attain the least degree of contraction, nor the flexors the least degree of extension which the construction of the leg would allow of.

But should they suddenly change the shoe they have been accustomed to, for some with very low heels, they would first experience a painful stretching in the last mentioned muscles, which would oblige them to lift their feet sooner from the ground, than in the former case.

It would doubtless be observed, that as the application of the principles here established to prevent a horse from over-reaching, produce pain, it cannot be agreeable to nature; this I admit, and I therefore recommend acting in this case with all possible prudence in the beginning.

M. Bourgelat also calls in all the assistance of mechanics, in order to explain, how a foot that does not wear out the shoe evenly ought to be shod, and he divides the under surface of the foot by a longitu-

dinal axis, traverse axis, diagonal, &c. I am persuaded I shall sooner explain myself to the farrier's common sense, by saying to him, when a horse is brought you to be shod, examine the old shoe, and see what part is most worn out. If it is the outward branch, preserve the quarter on that side, and increase the thickness of the shoe at that part; you will by this means remedy the fault; besides, particular cases occur every day, which it is impossible to foresee, and which require the shoe to be differently shaped. As for instance, when the quarter or heel has been destroyed, the foot wounded or pricked, the sole compressed or burnt, &c. In such cases, as it is not in our power to lay down fixed rules, the operator, guided by the actual state of the foot, must give the shoe, or some of its parts, a shape adapted to the affected part, and qualified to assist its healing.

As to the half-moon shoe, semi-half-moon shoe, &c., we shall mention them in treating of those cases in which they are to be used; and we shall now briefly recapitulate the substance of this lecture, addressing ourselves to all farriers who are able and willing to understand us.

You whose office it is to shoe the valuable creature which is the subject of our inquiries, should abandon that blind and perverse custom, by which you destroy that essential part, the preservation of which is entrusted to your care; and, submitting your understandings to the light of reason and experience, should endeavor to obtain a knowledge of those principles on which the perfection of your art depends, and which alone can lead you to a sound and luminous practice.

Lay aside, in the first place, the mechanical custom of paring the foot to excess, of thinning the sole and frog, and destroying the binders, under the false idea of opening the heels, which, on the contrary, you by that means dispose to contract; of cutting away their hind part, which is the most solid point of rest that nature has provided for the foot. Recollect, in short, that you are only to take off, from this part, that portion of the old horn which would impair the solidity of the shoe. In the next place, you are to imitate, with the shoe, the concave form of the foot. Let this same shoe fit exactly the circumference of the wall, without compelling the latter, as you are accustomed to do, to fit the shape of the shoe. Beware of making the under part of the shoe convex, excepting in the case of a convex foot. Above all, avoid turning the branches of the shoe obliquely outwards, because this distortion pinches the quarters and heels, and finally crushes them. Reduce the thickness of the heels of the shoe; be persuaded, that when they are too thick they raise the frog too much above the ground, and that then the horse is in the same case as you would be if obliged to walk on tiptoe. You cannot but be sensible how much this last fault must contribute to ruin the legs. Lastly; never rasp the surface of the hoofs above the rivets.

By avoiding the method here delineated, you will, at least avoid the grosser errors which are every day committed, and if you have sufficient courage to give yourselves up to the study necessary for acquiring the true principles of your art, public opinion will soon place you on a level with men who are enlightened, and therefore useful to society.

FOUNDERING.

The most severe and stubborn disease to which the horse's foot is liable, and which is almost always fatal, unless subdued in its origin, is, beyond a doubt, that which is known under the name of foundering. It is to be considered as a fluxion, more or less inflammatory, which has its seat more particularly in the interior of the foot.

This disease manifests itself by the following symptoms, which may be divided into common and particular.

The former are pain and heat in the feet, especially at the coronet ; fulness or plethora in the vessels of the legs, a strong pulsation in that part ; a swelling in the sheath of the tendons, and also a symptomatic fever when the disease becomes serious ; whence results dullness and a distaste for solid food ; but the latter symptoms only appear when the pain and inflammation are increased to a very intense degree.

The particular symptoms appear in the step of the animal when walking, and in the position of the legs when standing still. If a horse, for instance, is foundered in his two fore-feet, the great pain he feels, in those parts, obliges him to throw back his weight of body upon his hinder extremities, in such a manner as to bring them forward very near to the centre of gravity, whilst the fore legs remain in an oblique direction, inclining from before backwards. In this position, the loins of the animal are in a state of continual exertion, and if forced to walk he experiences great difficulty in moving, and his fore legs do not quit the ground till his hind ones are brought very far forward under his body, the whole weight of which, they are obliged to sustain. This painful sensation of the body obliges the horse to bend the spine, and this forced action in the vertebræ of the loins, persuades many farriers that the seat of the disease exists in the muscles of the back and loins, on which they apply remedies of all kinds, the effects of which, as may be imagined, are always useless, and often dangerous.

This treatment, erroneous in its principle and unsuccessful in its issue, determines the farrier to draw a consequence evidently false, by supposing that the disease has changed its place, and is fallen into the feet.

When the foundering is in the hind feet, the animal stands in a position directly opposite to that we have been describing. He carries his body forward, with his head low, and the anterior extremities under him ; by which means the withers become lower than the croup ; in short, the attitude of all the parts proves, that nature is engaged in easing the hind feet, by throwing the weight of the mass upon the fore feet. But as the hinder extremities are always particularly employed in projecting the body, it is easy to conceive how very painful this effort must be to the horse, since it is only with the fore legs that he is now able to effect it ; and in fact, it is easy to perceive the state of constraint under which the horse labors, when he displaces one of his fore legs ; he hesitates some time before he moves it, and he has hardly taken it up, before he speedily places it on the ground, and during this action the tremor and vacillation of the other fore leg, denotes the excess of weight which distresses it.

Foundering sometimes attacks all the four legs, and when that happens, the horse is unable to stand ; he therefore is constantly laying down ; and I have seen one that placed himself on his back, in order to find ease.

It is uncommon for this disease to attack one foot only, either before or behind. Some authors have multiplied the causes of this disease almost to infinity—we shall confine ourselves to the exposition of those only which experience appears to confirm every day.

The most dangerous cause of all is a suppression of the perspiration; this commonly occasions a great inflammation of the feet, the progress of which is exceedingly rapid; the superabundance of blood, its thickness, the vitiated disposition of the humors, may increase the intensity of the fluxion, and render its resolution more difficult.

Violent galloping, or too hard labor, may occasion foundering; it may also proceed from too much rest, and it is not uncommon to find a horse in this state, on his being brought out of a stable, where he has remained too long without exercise. It has further been observed, that any abundant evacuation, such as much bleeding, sometimes produces this disorder; it is also frequently owing to the use of food, too nourishing and too liberally bestowed, such as lucerne, sain-foin, clover, barley, beans, peas, vetches, &c.

Bad shoeing often produces the distemper we are treating of; the farriers, by scooping the sole to excess, occasion it to dry up, facilitate the contraction of the heels, and the shoe which they use being too narrow and concave at the top, completes the contraction of the whole circumference of the foot.

ON ARAB HORSES.

SIR.—Many of your readers are constantly saying it is useless to breed from Arabs: the enclosed article on their breed, ways of rearing and breeding, and the places where the best breed may be procured, would be perhaps acceptable to your excellent publication.

There are three breeds of horses in Syria; the *true* Arab breed, the Turkman, and the Kourdy, which is a mixture of the two former.—The Arab horses are small, full of sinew and bone, remarkably strong in their back, loins, thighs, and hocks: the shoulder appears to be the faulty point, as the scapula is short, rather upright, but, notwithstanding, the action is generally fine and vigorous. To counterbalance these faults, the shoulder is very *muscular* and very thick in the upper part, and very light at the extremity; they rarely exceed four teen hands; but few are ill formed, and they have all certain characteristic beauties which distinguish their breed from any other. The Arabs count *five* noble breeds of horses, descended, as they say, from the five favorite mares of the Prophet—Taueyse, Maneykeye, Koheyl, Saklawye, and Dgulfe.

On the birth of a colt of noble breed, it is usual to assemble some witnesses and to write an account of the colt's distinctive marks, with the names of its sire and dam. The pedigree is often put into a small piece of leather and hung round the horse's neck. The following is a specimen:—

“God”

“Enoch”

“In the name of the most merciful God, the Lord of all creatures:

peace and prayers be with our Lord Mahomed, his family and followers until the day of judgment. The present deed relates to the greyish brown colt, with four white feet, of the true breed of Saklawye called Obeyan, whose skin is as bright and unsullied as milk, resembling those horses of which the Prophet said, 'True riches are a noble and fierce breed of horses.' The sire of this colt is the excellent bay horse called Merdgan, of the breed of Koheylyan; its dam the famous white Saklawy mare, known by the name of Dgeroria."

The Arabs themselves often pay as much as two hundred pounds for a celebrated mare, and the price has amounted even to more than five hundred pounds. The present Sheekh of the Mauualys has a mare for the "*half of whose belly*" (in Arab phraseology) he paid four hundred pounds. Immediately after the birth of a colt the Arabs tie its ears together over its head with a thread, that they may assume a fine pointing direction: at the same time they press the tail of the colt upwards, and take other measures whereby it may be carried high. The only care taken of the dam after she has produced her colt is to wrap a piece of linen round her body; the linen is removed the next day. The colts remain with the dam thirty days, after which they are weaned and reared on camels' milk. For the space of one hundred days after the colts have been weaned it is not permitted to give them any other food than camels' milk; even water is not allowed. After that time the colt receives a daily portion of wheat diluted with water; at first a handful; this is gradually increased, but the milk still continues to be the colt's principal food.

Such is the colt's diet for one hundred days more: during the latter of which he is permitted to feed on grass. The second period of one hundred days being elapsed, barley is given; and if camels' milk is abundant, a bucket every evening with the allowance of barley.

During the whole year, the horses stand in the open air and are rarely ill. The Arabs never clean or rub their horses, but are careful in walking them gently when they return after a ride.

For the strangles, they burn some blue linen (which has been dyed with indigo) and let the smoke ascend into the horse's nose: this occasions a copious discharge. For the pole evil, they burn the flesh all round the swelling.

The finest race may be found in Syria, and the best district is Hauram. Most of the horses purchased at Basra for the Indian market belong to the Montefyk Arab, who have not the pure breed: this accounts for the badness of the horses which are occasionally sent from India to England. Fine horses of the Khomse are more numerous than the common horses belonging to the same breeds; but still, among those fine horses there can be found only a few worthy of being entitled "first rate" in respect of size, bone, beauty, and action; perhaps not five among a whole tribe. It seems a fair and probable calculation to say, that the Syrian deserts do not furnish more than two hundred of that preeminent description, each of which may be estimated in the desert itself at from £150 to £200. The Arab horses are purchased at Bombay at an average of £70; this satisfactorily proves that they are not of the highest caste; and as almost all the Arabs which have been imported here have come from India, it will

account for the Arab blood being at such a discount. There have been some splendid exceptions. The Darley Arabian came direct from Syria, and was of the Maneykeye tribe; a century afterwards Mr. Manesty, the consul at Aleppo, sent over some, and amongst them one of the pure Maneykeye, which was purchased by Lord Dartmouth. Mr. Cole sent over a chesnut horse of great merit; Sir W. Rumbold another, which the King of Prussia bought.

The Imaum of Muscat sent to his Majesty William the Fourth two very fine horses and two mares of high castes. The highest bred mare was purchased by Sir Tatton Sykes, the other by Mr. P. Duncombe. The two horses, from their beauty and bone, would have made a valuable cross for some of our long and bad-legged thoroughbred mares, but they were unfortunately sold to go into Germany.—The King of Wurtemberg has a few Arabs of the *true* blood, and it is well worth going a long way to examine them.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine for March, 1839.]

HASSAN ABDALLAH.

Turfiana.

No. I.

THE DEFAULTERS!

(With a bunch of mottoes).

"And grinn'd and mutter'd,—Lost,—Lost,—Lost!"
Lay* of the Last Minstrel.

"Master Shallow:—I owe you a thousand pounds!"
Shakspeare.

"Fatima. Sister Anne,—Sister Anne,—Do you see any body coming?—
Irene. I see them galloping,—I see them galloping!"
Blue Beard.

"All this was written whilst he was in the Levant."
Preface to Lord Byron's Childe Harold.

"Away!—Away!—ye notes of woe!"
Byron.

"Galloping,—Dreary,—Done!"
Old Song.

"They are gone—and for ever—the lights we saw breaking!"
Moore.

"Now is the hour that wakens fond desire,
In men at sea!"
Dante.

We have just turned the corner of a new year and its Derby will soon be fast approaching.—It comes round with all the certainty of a tax-gatherer, or the little wooden horse on the round-a-bout at a fair, and passes away in a like temporary obscurity.—The Derby comes! The betters who during the winter months have attended at Tatter-

*It has been mischievously and erroneously said that this line was written by a poet of the name of Cowley (Qy. the Jockey)—not so, it was clearly written by a *Better*.

sall's, have stood there like so many Banquos having "no speculation in those eyes which they do glare withal!" The first dawn of the year shewing the approach of the great race, however, brings out the old Turfite anew, and warms into life the usual swarm of moths and butterflies—things that dawn in the short brilliant beam that precedes the certain day of destruction, and then pass away.—The Thursday in Epsom week is a withering day to myriads—and still the succeeding year finds insects afresh, and great grown children mad enough to rush after the gilded wing and dazzling body,—as though the prize were as valuable as it was attractive,—not thinking that like Lord Byron's "Insect Queen of Eastern Spring,"

"The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charms by being caught;
For every touch that wooed its stay,
Hath brush'd its brightest hues away!"

A few recollections of a few past Derby and St. Leger days, with a glance at that rare species of Turf Butterfly—the great *blue-winged Levanter*,—may not be unserviceable in guarding some, even of the experienced, from going hat in hand scampering up and down that "Emerald meadow of *Cashmere*," Tattersall's yard, catching at every gay thing that dazzles and allures. So *epidemic* is this frantic chase,

"A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears,"—

that you shall see the unaffected and well-informed Jem Bland jump about after a new fly with all a boyish eagerness; and Crockford—the learned, experienced, often-betrayed Crockford,—take off his hat and not be able to refrain from making two or three aerial sweeps, as the insect flutters by him. There are too, at this and indeed at all times, to be seen the crawling bodies of flies (who have been *caught* and despoiled of their wings)—flies that creep about still, like wingless wasps, to annoy and sting. These things should not be permitted to escape the crush of the foot, when once they are stript of their deceitful hues.—Better that they should fly away—or, *Anglice* to say it,—*levant*!—than remain to crawl and wound,—again, again, and again.

To quit our insect metaphor, we are of opinion that just at the opening of the year,—when the mind glimpses at the great races, a slight glance at the defaults and Defaulters of a few recent years will not be unserviceable to those who mean honorably,—but who by too over-weening a hope of good fortune, or from too strong a credence in the probity of human nature, may rely on a dazzling *book*—a good horse or field—and a prosperous race. We know of several excellent men and valuable sportsmen who have, with the fairest intentions on their own parts, been hurried into difficulties and losses by a reliance on men who "were going *for the gloves*" (the phrase is good as applied to those gentlemen who do not intend coming out with *clean hands*) and were keeping up high characters by a neat *surtout* or a catching cabriolet with a *tiger* hanging at its two hind loops. Remote *green* branches of our nobility have even been depended upon—until the stormy day came and snapped them—shewing to the bewildered dependants the fragile worthless sticks on which they rested. Should one honorable man be put on his guard by this timely caution,—this Magazine Review,—should one plausible plunderer be foiled in his game by this

exposure of the past—we shall be well rewarded for the disgusting task of here recalling *characterless* characters,—and referring to events which are stained with all that makes high honor blush and common honesty shrink and shudder.

How far back shall we direct our eyes?—On what point of time shall we fix our starting-post? Let us---to use a hunting phrase,—Let us “try back, try back.” We can hardly stretch our old optics beyond the day of *Memnon* for the Leger. What a race was that for sanguine hopes realized—and desperate avarice and reckless dishonesty baffled!—Mr. Ridsdale,—who left York,—giving up the musical festival to accompany that piece of perfect horse-harmony, *Memnon*, to Doncaster—having him a winner to a *sound* sum of, say £30,000 ---saw that blooming animal canter in a-head of every horse *on* the course and *in* his book. An Attache to a high house without a farthing to meet his losses, lays against the winner at any price,—and as soon as *the spasm* (for such is a St. Leger race) is over—“spreads his gay wings, and in a moment flies!”—Various were the sufferers and great was the surprise on all sides! Mr. A., fleetier than *Memnon*, fled---boring a hole in Mr. Ridsdale’s winnings like the Thames Tunnel;---Mr. Ridsdale’s book being able however, also like the Thames Tunnel, to “*liquidate* itself.”

In this year---a billiard-table maker, back-gammon player, and old shark---having gone a great stake against *Memnon* and Alderman, had the felicitous pleasure of seeing them come in first and second!—The field which would have been a small fortune to him, followed at respectful and ruinous distances!---Mr. H., the baffled one, sat in his shirt sleeves and in his bed-room in a Doncaster lodging on the settling day, exhibiting to a few of the select losers his account in which an enormous sum was debited to an *initial*!—(There was the Fallstaff allowance of the *sack* or loss---to the Fallstaff quantity of bread or *gain*!) debited to a great unknown who “depended on his father,”—and who relied on the honor of this defaulter not to breathe his name. *Honor* was never so devotedly worshipped!---The song was not then written or the billiard-man might have caught his own *cue*, and have beguiled the inactivity of his settling morning with singing

“Oh no we never mention *him*,
His name is never heard!”

These two eminent individuals—these two defaulters—whose initials of A. and H. combined, form that sigh expression which escaped so many hearts on the non-money morning,---gained credit in opposite ways. The first had a high name—associated himself with royal blood,---had naval expectations,—and it was thought whatever was gained, if not immediately forthcoming was ultimately good. He was valuable in *prospective*!---The last was so well known to be always trying at the best,—to be always (to borrow a dog-pit phrase) “fighting *at the leg*!”—that no one for a moment supposed *he* would “overstep the modesty,”---not of nature,---but “of *art*!” that his word was good for any sum. He therefore went on his *ready-money* name—the former on his *credit*!—Both Levanted.—These defaulters were talked of for a time,—but the waters of oblivion at length settled over their heads, and the gulphing ocean of Betting soon became as smooth and seductive as ever!

In 1826, little Lapdog, on a wet day and a miserable heath, won the Derby—and with *his sound legs* patched the broken fortunes of more than one of the unsound *legs*. Several minor bursts and explosions, as the gunpowder manufacturers phrase it, took place, but no regular *blow*. In the same year Tarrare won the Leger, to the utter discomfiture and dispersion, as the Irish call it, of a speculating livery-stable-keeper, who stood upon Belzoni, Bedlamite, and the favorites, and was *disappointed*. In common cases of failure we should use the word *ruined*;—but as ruin on the turf is the mere retirement from active gambling into the social quiet of domestic comfort and the regular attention to business---the utmost result,—is *disappointment*,—disappointment in instant wealth! This livery-stable man, who was not *respected* but handsomely *suspected*, contrived to amass a dunghill of rotten debt—and many of his creditors openly blamed their own stupidity---and acquitted him as an innocent. He, however, sat up at the house of a worthy widow (the *dam* of a well behaved *leg* in the present betting circles), and, taking a desperate leap at morality—cleared every bar,—and became a confirmed moral *Jumper*! He wrote a letter full of pious abhorrence of his own past courses, and of advice to the widow as to her son—and having finished his weak letter and two glasses of strong brandy and water, he took an early morning coach---and left the vile, immoral, lost town of Doncaster---a reclaimed *Bedlamite*,---and doomed the baffled winners to sing “Tanta—Tarrare—ra—Rogues all!—Rogues all!”—

Mameluke appeared in 1827. The splendid blood-like Mameluke! and in beating his showy but heartless colleague, Glenartney, he played old gooseberry with some of the books of the dashing and desperate betting men. More gentlemen *scored* up this year than on several former occasions—and posting the books was by far more the order of the day than *posting* the *coal*. It was more like a *Leger* account than that of a Derby! Matilda won the Leger, defeating Mameluke, by the aid of a good deal of north country manœuvring as to starting, and by steady admirable riding. She sent one or two, as usual, to the wall—amongst whom were more than one of noble blood,—and a hazarding, riggling, half-titled Irish money-hunter. Little was said and little thought of the absentees,—in the surprise at a paltry scratching mare beating a true race-horse, and in one unexpected Scotch winner of a fortune presenting James Robinson with a thousand pounds for his riding. What a lavish reward to successful yellow leathers!

Cadland and the gallant Colonel ran a dead heat in 1828, for the Derby---and a dead heat it was to an *ungallant* Captain who stood desperately against both horses. A now ex-member of parliament was about to hedge one of the two horses for the party—but a half conscience whispered the Levanter to spare his friend—and after an exclamation of “No, no. Do nothing—one is as bad as the other”—the ruin was abided by! The Captain retired *not* upon half-pay,---for he paid not a *sous*,—but with all he could rap and rend, to dash away in Italy with undiminished glory—leaving the gentlemen at Tattersall’s wondering that so quiet and lucky a person should have acted in so extraordinary a manner, particularly as he was a member of Crockford’s---kept his cabriolet and groom,---and never was indebted a far-

thing until he plunged over head and heels into a default of thousands ! One gentleman, a sufferer, followed the wanderer to Paris and procured something like a security, which, however, we believe, never paid more than two duels and a law suit in the pound ! Members of an Irish noble family also became *Impossibles*, though not *Levanters*—and cheerfully contributed to the revenue of the country by spoiling two or three heavy *ad valorem* stamps---which are to this hour *bonded* in the irredeemable darkness of a lawyer's iron cellar. This was a rare year for ruin. But the game of reckless betting went on,---and Velocipede, a second Eclipse, carried all before him on the wings of Hope ! He was a wonder of the world. All "Europe, Asia, Africa, and America---and Jermyn-street, St. James's," stood upon him. He was tried to be a Flyer---and pulled up,---lame ! His leg was bandaged---he was walked about---he even cantered ! he was backed at 2 1-2 to 1 to win upon three legs---and the Colonel was first at the winning post. Belinda (a mare to whom one of Newman's posters could give 20lbs.) second !—Books wrong again !---The *chance* here which attended upon *certainities* in this dear breathing, anxious, working-day world---ought never to be forgotten. Velocipede *was* really a wonderful horse---and in a memorable trial ran a strange second to Mameluke, The Colonel, decidedly beat, third---and something else fourth ! The four ran two miles at least, and round a flock of sheep---and fate decided that Velocipede should pull up a *Greenwich pensioner* ! He recovered, however, so far as to have been able even to have won, if John Scott had given him one long gentle sweat at Doncaster---but we have reason to believe that, first the absence and then the nervous objection of Mr. Armitage, the owner, to this only course,---prevented it. Velocipede ought to have been the hero of Doncaster---but he was, by mischance and mismanagement, reserved

—"to point a moral and adorn a tale."

The year of 1829 was extraordinary in its *outsiders*, in horses and men. Frederick, with a venerable old gentleman in a silk jacket on his back, won the Derby,---doing good to few beyond Mr. Forth and his confiding friends. A little shattered speculator on the Stock Exchange, an outsider, with the help of Green Mantle, the winner of the Oaks, had the firmness to keep away from Tattersall's inviting yard on the settling day---stating to his friends in his circular "that, owing to the unexpected result of the late race, he should be unable to *meet his differences*." This quiet and *retired* young gentleman occasionally "revisited the glimpses" of honest John Collins, at Limmers,---but never more indulged his Monday and Thursday lounge at "the corner,"---his previous "custom always of an afternoon." At this time also, one of Mr. Dilley's friends---and Dilley,---like the hare, is proverbial for having "many friends,"---took to *Flight*,---and cleared every thing---*Barr* nothing ! He was a quiet substantial looking man,---with a look of something between the buck and haw-buck. He was not a person of very refined feeling, or he would not have risked a stain upon the reputation of the name which his respectable father bore. He was not made of what Lord Byron calls "the precious *porcelain* of human clay,"---although of such was he esteemed by the wise men at Tattersall's,---who found out, however, finally, to their dismay, that their

precious china-ornament---would crack at a touch,—and was mere “delph,---you deceiver! Delph!”

Rowton wound up the year and the St. Leger, by defeating Voltaire—and settling the fate of a few who would not themselves settle,—one of these was a bankrupt wine-merchant, who was in strong credit in the betting ring and in immeasurable discredit in the city. A comely young gaming-house-keeper also “threw out,” and drove about town immediately afterwards in considerable trouble and a tilbury. The wine-merchant, a mere Wheeler in the racing machine, shewed himself and a sovereign at the rooms, at Doncaster, on the morning after the race,—and endeavored to glean what he could from the few on whom he had claims. But he ingeniously contrived to avoid paying a single farthing to a single creditor. He was, strange to say, not kicked out, though so many active *legs* were present. The capitalists grumbled—talked of the want of principle in gentlemen,—of the decay of the Turf,—the decline of betting,---and within a month,---a little month,---betook themselves ardently to---

“trust again—and be again deceived!”

The year 1830 was not so gloomy a one as its predecessors. It was destined to piece the damaged fortunes of some, who knew what great success and great depression meant. Priam won the Derby, to the great joy of the two Chifneys, the one Dilly, Sam Day, and various others,---Little Red Rover a pony---Eclipse was second. Mr. Justice, ---who has now declined the Turf,---was well in on this occasion, and most of the heavy betters contributed to his gains. Variation won the Oaks,—convulsing no one, we believe, but her owner, Mr. Scott Stonehewer. And the year finished with the true race horse, Priam, being beaten by the Brummagem one, belonging to Beardsworth, to the severe discomfiture of those who had lost the long odds on Priam, for the Derby, and were seeking to redeem them by taking the short ones on him for the Leger. One man’s face looked pale enough upon the event,—

“Just such a man, so wan, so woe-begone,
Drew *Priam’s* curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt,
But,—

—He went off by the Highflyer, from the Black Boy, at an earlier hour,—and did not stay to croak on the subject,—or to pass the goodly visage of Mr. Goodered, or the honest eye of Mr. Bluck—each of which stands “Sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy,” at the threshold of Luck’s splendid temple at Doncaster. At this period some gentleman made free with the assets of the betting room firm, and during the Cup race unbolted the iron safe and bolted with the contents. This was a Levanter that drew iron tears down *Plutus’s* cheek. The proprietors cried—Heavy Tims, the Doncaster constable, was on the alert,—Mister Cauty thought it was a cruel robbery,—and in spite of *Smart* money, spent in useless prosecutions,—the truth was found to exist in the announcement at the foot of the London play-bills,—“Vivant Rex et Regina,—no money returned!”

Spaniel,—the little dog,—Spaniel skipped away with the Derby in 1831,—conquering that *certainly* Lord Jersey’s Riddlesworth, with all

the ease imaginable. Mr. Greatrex, who is a great man in a little compass, shewed his supreme luck and good judgment in Turf matters, by following Mr. Ridsdale's casual advice, and loading his pocket with money like a market gardener's turnip waggon. A few of the croupiers and share-holders in the silver hells, as Lord Byron terms them, postponed payment on demand—and postponed it *sine die*. No surprise was felt or expressed. It was thought they would pay some day or other,—and when that day arrives we intend to publish an extraordinary gazette, for the purpose of announcing the advent of such a wonder. A sporting lawyer,—the alleged owner of Prince Llewellyn,—was a large winner on the Derby and Oaks ;—and it is pleasant to think that the money should get into hands which were sure to lay it out to advantage!

The St. Leger of this year was *rather* a quiet one. Chorister won the race, being the non-favorite in the Duke of Cleveland's stable. Marcus, the great Newmarket Pet, and, owing to the Chifney patronage, a great favorite—was,—nowhere. Crutch's fancy-nag, Liverpool, under the tutelage of Scott, was to win, and did *not* win---and Creole, was as Creoles generally are, a *dark one*. The betting was not heavy and the crashes were not very alarming. It was an odd thing that on this *Creole* day---the son of an ostler at the *Black Boy*, *emancipated* himself. There was clearly some *color* for his retirement.

The year of our Lord 1832, was memorable for the opening of the great Reform measure and the winning of the Derby by Mr. Ridsdale. St. Giles, about whom there was some ridiculous question respecting his nomination,---won the race gallantly, with his two stable companions, Trustee and Margrave, close at his heels. Beiram, Perion, Spencer, Mixbury and others,---all with the exception of the two first, quite second rate animals,---were favorites in their turns. Mr. Ridsdale won a rare stake,---and his then confederate Mr. Gully was also a considerable winner. Amongst the losers there were some splendid Levanters. One of these, and the most conspicuous wrangler, was a wine and liquor merchant, who paid not a dump to any one. He blustered and placarded the town on the Monday and absented on the Tuesday—declaring there was so much of roguery and deception practised on the Turf—that he would no longer countenance it by his presence. He retired therefore to his books and his bottles,—a rigid creditor over legal debtors,—and a well dressed defaulter in the public streets. So determined a Levanter never speculated on a race-horse! His partner with more honor but less money, wished to settle and did settle to the best of his ability---But still he was in a state to guarantee his Noyau-Brother against all accusation and remonstrance from *him*. The infirm firm---infirm as far as the Turf-Trade is concerned,---is therefore silently broken up.---A dividend of nothing in the pound having been declared upon the joint and separate sporting estate of the worthy pair---and which may be received every day by the numerous creditors, between twelve and one.

Margrave, the fourth for the Derby, came in first for the St. Leger. Few persons stood to win money on this horse, as it was notorious that he was not fit to run on the day of the race. What the nature of the accident was—if accident it really was,—we never rightly understood.—But there was a sudden bad leg—a few days before the

day,—the effects of which nothing but active measures on Mr. Gully's part and the good riding of James Robinson counteracted. Margrave had the singular honor of making few if any serious defaulters.—But some gentlemen were rendered scarce, in order to preserve the charter of the Turf from being affected.

This year closed with the memorable *Ludlow* trick, in which the brittle characters of several well known Turfites were dolefully chipped and cracked. Milton's celebrated *Mask at Ludlow*, was nothing to this fine dramatic mystery. The accused *white-washed* themselves (we believe we use the *very* phrase) in the most extraordinary manner. There were three acknowledged proprietors of this horse.—There was a dark fourth, which, like the fourth-estate, was the most powerful but the most corrupt and least understood. Honor would not permit the great unknown's name to be divulged, lest it should be dishonored,—not an improbable result. The horse, like Dickon, of Norfolk, "was bought and sold." Much wrangling—much discussion took place both before and after the race,—in which the quiet reasoning powers of honest Frank Richardson—now unhappily a Levanter from the face of the earth,—was heard to advantage,—and in which Mr. Wagstaff's voice, starting at first from a high vent, occasionally arose somewhat above concert-pitch. The bubble burst, but like every other bubble,—left nothing behind. The Turf was again vehemently declared to be in a degenerating state—and several noblemen protested they could place no faith in men, and that they would not bet again,—until the Second October Meeting! Some great moral losers retired at once and for ever from the Turf in disgust.

We shall not proceed with the disasters of the year just closed. The wounds are too fresh,—the sorrows too green to allow of our touching upon them even with the delicate and impartial hand of an historian. The group of sequent years which we have taken, is enough for the object we have in view. Here endeth our first lesson. What a picture does this record present of a hope deferred that *never* maketh the heart sick;—of eternal betrayers never dispiriting the betrayed;—of the proneness of those who are embarked in excessive speculation, to put credence, for the sake of mere gain, in any the veriest impostor,—so long as there is a pencil, a book, a decent coat and a guinea to subscribe to the room of speculation. The system of betting is a false one. Men risk thousands upon a farthing capital;—if the event comes favorably off, the fortunate youth is a substantial man in the eyes of his companions.—If the thing goes wrong, the victim makes victims, and like Prospero—or rather *Unprospero*—"buries his book." Our sporting readers will do well to reflect upon our details, and to make such wise deductions from them as will lead to safety and success in the dangerous days of the races to come.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine for January, 1834.]

CONTINENTAL SPORTING.*

I now pass on to Boulogne, St. Omer, and Brussels, which may be reckoned amongst the leading places of continental racing, in this part of Europe at least. At the first named places, I have attended two meetings, and occasionally performed the office of judging the various races at each. In the year 1836, those of Boulogne and St. Omer went off with much *éclat*. If the sport were not generally good, it was good enough to afford satisfaction; and the assemblage of company was great beyond expectation. Neither was it confined to the inhabitants of, or visitors to, the neighboring towns; the farmers and peasants, and even priests, appeared to be highly interested in the proceedings, and especially so because some of the riders (amateurs) were of their own country, and known to them. One French gentleman, indeed, M. D'Herlan, had his stables and his apartments at a farm house, near to the Boulogne course, where he had three horses in training under his own sole management; even riding them in their exercise himself, as well as in their races. This circumstance, added to the numerous private matches ridden by French gentlemen (in the Bois de Boulogne of Paris,) speaks more for the eventual progress of the French turf, than any other that I can produce. I remember, that, when tracing the progress of an English gentleman on the turf, who became one of the highest bettors at Newmarket, as well as owner of a large stud, I stated the fact of his beginning by riding a match against myself, in his own park, for five pounds; the two horses not being worth much more than double that sum.

At the Boulogne and St. Omer races of 1836, quite a new feature in the racing world presented itself, although it became familiar to us before the conclusion of the meetings. A mare, called Lady Albert, by Langar, out of Evens, was landed from a London Steamboat at midnight, and started for and won the principal prize on the following day, ridden by Mr. Molony, her owner. This mare was afterwards purchased by the Prince of Moskowa, who with his brother, Count Edgar Ney,† honored both these meetings with his presence; and a mare of his, called Zitella, ran and won only a few days after she arrived, by a similar conveyance. Still, a more novel case than either remains to be detailed. A half-bred horse, called Leary Cove, the property of a gentleman of the name of Munro, living near Newmarket, travelled from Canterbury to St. Omer—distance by sea and land sixty-seven miles—one day, and started for and won his race (the hurdle race ridden by Capt. Beecher) on the next, beating a fair field of horses!

The St. Omer races of 1836 were also extremely well attended, not only by the *élite* of Boulogne, but all the principal families in the town itself and its neighborhood, and the Stewards' dinners, or "Ordinaries," as we call them in England, were of the very best description. But there is here something more than the term "Stewards' dinner" or "Ordinary," generally implies. The fact is, no one dines, who is not

* Concluded from page 60.

† Count Edgar Ney is one of the best gentlemen jockies in France, and rode at this meeting.

invited by the Stewards; the consequence of which is, covers are laid for merely the number invited—which generally amounted to about forty—and thus comfort is secured. Indeed it is due to the Stewards, both of Boulogne and St. Omer, to say, that nothing is left undone by them to contribute to the pleasure of their respective races.

I am sorry it is not in my power to extend my commendation of these two meetings beyond the doings of last year. The present year produced a failure at each place, in spite of the beautiful new course at Boulogne, and no lack of money to be run for at both. Circumstances, however, which will, I believe, be in future remedied, were the cause of this falling off. In the first place, there were not more than four reputed race-horses for both meetings, and not one arrival of horse-flesh from England. This, I believe, was occasioned by some person having reported that Lord Henry Seymour intended sending some of his best horses from Paris, which deterred English trainers from sending theirs. I have reason to believe, from a letter I received from him, his Lordship contemplated honoring the meetings with his own presence; but as to his horses, it was never intended that they should travel so far. All the principal prizes, then, were carried off by three mares of the Prince of Moskowa—namely, Lady Albert, Zitella, and Zerlinda, a French bred mare—and a mare called Miss Camarine, the property of Carter, Lord Henry Seymour's trainer; *producing only one good race*. In the second place, these races were fixed for a period which must operate against them—namely, the month of August, when gentlemen are engaged on the moors: and there are some minor objections as to weights, distance, and entrance-money, which must also be prejudicial to them, but which will be obviated against another year. For example, including passage-money, entrance, and riding, independent of other charges, a person sending a race-horse from England must disburse about £25 before he can win a heat; which, considering the amount of the prizes, is too hazardous a speculation to be very often indulged in. Then, again, the failure of the last St. Omer Meeting arose, in part, from its having taken the precedence of Boulogne, which it will not in future do;—also from the absence of that fine sportsman, the Hon. Martin Hawke, with his horses, who reserved himself this year for Dieppe, being nearer to his present residence. He may be styled the life and soul of meetings of this description, and certainly proved to be such at those of the preceding year.

Compared with that of 1836, the town of St. Omer, during the meeting of the present year, presented a sombre appearance. On the former occasion it exhibited every appearance of a race week. The streets were crowded with carriages, and trainers and stable boys were to be seen in groups; Lords, Honorables, Baronets, and Generals, mixed with the throng; and lodgings were as dear as at Doncaster. But not so in the present year, although on the first day the assemblage on the course was considerable. The ball, however, was a brilliant one, and I must own I was surprised at the number and fine show of my country-women, whose presence contributed to its brilliancy.

But let not what I say discourage persons who may be residing at, or visiting Boulogne, or Calais, from attending St. Omer races.—

Should the sport be indifferent, they will see a fine country, and a still finer old town—one, indeed, which may be said to be built for ages yet to come. It is likewise the residence of many of the ancient *noblesse* of France, and has altogether a most respectable appearance. Then the drive thither from Boulogne will allow for some disappointment on the race course. The country through which the road passes is beautifully picturesque, wanting nothing but the presence of gentlemen's seats, neat farm houses, and home-steads, such as abound in England, but which all other parts of Europe that I have hitherto visited, are deficient in. I often wished, during a long journey through the German States—in the course of which I saw one good looking country house in the space of seventy miles—that the *vectigalia urbana*, which Cicero speaks of, had been then in force, to have driven the people out of the towns, and induced them to build themselves houses in the country.

Having mentioned Germany, it may not be amiss to observe, when on the subject of Continental Sports, that that country now has its Stud Book and its Racing Calendar; and in the stables of Baron Biel, Counts Hahn, Bassewitz, Plessen, and others, are to be seen studs that would do credit to the best days of the English Turf. I cannot this moment lay my hand on the last letter I received from Baron Biel, within the course of the last twelve months; but the details of his stud both in the paddocks and in training, surprised me. There were at least six stud-horses, and about a score brood mares, all of the best English blood; and hence the amount of the young stock may be imagined. In fact, it is to this worthy Baron—whose horses I was so fortunate with when riding them for the royal prizes at Dobberan—that the German turf is indebted, not only for its commencement, but its success. In Holstein, Augustenburgh, likewise, racing is making great progress, under the patronage, and by the example of the reigning Duke, and his brother, Prince Frederick, whose acquaintance I had the honor to make during my German tour; and a more zealous sportsman the world has never yet seen.

That a national prejudice—a virtue, I admit, for it reconciles the Laplander to his freezing snow, and the African to his scorching sun; and were it not for this predilection for the *natale solum*, a great part of the habitable world would be a scene of either envy or discontent—that a national predilection, I say, is a blessing, all persons must admit; but it too often opposes the introduction of systems and the march of improvement, how obvious soever may be their results.—The following article, however, which appeared a few weeks back in the German Periodical, *Hippologische Blätter*, and thus translated into English, from the pen of Baron de Maltzahn Cammeron, (confederate with Baron Biel on the German turf,) on “The Influence of the Introduction of Races on Continental Horses,” is peculiarly worthy of perusal, not only as regards the excellence of its remarks, but from its entire freedom from the thralldom of national feeling, on a subject on which, as a German sportsman—which the Baron is*—he might have felt it difficult to divest himself of it.

* The Baron has lately been in England, and visited Mr. Beilby Thompson, at his seat in Yorkshire, previously to the last Doncaster Meeting.

"Many years having passed since the introduction of races on the Continent, the examination and the resolution of this question must be more useful and interesting than that of a thing of yesterday. There are some persons who object to the establishment of these races, and deny the good qualities and the ameliorating faculty, of the horse of pure blood, to which we are indebted for their value. Words and writings are now of little value, if they are not accompanied by facts and proofs; and I demand of the opponents of English horses of pure blood, to show us, or to mention one good horse, which has not some of that blood in his veins. If they think that they possess such a horse, we are ready to oppose to him horses bred by ourselves, either on the course, or in the chase, or in any contest, for any distance, and with any weight.

"In the solution of this question is involved, not only a few thousand crowns that may be gained or lost in Paris, but the determination of a most important point,—whether he is blinded by prejudice and party spirit, who introduces into his stud one breed, the proofs of whose superiority are every day before us—or another, whose incomparable excellence exists only in the phantasies of his own imagination, or the vague and fabulous traditions of the East. The *beau-ideal* of which these gentlemen dream, is, happily, only a chimera; I say *happily*, for I am assured that, by pursuing the means recommended by them, and adopting all their unfounded notions, we should obtain horses that would be truly execrable.

"Some persons pretend that the English horse is much deteriorated from what it was forty years ago. This assertion is not true: for every one knows that the half-bred horses are far better than they used to be; that the hunter is much fleetier, and that the public carriages of every description travel twice as rapidly as they did forty years ago; and yet the coachman now rarely uses his whip, while at that time the poor horses were so shamefully punished, that one whip scarcely lasted through a single stage.

"After this comparative statement of facts, I do not hesitate to acknowledge, that he who is not satisfied with the service rendered by the English horse at the present moment, does not know either that which he ought to exact or does obtain from him, or, in fact, does not know any thing about horses. I abstain from long reasonings on this subject, and will not enter into any useless theoretical discussion: I will content myself with stating a few facts in reply to the question with which I started, and leave it to better exercised pens to draw the legitimate inferences.

"I say, then, that since the introduction of races on the Continent, all our studs possess far more valuable stallions and mares than they did before, and it is since the establishment of these contests of strength and speed, that horse knowledge has been based on positive facts, and not on vain theories.

"The experience and the trials of the horse, that have been made in consequence of these races, have caused us to know and to recognise the best breeds. We have searched into the history of past ages—we have examined the annals of each successive race of horses—and we have discarded the prejudice by which we, among others, were once led astray; we no longer judge of a horse by his exterior appear-

ance alone, but by the quality of his blood, the fame of his ancestors, and his own inherent qualities.

"These races have made us adopt a better system of training the colt. He has more abundant food and of a better kind. He is more regularly and strongly exercised, and his education is far more simple in its objects, and much better followed up. Formerly horses were kept to the age of five years without being scarcely employed, they were enervated by our care; at present they are taken into exercise at two years old; and that favors the development of their muscles and tendons, and gives previously unknown vigor to every native faculty of the animal. The races which have the additional advantage of making good riders, have shown the inutility, and even the evil, of employing the Oriental horse in our studs. The number of these contests increasing every year, proof has also been given that the Continental states were not so unfit and unprepared as many persons thought; for private individuals have found means to create and to continue these exhibitions, with very little assistance from the government studs."

I have reason to believe the *Haras du Pin*, in France, about thirty leagues from Paris, is a very fine establishment, but I had not an opportunity of visiting it. It is entirely in the hands of government, and has this year made a noble *debut*, in sending forth no less than twelve colts and fillies. Some of them have already come to the post, and did not disgrace themselves on the *Champ de Mars* this summer, notwithstanding they fell to pieces in their training, which may have been caused by their not having been perfectly prepared, previously to going into strong work.* They are in the hands of a clever trainer of the name of Hurst, who trained for Col. Rieussec, (the best French judge of racing of his day, but who was unfortunately slain by the side of his King, by the regicide Fieschi) and his success with his stud was great. The Colonel was the founder of the stud of Viroflaz, and imported that excellent stallion, Rainbow, into France.

By the way, an anecdote of Hurst, illustrative of the infancy and consequent proceedings, of infant racing countries, may not be ill introduced here. "In 1817, when a lad, he rode a race of heats, in Normandy, for a M. Leconte, making one of eleven that started. His horse bolted with him into a wood, which formed a boundary to the course, and there remained till the others came round the second time past the spot, when he joined the throng and won the heat, *not having been missed by either the jockies or the judge*. He started again, and again won; and although, some months afterwards, the municipality of the town were made acquainted with the fact, they refused to acknowledge the disqualification, and the horse remained the winner.

The next meeting I have to notice is that of Brussels, which I attended in September, 1836, and where I saw two days' racing, the principal supporter of which is the Count Duval de Beaulieu, a nobleman of very large possessions in Belgium, zealously devoted to agricultural pursuits, as well as to those of the field, and the race course. His stud amounts to upwards of a hundred and fifty horses,

* The treatment of young racing stock, *previously* to going into training, is one of vast importance as to their future success, and, as such, is treated of at some length in my forthcoming work, now in the Paris press.

the greater part of which are of pure blood ; and so zealous is he in his endeavors to promote racing, and so convinced of the benefits arising from the legitimate end of the pursuit, that, on the 16th of February, 1835, he addressed the Belgic Senate at great length, and with much ability, on the subject ; and a correct report of his speech is given, for the benefit of Continental sportsmen, in the French Racing Calendar for 1834 and 1835, page 129.

The King of the Belgians, though no practical sportsman, encourages racing, and gives a gold Cup. It was for this Cup, at the Spring Meeting of 1835, that the grand struggle took place between two horses of great repute on the Continent, in which it appeared that the national characters of France and Belgium, as regarded the honors of the turf, were in some measure at stake. Those steeds were, Lord Henry Seymour's grey horse, Morotto, by Gustavus—out of Marrowfat, by Orville—considered but a second-rate racer in England ; and Waverer, from Col. Peel's stud, much on a par with him, belonging to the Horse-breeding Society at Verriers, in Belgium—ridden by the Belgic jockey Oliver, considered the best in his calling of all the Continental-born jockies, if such an expression may be allowed me. Both were English horses, but victory was awarded to Belgium. The enjoyment of it, however, was short-lived. Lord Henry was resolved, not only on beating Waverer, but on winning the Cup the following year ; and this was the only race which created interest amongst us Englishmen during the meeting, at which I was present. With the true spirit of an Englishman, his Lordship sent his trainer to Newmarket to purchase a horse for the purpose ; and a four-year colt, called Elizondo, by Camel, out of Leopoldine, at the price of 400 guineas, was the nag that did the business. Four other horses started, and amongst them Waverer, ridden by Oliver ; but Elizondo, mounted by Robinson, beat them all easily, Waverer being third.

I was, after what I had heard of him, a good deal disappointed at the jockeyship displayed by Oliver in this race, as well as at the condition of his horse, which had been trained under his directions. In the first place, he ran with Morotto, who was started only to make play for Elizondo, which he should not by any means have done ; and in the next, he did not ease his horse when he found him distressed, which he very soon was by his imprudently running with Morotto.

The royal family of Belgium attended the course each day, and were very well received by the people, although a noisy ebullition of feeling is not the custom of the country. We passed their beautiful palace of Lacken on our road to the course. The pleasure grounds, gardens, and park, extend over two hundred acres of land, the timber is highly ornamental, and the *toute ensemble* delightful, still, although it is their Majesties favorite retreat in the summer, they were at this time residing in their palace in the beautiful town of Brussels, on account of the military reviews that were taking place. Of the three handsome stands erected on the course, one was reserved for their Majesties and their suite,—amongst which were the two young Princes of Saxe Coburgh, nephews to the King. We Englishmen were struck with the little alteration that time had effected on the appearance of the King, who wears his years surprisingly. The Queen looked like a queen ; combining great elegance of person with becoming dignity of deportment ;

but although the lily was there, the *couleur de rose* was wanting to heighten the expression of her features, which appeared regular and good. Its absence, however, has been accounted for by an event which afterwards occurred. Her Majesty was *enciente*, and suffering in the good cause from which even queens are not exempt.

May I be permitted to give the following extracts from my French Tour, published in the "New Sporting Magazine," descriptive of the town of Brussels?

"It would not be in character with the professed object of my visit, were I to say much of Brussels, although respect for so splendid a city compels me not to pass it over without remark. This much, then, I will say—that, were I to spend the rest of my life on the Continent, and compelled to live in a city, Brussels should be the one I would fix upon. In the first place, it is greatly indebted to physical causes, such as fine air, good water, &c.; and the beauties of nature accompany the magnificence of art; for nothing that I have hitherto seen in a town, equals the beauty of the park, which has more the appearance of a wood than a promenade in a great city; and the views from it of the Palace and the Senate-house, are extremely pleasing to the eye. Then the Grande Place, here called La Place Royale, is said to be one of the finest in Europe, and well may it be so called. It is a regular parallelogram, richly ornamented on all sides with fine buildings, amongst the finest of which is the superb (public) hotel, La Belle Vue, and the Mansion de Ville, the splendid tower of which struck Sir Walter Scott so forcibly."

Again: "There is one circumstance connected with the internal polity of this city which I could not myself find a reason for, neither could any of my acquaintance furnish it to me. The clocks strike the hour that is approaching, half an hour before it arrives, so that every hour is twice struck; which occasions great confusion in time with such persons as have no watches in their pockets. I liked the dress of the women of the middling and lower orders much. There is something classical as well as becoming, in the long handsome veils they wear, giving a sort of Madonna appearance to the head."

Again: "I have reason to believe the Belgians are a sober people, although they may be, I should think, classed at the head of all the beer-drinkers in the world. It is with them,—beer, beer, beer, throughout the entire day, but, although I ventured not to taste it, I was given to understand, it possessed the simple and prophylactic quality of making the drinker sick before it makes him drunk, and is, thus far, harmless in its effects."

As relates to the race-course at Brussels, I have nothing more to say, unless it be to notice the fact of the entire failure of the hurdle race, a horse called *Lucifer*, being the only one of four who had enough of the *devil* in him to take the leaps at all. He was ridden—and well ridden too—by a Belgic Count, in black cloth trousers and white top boots! These extravaganzas should be avoided; and if the noblemen and gentlemen of the Continent condescend to imitate us Englishmen by riding their own horses in public, they should imitate us to the full extent, and endeavor, as we do, to look the character they assume.

On the evening of the second day a ball was given at his hotel in Brussels, by the Count Duval de Beaulieu, [who, by-the-by, did dress

himself in character when performing the office of jockey, and had the best hand on his horse of any of his competitors]—to which, I had the honor of an invitation; and a grand affair it was. Seven rooms were thrown open, in which the *elite* of the town were assembled, including a considerable portion of English. And it was, in one respect, the best “affair” for a looker-on that I ever made a part of; for you could turn your head neither to the right, nor to the left, but something *recherche* was presented to you; and the well-iced champagne, with the thermometer at 90 degrees, slipped down most agreeably. In short, I never saw more care taken to keep body and soul in good humor with each other, than during this very well conducted *fete*. Neither did I ever before see so splendid an array of gold cups—not even at the Duke of Cleveland’s, nor the late Mr. Mytton’s—as I witnessed in these rooms. In short, wherever there was a mirror to reflect them, two and three were placed; and being multiplied by reflection, they made a doubly enchanting display.

The Count’s chateau (a la Campagne) is at the distance of thirty English miles from Brussels, which the Countess (an excellent Englishwoman in speech) thinks little of cantering over, on a thoroughbred nag, to see how things go on during their absence from it in the city; and I believe she takes nearly as much interest in the stud as the Count himself does. It was not my fault that I did not see both chateau and stud, having received a most pressing invitation to meet a very large party during the feast of St. Hubert, which, I was told, is kept in great magnificence, and for many days in succession, by this hospitable nobleman; but my engagements prevented my availing myself of the intended honor. Fox-hunting formed part of the amusements of the *fete*, for the enjoyment of which the Count promised me horses, and from the account I read in the newspapers, it appears I should have witnessed a particularly fine run with the Versailles fox hounds; which, by a mutual agreement between the parties are in future to commence the season in this part of Belgium, where a hunting club is formed, the Count Duval de Beaulieu being president of it.

I now come to the mention of the last Continental race-meeting on which it is in my power to offer any remarks—I mean that of Dieppe, of which the present year was the first; and a grand affair was I led to believe it would be;—in fact, not a bed was to be had for love or money, at least for such money as I felt disposed to give for one,—which deterred me from even thinking seriously of attending it. The walls of all France were *affiches* with the programme; all the Paris Jockey Club were to be there, and the best horses of course; and the 22d of September was to have been the day. Now what will be my reader’s astonishment, when he finds that the Mayor of the town suddenly as unexpectedly, altered the day to the 27th,—in other words, postponed the meeting just one week!! The reason for this it is not in my power to divine; but if the Mayor of Dieppe looks on racing as a mere holiday amusement, that may be fixed or postponed as the sun may shine or not shine, or be governed by any trivial circumstances, he had better have saved his fellow citizens and others the expense of making a new race-course. The arrangements of race-horses (to say nothing of their owners) will not allow of such vagaries. Horses are prepared for certain days,—I had nearly said hours, and neither they nor their

owners will be found at places where a regular system is not pursued. And this assertion has been verified in the instance before us. A great many of the Jockey Club, including Lord Henry Seymour, declined attending, or sending their horses to, Dieppe races, which may this year be pronounced a failure, as far as its sporting character is at stake; and in these matters a regard to *characteristic* must be observed. There was, nevertheless, a fair amount of money to be run for,—about 10,000 francs in all; 3000 of which were given by the Duke of Orleans, and 1200 by Lord Henry Seymour; and the horses of his Royal Highness were the greatest winners.

But we must go farther a-field,—to the New World, indeed,—for a young racing country, and one in which it would appear, by the encouragement given to its growth, that the system will soon arrive at maturity. "It is lucky," says Baron Biel, in one of his letters to me, in the course of the present year, "That we Continental people do not come into competition with the Americans; for unless they do neglect their breeding studs, they must soon be on a par with England, as they get your best stallions; the spirit with which these people enter upon the pursuit of racing, is certainly not only astonishing, but very much to their credit; for, as Dr. Johnson said, "whatever is worthy of being done at all, is worthy of being done well." Think of the prices they give! three thousand five hundred guineas for a stallion, that might die on his passage! why, it is unprecedented in the annals of the mother country, and is likely to remain so. Dr. Merritt will be immortalized in the annals of Tattersall's yard.*

As for myself, I was, in part prepared for the persevering spirit which American sportsmen have shown, by the perusal of a number of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," put into my hands by a son of the proprietor of it (Mr. Skinner), and bearing date September, 1830, being the first of Vol. II. It contained the details of the great contest between the gentlemen of New York and Virginia, for 20,000 dollars, in the best of three four-mile heats; the horses fixed upon to decide it, being Eclipse on the part of the former, and Sir Henry on that of the latter; and Eclipse proved the winner. But we must not stop here. The time in which the three four-mile heats were run, was only twenty-three minutes fifty and a half seconds, or on an average of seven minutes fifty-seven seconds, each heat; and although the Virginian gentlemen are stated to have lost 200,000 dollars on their horse, the following highly spirited challenge was sent by his owner, to the owner of Eclipse, whose excellent, whose humane, whose gentlemanlike answer to it, induces me to transcribe both letters on the subject.

TO JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq.

Long Island, May 28th, 1823.

"Sir—I will run the horse Henry against the horse Eclipse at Washington City, next fall, the day before the Jockey Club purse is run for, for any sum from twenty to fifty thousand dollars; forfeit, ten thousand dollars. The forfeit and stake to be deposited in the Branch Bank of the United States at Washington, at any nameable time, to be appointed by you. Although this is addressed to you individually, it

* The Doctor is the great purchaser for the Americans.

is intended for all the betters on Eclipse ; and if agreeable to you, and them, you may have the liberty of substituting at the starting post, in the place of Eclipse, any horse, mare or gelding, foaled and owned on the northern and eastern side of the North River ; provided, I have the liberty of substituting in the place of Henry, at the starting post, any horse, mare or gelding, foaled and owned on the south side of the Potomac. As we propose running at Washington City, the rules of that Jockey Club must govern, of course.

I am respectfully yours,

WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.

(ANSWER.)

"DEAR SIR,—The bet just decided, was made under circumstances of excitement, which might, in some measure, apologise for its rashness, but would scarcely justify it as an example ; and I trust the part I took in it will not be considered as a proof of my intention to become a patron of sporting on so extensive a scale. For myself, then, I must decline the offer. For the gentlemen who, with me, backed Eclipse, their confidence in his superiority, I may safely say, is not, in the least, impaired. But even they do not hesitate to believe, that old age and hard service may, one day, accomplish what strength and fleetness, directed by consummate skill, has hitherto failed to accomplish.

"For Mr. Van Ranst I answer, that he owes it to the Association, who have so confidently supported him,—to the State at large, who have felt and expressed so much interest in his success,—and to himself as a man, not totally divested of feeling, never, on any consideration, to risk the life or reputation of the noble animal, whose generous and almost incredible exertions, have gained for the North so signal a victory, and for himself such well earned and never failing renown.

"I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"JOHN C. STEVENS."

"Wm. R. Johnson, Esq."

PEDIGREE OF ECLIPSE :—He was sired by Duroc, a Virginia horse, bred by Wade Moseby, Esq., and got by imp. Chesnut Diomed, out of Amanda, by Grey Diomed, a son of Old Medley. His (Eclipse's) dam was the noted grey mare Miller's Damsel, got by imp. Messenger. His g. dam, an English mare, imp. when three years old, in 1795, by William Constable, Esq. of New York, bred by Lord Grosvenor, and sired by Pot-8-o's, son of English Eclipse. His g. g. dam by Gimcrack, Gimcrack by Cripple, and Cripple by the Godolphin Arabian. He was bred by Gen. Nathaniel Coles, of Queen's County, Long Island, and foaled on the 25th May, 1814.

PEDIGREE OF SIR HENRY.—He was bred by Mr. Lemuel Long, near Halifax, in the State of North Carolina, and foaled on the 17th day of June, 1819. He was sired by Sir Archy, (son of imp. Chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, g. dam by Belle-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger ; which four last named are imported horses, and are to be found in the English Stud Book.

Now after what has been said of the progress of racing in America, it is scarcely fair to turn any of their proceedings into ridicule. The

following description, however, of a would-be racing Yankee sportsman, as well as the moral drawn from the event, are given with infinite humor.

"A TRICK IN HORSE RACING—THE VALUE OF POPULARITY."

"I raised a four-year old colt once, half blood, a perfect picture of a horse, and a genuine clipper; could gallop like the wind; a real daisy, a perfect doll; had an eye like a weasel, and nostrils like Commodore Rodger's Speaking Trumpet. Well, I took it down to the races at New York, and Father he went along with me; 'For,' says he, 'Sam you don't know every thing, I guess; you hain't cut your wisdom teeth yet, and you are going among them that's had 'em through their gums this while past.' Well, when we sets to the races, Father he gets colt, and puts him in an old waggon, with a worn out Dutch harness; and he looked like Old Nick, that's a fact. Then he fastened a head martingale on, and buckled it to the girth a'twixt his fore legs,—says I, 'Father, what in airth are you got? I vow I feel ashamed to be seen with such a catamaran as that; and colt looks like old Satan himself; no soul would know him.' 'I guess I warn't born yesterday,' says he, 'let me be, I know what I am at. I guess I'll slip it into 'em before I've done, as slick as a whistle. I can see as far into a mill-stone as the best on 'em.' Well, Father never entered the horse at all; but stood by and seed the races, and the winnin' horse was followed about by the matter of two or three thousand people, a-praisin' of him, and admirin' him. They seemed as if they never had seen a horse afore. The owner of him was all up on cend, a-boastin' of him, and a stumpin' the course to produce a horse to run agin' him for \$400. Father goes up to him lookin' as soft as dough and as meechin as you please, and says he, 'Friend, it an't every one that has four hundred dollars—its a plaguy sight of money. I tell you; would you run for 100 dollars and give me a little start? If you would, I'd try my colt out of my old waggon agin you I vow?' 'Let's look at your horse,' says he. So away they went, and a proper sight of people arter them, to look at the colt; and when they seed him, they sot up such a larf, I felt een-a-most ready to cry for spite. Says I to myself, what can possess the old man to act arter that fashion? I do believe he has taken leave of his senses. 'You needn't larf,' says Father, 'he's smaller than he looks. Our Minister's horse, Captain Jack, is reckoned as quick a beast of his age as any in our location, and that ere colt can beat him for a lick of a quarter-a-mile easy—I seed it myself.' Well, they larfed louder than before; and, says Father, 'if you dispute me, what odds will you give?' 'Two to one,' says the owner; 'eight hundred to four hundred dollars.' 'Well, that's a great deal of money, an't it?' says Father, 'if I was to lose it I'd look pretty foolish, wouldn't I? How folks would pass their jokes upon me when I went home again! You wouldn't take that ere waggon and harness for fifty dollars of it, would you?' says he. 'Well,' says the other, 'sooner than disappoint you, as you seem to have set your mind on losing your money, I don't care if I do.' As soon as it was settled, Father drives off to the stables, and then returns mounted, with a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head, and colt a-looking like himself, as proud as a Nabob, chock full of spring, like the wire eend of a bran new pair of trouser gallus-

ses. One said, 'that's a plaguy nice-looking colt that old feller has, arter all.' 'That horse will show fair play for it,' says a third: and I heard one feller say, 'I guess that's a reglar Yankee trick, a complete take-in.' They had a fair start of it, and off they set: Father took the lead, and kept it, and won the race; though it was a pretty tight scratch, for Father was too old to ride colt,—he was about the matter of seventy years old. Well, when the colt was walked round after the race, there was an amazin' crowd arter him, and several wanted to buy him. But, says Father, 'How am I to get home without him? and what shall I do with that ere waggon and harness, so far as I be from Slickville?' So he kept them in talk, till he felt their pulses pretty well, and at last he closed with a Southerner for 700 dollars; and we returned, having made a considerable spec of a colt. Says Father to me, 'Sam,' says he, 'you seed the crowd follerin' the winnin' horse when we came there, didn't you?' 'Yes, Sir,' says I, 'I did.' 'Well, when colt beat him no one follered him at all, but come a crowdin' about him:—that's popularity,' said he, 'soon won, soon lost—cried up sky high one minute, and run down the next: colt will share the same fate. He'll get beat afore long, then he's done for. The multitude are always fickle minded. Our great Washington found that out, and the British officer that beat Bonaparte; the bread they gave him turned sour afore he got half through the loaf. His soap had hardly stiffened afore it ran right back into lye and grease again.'

THE CLOCKMAKER.

Somewhat connected with Continental racing is the present much talked of subject—the sale of the late King's stud. As far as I am able to judge of the effect of this step—although I could wish that England should always have a royal horse breeding establishment, and moreover think she ought to have one—it will not be felt to the injury of the breed of English horses. That country racing is rapidly declining, is too evident to admit a doubt; and *the cause* of its decline is equally apparent. The stabs and blows it has received in the various flagrant robberies of the last twenty years, and *the countenance given to the robbers*, were sufficient of themselves to produce it: but the grand blow was given by country gentlemen themselves, in suffering trainers to run horses, and themselves and jockies to bet upon them, and thus to elbow them fairly off their own ground,—for their own ground it decidedly was previous to this abuse. So long, however, as there are a Derby and an Oaks Stakes, and Newmarket stands its ground, there will be no lack of good horse-blood in England, in spite of the drain the Continent requires. But the extent of this drain is much overrated, in comparison with our immense quantity of thorough-bred stock. Look, for example, at the fears expressed by the Times paper, in an article relating to the sale of the Hampton Court stud, "That the best lots may find their way to the establishments of Chantilly and Muedon, at which last place so many English racers are to be found." Now, it happens, that at Chantilly there are no thorough-bred horses of any sort kept; and when I was at Muedon last May twelve-month, there were only eight brood mares; which is the amount of the breeding establishments of both the Duke of Orleans and Lord Henry Seymour; and with very few

exceptions, the "many English racers" the writer of this article speaks of, are but the produce of those mares, bred in France, and not imported from our own stock. So far, indeed, am I from having fears that the purchases made by foreigners will operate to the deterioration of the English race-horse, I augur from it quite a different result. They are become good judges of the animal, horse ; they will consequently only give good prices for good horses ; but as it is a well established fact, that they will give *very good* prices for sound, powerful, well-bred stallions and mares, it will be a strong incentive to our breeders to furnish them with such animals, of which there will always be enough left for our use, as stock to perpetuate the breed. Besides, fox hunting will be a security against our breed of horses being allowed to dwindle. More than half the hunters that now appear at the cover side in our best countries, are quite thorough-bred ; and this is the sort of thorough-bred horse that it is to the interest of England to possess ; one that has substance, with limbs and power to carry something more than his own weight, and this over every description of ground ; and not your light-bodied, spindle-shanked, soft-hearted weeds, that have the speed of the wind for a mile, but would drop down dead at the end of four, if weighted, and rated, as their sturdy forefathers were wont to be.

ENGLISH POPULAR RACING STALLIONS.

FOR the last ten or dozen years Emilius and Sultan have been all the rage as fashionable racing stallions ; indeed, in several Newmarket sweepstakes of late years a proviso has been made for colts or fillies, got by either of the above horses, to carry *five pounds extra*—a pretty good proof of the estimation in which they are held by breeders of running horses. An old sporting acquaintance of mine now residing at Birmingham, in giving his opinion the other day respecting our racing stallions said—"that no two horses since the days of Sir Peter Teazle and Waxy have had such a run of popularity as Sultan and Emilius, or deserved it more." Sultan was foaled in 1816, and is consequently 23 years old. After running second to Tiresias for the Derby in 1819, he won several races and received in matches, but cannot be looked upon as anything at all superior as a running horse. Speed was unquestionably his *forte*, and this qualification has descended, with scarcely an exception, to all his get—I mean of course all those that have aspired to anything like racing pretensions. It was in 1828 that Sultan rose to the pinnacle of fame as a stallion, by the very superior running of his two daughters, Green Mantle and Varna, who at two years old carried off all the rich Newmarket stakes, from the July stakes to the great stakes in the three October meetings ; and in the following year (1829) were *first* and *second* for the Oaks. Since the period named above, the Sultan stock have gradually risen to the first rank, in point of *favoritism*, with the *knowing* trainers. It was not

until 1836, however, that a son of Sultan won the Derby, although many had figured as great favorites for this tempting prize; amongst many others, Mahmoud, Augustus, Beiram, Spencer, Cactus, and Sir Robert.

When, however, Bay Middleton *did* win it there was no *mistake* about the thing. Mr. Edwards told me that in his opinion he could have won with another stone upon him, and Robinson's opinion coincided with the late lamented trainer's. Bay Middleton was certainly the most superb three-year-old that ever won the Derby. He won upwards of 10,000*l.* for his noble owner in one short year, and *fetched* him a snug 4,000*l.* when he sold him to Lord George Bentinck. Perhaps the next speediest descendant of Sultan was Galata, who won the Oaks hard held. When I last saw Sultan (in October) he looked blooming and well. His price of serving mares is 50*l.* and I believe his list is full. A cross with the Comus, Tramp, or Filho-da-Puta mares could scarce fail to *nick*. I may add here that the present first favorite for the Derby is by Sultan and a brother to Bay Middleton, and that several others of his get have been rather strongly fancied for that race.

Emilius was foaled in 1820, and is therefore 19 years old. As a racer he was greatly superior to Sultan. With a fair turn of speed he possessed the grand qualification for a running horse, viz. *stoutness*. Perhaps no horse has more aristocratic blood flowing in his veins than Emilius has, he being got by Orville, out of Emily by Stamford. The blood on both sides being so good and so well known among all gentlemen connected with racing affairs, that other mention would be deemed superfluous. Besides winning the Derby in 1823, and beating a smart field of ten others, at very little odds against him, Emilius was many times a victor on the "slippery course," beating all the best horses of his time. As a stallion, perhaps, Emilius has experienced more encouragement than Sultan, and this no doubt he deserved from his superior honesty; in the spring of 1832, many hundreds were sported at evens on the get of the two against the field for the Derby; which race was won by St. Giles, Perion being second, Trustee third, and Margrave fourth. All the *crack* blood being at the fag end at the run in. Decidedly the two best Emilius colts up to the time I am writing were Priam, and Plenipotentiary, both of which were cruelly used. Priam was bred by that excellent judge of live stock in all its branches, Sir John Shelley, Bart. who sold him when a yearling to John Dilly the trainer for 500 *gs.* When Priam was two years old William Chifney gave Dilly 1000 *gs.* for him, and won with him at three years old the Riddlesworth and the Column stakes at Newmarket, the Derby stakes at Epsom, a sweepstakes at Ascot Heath, and by bad management *only* ran second for the Doncaster St. Leger stakes, won by Birmingham. The running of Priam was, taking it all in all, superior to that of any other horse within my recollection. At all weights and distances he bore off the palm of victory, putting all comparison with any other horse of his time out of the question. Of Plenipotentiary I need scarcely say he was the best horse of his day (1834) and *ought never to have been defeated*. Besides the two horses above mentioned, a score others could be named to prove that Emilius is deserving his fame as a popular stallion, amongst them Riddlesworth, Re-

covery, Oxygen, Preserve, and Mango. Emilius and Velocipede are the only two stallions whose stock have won the three great races, viz. Emilius:—Derby with Priam and Plenipo, the Oaks with Oxygen, and the Leger with Mango. Velocipede:—Derby with Amato, the Oaks with the Queen of Trumps, and the Leger with the Queen of Trumps. I saw Emilius in July last, and he appeared hearty and well. His price, like Sultan's, for serving mares, is 50*l*. The Blacklock or Sultan mares would cross well with the Emilius blood. Mr. Thornhill has a nice lot of yearlings and two-year-olds by his valuable horse Emilius.

Langar has become a stallion of some importance. Langar is got by the same sire as Sultan, and like that horse throws his stock more remarkable for speed than stoutness. He is 22 years old. Elis's career on the turf stamped Langar's fame as a fashionable stallion. Besides many others noted for their speedy yet short stay on the course, Langar was the sire of Jupiter, Felt, Stockport, and Vulture—the latter unquestionably the quickest animal at the present time at Newmarket. Langar is a remarkably fine grown horse, and his list I understand is full.

We have no less than ten favorite stallions of Blacklock's get, viz. Brutandorf, Belzoni, Buzzard, Laurel, Velocipede, Voltaire, Belshazzar, Malek, Robin Hood, and Tranby. In selecting two from so large a number of this truly fashionable blood I believe I do not go far wrong by naming Velocipede and Voltaire.

Velocipede, when three years old, showed such good speed and vast superiority in a trial with some of Scott's best horses, that they have often said he was the fleetest horse they ever trained, yet his legs were so doubtful that the Scotts preferred standing their money on a *sound* horse, with much less speed, namely, The Colonel, who won the St. Leger of 1828 cleverly. Velocipede with his legs bound up making all the running. By the greatest care the Scotts kept Velocipede round the major part of his fourth year; when, after winning a match or two, he at 8st. 8lb. won the Liverpool Trade Cup, beating all the best horses in that part of the kingdom—Doctor Faustus being a good second. Velocipede broke down after this race. The stock of this favorite north country stallion is so well known and appreciated, that any further comment would be looked upon as unnecessary; it must, however, be stated that the Velocipede get, unless from very stout and good legged mares, seldom run on after three years old. Hornsea was one of these exceptions. Velocipede serves mares at half the sum of the two *crack* southern stallions Emilius and Sultan, and is quite as fortunate in meeting with subscriptions.

Scarcely inferior in point of speed stands Velocipede's half brother Voltaire. Voltaire is now twelve years old; he proved himself a runner of the first class, even at the tender age of two years old. At three, however, he was in the zenith of his popularity, and during the autumn of 1829, he settled down as the first favorite for the sporting St. Leger of that year, for which race he ran, ridden by Sam Chifney, a good second. On the Thursday following, Voltaire won the Gold Cup after making all the running. Tommy Lye "threw in" on it for something like 800*l*. Voltaire is one of the most magnificent horses that ever came under my observation, and his stock have been run-

ning well, and are in all respects, fine specimens of the English blood horse. Slashing Harry, Henriade, Alzira, Cowboy, The Dean, and Picaroon, with many others, speak much in Voltaire's favor as a first-rate stallion. Mr. Kirby of York, the respected purchaser of blood horses for the foreigners, once said that he thought Voltaire was as perfect a racing stallion as he ever clapped his eyes upon. Such mares as those noted in any degree for stoutness, would cross favorably with the Blacklock blood—to wit, The Lamplighter, Emilius, or Comus, inares.

Of the favorites, descendants of that good and honest runner Whalebone, we have a choice of three, viz. Camel, Defence, and Cetus; all of which are serving mares at a high rate. Camel, during the short period he figured on the turf, held the character of being the fleetest horse at Newmarket; at first as a stallion he held but a secondary place amongst the "fashionables." When, however, Touchstone turned out such a trump card in 1834 and 1835, Camel rose high in the opinion of his owner and the public in general, and he has maintained his reputation as a first rater, by being the sire of Wintonian, Caravan, Westonian, Reel, Camellino, and Wapiti (a great favorite for the Derby and Oaks of the coming year). It may not be out of place here to mention the great attention paid to the frequenters of the Stockwell establishment. Gardiner is extremely attentive to any observations put to him by any party. Camel, as well as all the stud at Stockwell, are looking in excellent health. Defence, the property of Mr. I. Sadler, has been a popular stallion, since the appearance of Defensive, who won a two-year-old stake at Goodwood in 1833, in a capital manner, yet unfortunately for Mr. Sadler his colt turned out a roarer in the following year. Defender, Bulwark, Deception, and the two half bred ones, Victoria and Combat, prove that Defence inherits the true blood of old Whalebone; indeed the running of the two latter horses these two last seasons has been superior to most of the country thorough-breds. Defence raced well and his owner made up his mind to win the Derby with him, but there were three better on the day than worthy Isaac's horse. Defence serves mares at Stockbridge at 20 gs. each mare, and is looked upon as a very superior stallion by all *connoisseurs* of racing. Cetus has had but a limited quantity of mares, yet some of his stock are promising. The Blacklock or Selim blood would *mix* well.

Physician by Brutandorf has certainly made the greatest *hit* as a sire of the last year's two-year-old winners. Physician was foaled in 1829, and started *fourteen times at three years old*, winning six races; he was fourth to Margrave for the Leger, after being knocked about all over the country, running at all distances against horses of all ages and denominations. In the two following years he was without doubt the best Gold Cup horse in the north of England, take him all in all. Out of about twenty two-year-olds, most of which are amazingly promising, Physician is the sire of the Apothecary, Bolus, Eliza, The Cripple, (all winners,) Charlatan, Prescription, and Streatlam Sprite. Physician from such mares as the Comus's, Whalebone's, or Woful's, must get runners.

UNCLE TOBY.

[London (New) Sporting Magazine for March.]

FAMILIAR ANATOMY OF THE HORSE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE title which I have given to this little treatise hardly conveys its purpose, and yet I could not find one more convenient. Without staying, however, to construct a more appropriate sentence, or fitter figure of speech, it may be enough to say, that my object is to make obvious, to the least scientific in horse-flesh, the anatomy of the animal which *should* be familiar; that knowledge of its outward and visible signs, lacking which he becomes a helpless victim, should he essay to dabble in that genus of mammalia. Of all the subjects of which all men pretend to know much,—and most really understand nothing,—are the properties and proportions of the horse. Upon that great and still undiscovered riddle, soundness, I am not going to observe, save to hint that the safest, or, rather, the least dangerous course, is for a purchaser to call to his assistance the opinion of a veterinary surgeon of character. To point out the service his eye may render him in selecting an animal whose external formation gives best promise of excellence, is the limit of my present design, and to that we will proceed without further preface.

The head should be considered with reference to the neck by which it is supported. A high crest carries off much of the inconvenience, as well as the unsymmetrical effect of size; still, of course, any disproportionate weight at the end of a horse's neck must interfere with that buoyancy of carriage forward, which is inseparable from safety, more especially if he be intended for the saddle. Look well to the junction of the neck with the shoulders. The union should take place almost on a line with the withers at the top, the lower portion entering the chest above the point of the shoulder. His windpipe should be roomy and detached, as it were, from the under flesh of the neck.

Although the shoulders have no influence upon the progressive action of the horse, it must be borne in mind that they supply motion to the fore part of the body, and that upon their conformation it depends whether his carriage be light and elastic, or heavy and constrained. The principal wear and tear of the animal is thrown upon his fore-quarters; and to provide an elasticity by which the shock of exertion might be broken, Nature has joined the shoulder with the body by means of muscles alone. How great the influence of their position upon his action must be, is of very simple demonstration. Suppose two horses, one with a straight, the other with an oblique shoulder,—that is to say, with the blade-bone slanting well back. Now, the centre of motion by the scapula is in the middle; consequently, in the same degree that it is perpendicular, or oblique, will be decreased or increased the effect produced by the muscles which put it in motion. The muscles of each admit of extension to a certain limit; hence it must, of necessity, follow, that the perpendicular shoulder, requiring to be extended to a less or greater degree before it acquires the natural position of the oblique shoulder, must precisely in the same ratio become divested of its property of projection. The scapulæ, in their movements, describe as much of a circle as their muscles permit. The

perpendicular and oblique differ, say ten degrees, in their natural position; they will vary the same when in action, the latter having by so much the advantage over the former in the faculties of elevation and projection.

It is not so easy to lay down a rule as to another characteristic of the shoulder,—I mean whether it should be lean or fleshy. Of course I do not intend to say, that great beefy withers are matters of questionable import (though Eclipse, to the present day, probably, the best horse England ever produced, had them almost to a deformity); all I would convey is, that the substance of the shoulder should be considered in reference to the general anatomy. If overloaded, it will want liberty; if too lean, it will fail to furnish muscle adequate to the purposes required of it. Avoid either of these; and for the rest, if it appear in harmony with the frame, it will probably possess every requisite quality.

Place yourself before the horse you are examining, and look well at his chest. Regard with suspicion one that is narrow and confined. It is the repository of much of the machinery that regulates the lower portion of the shoulder. Returning to a side view, see whether his fore-legs are perpendicular from shoulder to foot, or whether they incline under him: if the latter, be sure his action is faulty. Cause him next to be put in motion in a walk, and observe how he sets his feet to the ground: the uniformity with which they find the centre of gravity is one of the surest tests of his safety as a roadster. The position of the elbows, indeed, even when he stands still, will enable you to judge upon this point. If it turn out or in, the result will be to prejudice the foot in finding the centre of gravity, produce a "dishing" of the legs, and consequent unsafety of action. Let his pasterns be moderately lengthy and oblique. When upright, they are necessarily deficient in elasticity; their most important quality, and prone to induce contracted feet, as, by throwing the weight forward on the toe, they deprive the heel of that which causes it to expand. In all cases, it is essential to safety that a horse bring his feet flat to the ground. Lift his legs, and if you find the shoes unevenly worn, you may be certain that his action is neither firm nor secure.

A great deal of nonsense is perpetrated about the want of power below the knee: give your consideration to its appearance upwards. All the levers exist near the shoulder: there let it exhibit muscular force, and that will be enough for your purpose. Ask yourself, where fatigue acts upon your own powers of progression; on your shin-bones or the muscles of your thighs. With a due obliquity and muscularity of shoulder, you must have good and liberal action. In passing your hand below the knee, feel that the tendons stand out boldly, clear of the bone. That portion of the leg should present to the eye a flat surface: to be perfect, it should alone exhibit bone and tendon; any rotundity proclaims disease. A broad and flat knee is favorable to the freedom of that joint.

Do not allow a horse that you are examining to be placed, as the common practice is, upon a surface sloping from the fore to the hind quarters. Let him stand perfectly horizontal, and observe whether his shape accommodates itself to the straight line. I am aware that many horses, whose hind quarters have been out of proportion to the

fore, have been remarkable for their speed; but for ordinary purposes, I would by no means recommend such a conformation. Let the stifle and elbow be on a line, and you will have that conformity of motion, which, giving to every portion of the animal machinery equality of labor, alone secures the harmony and perfection of the whole.

Having carefully examined, then, the relation of the two points of action, you will give your attention to the great main-spring which connects and sets them going. A good middle-piece is a point essential to excellence. The chest, which contains the heart and lungs, should be deep and roomy, allowing a free action to those important organs. Well-arched ribs are great auxiliaries. A flat-sided horse, from a greater pressure of the atmosphere, has a less facility of breathing, and, consequently, becomes so much the less suited to fast work, where wind is, in a great measure, strength: or, at all events, the quality without which muscular force is useless.

I would recommend to your selection a horse short in his carcase. A very absurd opinion prevails, that such as are close-ribb'd-up, as the professional term is, are, consequently, slow. What on earth has the trunk to do with motion? A short back is almost always accompanied by width of loin, and these are the points which enable him to carry weight, and endure prolonged exertion. Still I do not say you are to eschew a lengthy horse: where his length is produced by width of shoulder and quarter, it is so much added to power; where it proceeds from space between the ribs and hip-bone, it is so much taken from it. A back gracefully falling in a slight degree from the withers, then straight to the loins, and so falling gradually to the tail, will be long enough for every purpose if it afford room for your saddle.

We now come to a consideration of the hind-quarters, which are, in fact, the great moving principle of the whole machine. How well Nature has suited them for their office we see in the angular form of the thigh-bones, and the powerful muscles with which they are furnished. Like many other fallacies, the improved state of science has banished that which once regarded the source of motion as existing in the fore-quarters. The hind-quarters, being destined to propel the animal forward, are powerfully connected with the frame by joints of extraordinary strength; while the fore-quarters having only to sustain the equilibrium, are attached to it by muscles merely. The most essential features in the hind-quarters of a horse are his gaskins, giving, as they do, character to the whole of his exertions. Viewed inside, they should curve from the stifle down to the hock, while, outside, a great prominence of muscle should be developed. Length of thigh and angularity of hock are points that indicate speed and activity in the ratio in which they prevail. Upon this principle the hind-legs of the hare are constructed; an animal, probably, of unequalled speed, if we estimate the velocity she is capable of exerting by the space she is fitted to cover at a stride.

When once the eye becomes accustomed to the general anatomy of the horse, it detects, without an effort, all the ordinary points, an understanding of which makes what is called "a good judge." But a much closer scrutiny is necessary to avoid the dangers that await the

most treacherous of all dealing, the purchase of horse-flesh. I am not going to insist upon the absence of all defect in the animal that you purpose transferring to your stable. A perfect horse, like a perfect man, is "a faultless monster that the world ne'er saw." Still there are ills that you must guard against, or you may calculate upon a patient nine months out of the twelve. First, then, let no human sophistry ever prevail upon you to tolerate a questionable hock. There is only this difference between a dead horse and one with diseased hocks, that the former has the advantage of costing nothing for keep: in point of service they are equally useful. When there is youth, little is to be apprehended about the eyes; should they look healthy, in all probability they are so. In the same way young horses are but rarely subject to diseases of the feet; but many a two-year-old has hocks whose best office would be to bear him from your stable to the boiler.

Lastly, as to symmetry and beauty of form, as matter of course the buyer will minister to himself. That eye must be indeed unscientific that needs a tutor to teach it the line of beauty. All men may not agree in the items; but, where the whole are found to harmonize, the result is commonly a general verdict of approval. If the slight code of rules I have here thrown together be adhered to in the selection, it will, unless more than ordinary ill luck intervene, insure such as are guided by it, a sound and clever performer. In the affair of shape and mien let them please themselves; and, though others may cavil at their taste, they will have the consolation of reflecting, that to no animal so much as the horse does the axiom apply, "Handsome is that handsome does."

[London Sporting Review for February, 1839.]

A GROOM AND HIS DUTIES.—A groom is a chap that a gentleman keeps to clean his 'osses, and be blown up when things go wrong. They are generally wery conceited consequential beggars, and as they never knows nothing, why the best way is to take them so young that they can't pretend to any knowledge. I always gets mine from the charity schools, and you'll find it wery good economy to apply to those that give the boys leather breeches, as it will save you the trouble of finding him a pair. The first thing to do is to teach him to get up early, and to hiss at every thing he brushes, rubs, or touches. As the leather breeches should be kept for Sundays, you must get him a pair of corduroys, and mind, order them of large size, and baggy behind, for many 'osses have a trick of biting at chaps when they are cleaning them; and it is better for them to have a mouthful of corduroy than a mouthful of the lad, to say nothing of the loss of the boy's services during the time he is laid up.

[Notes by a Rough Rider.]

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES;

1838.

(Concluded from page 106.)

Yrs. old in Jan.	BY LONGWAIST.	No. of Prizes.
2	Bay Filly, Capt. Minor's, \$700 S., mile heats, at Natchez, Miss.....	1
	LUZBOROUGH (IMPORTED).	
3	Brocklesby, Mr. E. Townes', \$1125 S., mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va....	1
4	Chevalier, Mr. Hurt's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Jackson, Tenn.....	1
4	Cornwall, Mr. Hellings', \$100 P., at Trenton, N. J., and Mr. Frazer's, \$100 P., at Camden, N. J., both mile heats	2
4	Drumgoole, Dr. Lewis's, 200 P., 2 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, both at Lawrenceville, Va.....	2
4	Eloise, Mr. Williamson's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Mecklenburg, Va., and \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Danville, Va.....	2
3	Emmet, Mr. Williamson's, \$450 S., mile heats, at Southampton, Va.....	1
4	Harbinger, Mr. A. Taylor's, \$500 P., 2 mile heats, at Washington, D. C....	1
3	John Linton, Col. Wynn's, \$800 S., at Kendall Course, and \$2100 S., at Central Course, Md., both mile heats.....	2
4	Jubal, Dr. Semple's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, at Norfolk, Va.....	1
3	Portsmouth, Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$3500 S., at Broad Rock, Va., and \$900 S., at Washington, D. C., both 2 mile heats; \$700 S., at Belfield Va., \$700 S. at Petersburg, Va., and \$250 S., at Tarboro', N. C., all mile heats.....	5
4	Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Ragland's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn., and \$300, mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn.	2
3	Virginia Robinson, Mr. Morgan's, \$400 S., at Broad Rock, Va., \$400 S., at Petersburg, Va., and \$400 S. at Fairfield, Va., all mile heats.....	3
2	Bay Colt, Capt. Corbin's, \$650 S., 2 mile heats, at Broad Rock, Va.....	1
3	Bay Colt, Mr. Puckett's, \$1100 S., mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va.....	1
4	Bay Colt., Mr. W. L. White's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va..	1
3	Bay Filly, Mr. McCargo's, \$450 S., mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va....	1
2	Chestnut Filly, Mr. J. F. Miller's, \$500 S., mile heats, at New Orleans, La..	1
	MACEDONIAN.	
3	Bay Filly, Mr. A. Long's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Sulphur Springs, Ky.....	1
	MARMION.	
3	Cyrus, Mr. Maclin's, \$600 S., 2 mile heats, at Upper Marlboro', Md., and \$250 S., mile heats, at Southampton, Va.....	2
3	Eliza Ross, Capt. Tunstall's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Little Rock, Arks., and \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks.	2
3	Rob Roy, Mr. Mathews', \$100 P., mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo.....	1
5	Susan Lindsay, Mr. Meares', \$200 P., mile heats, at Raleigh, N. C.....	1
3	Bay Filly, Capt. Tunstall's, \$235 P., mile heats, at Van Buren, Arks.....	1
	MARYLAND ECLIPSE.	
3	Arietta, Mr. E. O. Martin's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Kendall Course, Md....	1
	MARYLANDER.	
4	Tom Walker, Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Norfolk, Va.	1
	MEDLEY.	
5	Bergen, Capt. Stockton's, \$1000 S., 4 mile heats, at Camden, N. J., \$500 P. at Trenton, and \$500 P., at Beacon Course, N. J., both 3 mile heats, and \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Camden, N. J.....	4
5	Champagne, Mr. Van Mater's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Philadelphia, Pa.	1
a	Dandy, Maj. Doswell's, \$350 P., at Charlestown, Va., and \$500 P., at Fre- dericksburg, Va., both 3 mile heats, and Mr. J. Taylor's, a saddle, mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va.....	3
5	David H. Branch, Mr. P. C. Bush's, a Purse, mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo...	1

- 5 Jane Yeatman, Mr. Frost's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Fayette, Mo. 1
 4 Joe Kearney, Col. Oliver's, \$465 P., mile heats, at Alexandria, La. 1
 4 Louisa Lee, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$350 P., 2 mile heats, at Kendall Course, Md., and \$100 P. and a Match, mile heats, at Trenton, N. J. 3
 5 Manalopan, Mr. D. Abbott's, a Purse, 4 mile heats, at Lancaster, Pa., \$300 P., at Philadelphia, Pa., and \$300 P. at Beacon Course, N. J., both 2 mile heats 3
 5 Molinera, Mr. J. B. Kendall's, \$100 P., at Frederick, Md., and \$200 S. at Fredericksburg, Va., both 2 mile heats, \$200 P. at Charlestown, Va., and \$500 S. at Fredericksburg, Va., both mile heats 4
 5 Walter Livingston, Mr. Rutledge's, \$225 P. and \$75 P., both mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn. 2

MEDLEY (CHAMBERS')

- 2 Joe Medley, Mr. Surget's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Natchez, Miss. 1

MEDOC.

- 3 Curculia, Mr. C. Buford's, \$2300 S., 2 mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 1
 3 George Kenner, Mr. M. Thompson's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Louisville, Kentucky. 1
 2 James F. Robinson, Mr. Snell's, \$400 S., mile heats, at Georgetown, Ky. 1
 3 Jenny Willing, Mr. S. Downing's, \$50 P., mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky. 1
 3 Margaret Carter, Maj. Revill's, a Purse, at Carrolton, Ky., and Mr. G. N. Sanders', \$300 P., at Cincinnati, Ohio, both mile heats 2
 3 Maria Duke, Mr. Haralson's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Cincinnati, O., and \$250 P., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 2
 2 Mary Morris, Mr. J. F. Harris's, \$400 S., mile heats, at Franklin Co., Ky. 1
 3 Medoca, Mr. Leavel's, \$170 P., 2 mile heats, at Red River, Ky., \$810 S. at Lexington, Ky., and \$120 P. at Trenton, Ky., both mile heats. 3
 2 Nolachucky, Capt. Scruggs', \$300 S., mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn. 1
 3 Picayune, Mr. Jenkins', \$550 S., mile heats, and Mr. Boswell's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, both at Crab Orchard, Ky. 2
 3 Sthreshley, Mr. W. Buford Jr.'s, \$600 S., mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 1
 3 Bay Colt, Mr. W. I. Buford's, \$300 S., 2 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 1
 3 Chestnut Colt, Mr. J. Lewis's, \$400 S., mile heats, at Kanawha, Va. 1

MERCURY.

- 5 Coahoma, Mr. Henderson's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Alexandria, La. 1
 a Hard Heart, Mr. Newby's, \$65 P. and \$60 P. at Charleston, S. C., \$100 P. at Mecklenburg, Va., \$150 P. at Tarboro', N. C., and \$145 P. at Greenville, C. H., S. C., all mile heats 5

MERLIN.

- a Harkaway, Col. Wynn's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Franklin, Tenn. 1
 4 Mary Mott, Messrs. Long's, \$100 P., at Hopkinsville, Ky., \$150 P. at Sulphur Springs, Ky., and \$200 P. at Paris, Tenn., all mile heats. 3
 4 Roderick Dhu, Mr. Duplantier's, \$300 P. at Plaquemine, La., and \$400 P. at St. Francisville, La., both 2 mile heats, and \$700 P., mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 3

MESSENGER DUROC.

- 5 Fanny, Mr. Dexter's, £21 P. and £21 P., both mile heats, at Toronto, U. C. 2

MOCCASSIN.

- a Copperas, Mr. Fox's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Maysville, Ky. 1

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE.

- 3 Clarion, Mr. Van Mater's, \$300 S., 2 mile heats, at Beacon Course, N. J., and \$2200 S., mile heats, at Union Course, L. I. 2
 3 Elliptic, Mr. Van Mater's, \$300 S., at Philadelphia, Pa., and \$100 P. at Beacon Course, N. J., both mile heats 2
 3 Hornblower, Mr. Van Mater's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Union Course, L. I., \$600 S. at Trenton, N. J., and \$100 S. at Freehold, N. J., both mile heats 3
 5 Lady Hope, Mr. Anderson's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Cincinnati, O., and Mr. Weatherby's, \$100 P., 3 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio. 3
 5 Mortimer, Mr. Shacklett's, \$150 P., and another Purse, mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. 2

MONSIEUR TONSON.

- 4 Ely, Mr. McDaniel's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. 1

- 4 Glenvallick, Mr. McDaniel's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va., \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Warrenton, N. C., \$210 P. and \$200 P., both mile heats, at Newbern, N. C. 4
- 4 Jane Hilliard, Mr McCargo's, \$200 P. at Lynchburg, Va., and \$300 P. at Mecklenburg, Va., both 2 mile heats 2
- a Sir Kenneth, Mr. Amis's, \$2000 S., 4 mile heats, at Columbus, Ga. 1
- a Tuskeno, Mr. Puryear's, \$125 P., 2 mile heats, at Christianville, Va. 1
- 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Shackelford's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va. 1
- a Bay Horse, Mr. Norment's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Salisbury, N. C. 1
- 3 Brown Colt, Mr. A. Taylor's, \$100 P. mile heats, at Camden, N. J. 1
- 3 Chestnut Colt, Mr. Harris's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va. 1
- 3 Filly, Gen. Hawkins's, \$350 S., mile heats, at Petersburg, Va. 1

MUCKLEJOHN.

- 4 Blue Jim, Mr. J. C. Mason's, a Purse, 2 mile heats, at Olympian Springs, Ky. 1
- 3 Deborah Jackson, Mr. Turner's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Olympian Springs, Kentucky. 1
- 5 Jackall, Mr. T. L. Young's, a Purse, 2 mile heats, at Olympian Springs, Ky. 1
- 4 Queen Dido, Mr. J. Jones's, a Purse, mile heats, at Olympian Springs, Ky. 1

MUCKLEJOHN (BULLOCK'S).

- 4 Southerner, Mr. Edmonson's, \$300 P., \$150 S., and \$130 S., all mile heats, at Columbus, Ga. 3

MULEY.

- 4 Britannia (Imported), Capt. Minor's, \$1200 P., 3 mile heats, \$1000 P., 2 mile heats, and \$4000 S., mile heats, all at New Orleans, La., and \$775 P., mile heats, at St. Francisville, La. 4

NAPOLEON.

- 2 Lord-of-the-Isles, Mr. J. F. Miller's, \$500 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$250 P. at Opelousas, La., both mile heats 2

NULLIFIER.

- 4 Jane Rowlett, Capt Branch's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Camden, N. J., and \$100 P., mile heats, at Beacon Course, N. J. 2

- 3 Maria Edgeworth, Col. Pickens', \$300 S., mile heats, at Edgefield C. H., S. C. 1

O'KELLY.

- 2 Lafitte, Mr. J. Clark's, \$175 S., mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn. 1
- 2 Sally Hilliard, Mr. Hardeman's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. 1
- 3 Sarvetus, Mr. J. Goode's, \$500 S., 2 mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va. 1
- 3 Grey Filly, Mr. I. H. Oliver's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. 1

ORPHAN BOY.

- 3 Esther Cooper, Mr. McCumpsey's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 1

OSCAR JUNIOR.

- 4 Duchess of Carlisle, Gen. Gibson's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Washington, D. C. 1

PACIFIC.

- 4 Balie Peyton, Mr. Leavel's, \$120 P., mile heats, at Red River, Ky. 1
- 5 Bernardo, Mr. Verell's, \$800 P., 4 mile heats, and \$1000 S., mile heats, at Columbus, Miss. 2

- 5 Charline, Col. Noland's, \$225 P., 3 mile heats, at Batesville, Arks., and Capt. Tunstall's, \$250 P., 2 mile heats, at Little Rock, Arks. 2

- 5 Duke Sumner, Mr. D. S. Cooper's, \$1000 S., 3 mile heats, at Fayette Mo. 1

- 3 Henry Bynum, Greer & Simmons', \$2500 S., 4 mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 1

- 6 Hortense, Tayloe & Johnson's, \$500 P., 2 mile heats, at Montgomery, Ala., and \$300 P., mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. 2

- 3 Orange Boy, Mr. J. F. Miller's, \$1000 S., 2 mile heats, at Opelousas, La. 1

- 4 Pactolus, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$800 P. and \$800 P., 4 mile heats, at Greensboro', Ala., and \$200 P., 3 mile heats, at Livingston, Ala. 3

- 4 Sheridan, Mr. T. Watson's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Gallatin, Tenn. 1

- 3 Telie Doe, Capt. Minor's, \$600 P. and \$500 P. at New Orleans, La., and a Purse, at Grand Gulf, Miss., all mile heats 3

- 3 Bay Colt, Mr. G. W. Cheatham's, \$250 P., 2 mile heats, at Paris, Tenn. 1

- 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Irvine's, \$150 S., mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. 1

- 3 Chestnut Filly, Mr. Bullock's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Nashville, N. C. 1

PAMUNKY.

- 4 Maid of Southanna, Mr. Winston's, \$500 S., 4 mile heats, at Tree Hill, Va. 1

- 3 Bay Filly, Maj. Doswell's, \$350 S., mile heats, at Culpeper C. H., Va. 1
PAUL CLIFFORD.
- 5 Rienzi, Mr. Fenner's \$100 P., at Union Course, L. I., and \$100 P. at Beacon Course, N. J., both mile heats. 2
PHENOMENON.
- 5 Turnbull, Mr. Edmonson's, \$750 P., 4 mile heats, at Macon, Ga., \$700 P. at Columbus, Ga., and \$500 P. at Milledgeville, Ga., both 3 mile heats, and \$400 P., mile heats, at Columbus, Ga. 4
PIRATE.
- 6 Crowder, Mr. D. Stockton's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. 1
POTOMAC.
- 4 Bay Filly, Mr. Safford's, \$125 P., mile heats, at Frederickton, Mo. 1
POTOMAC (MITCHELL'S).
- 6 Nullifier, Mr. S. W. Thompson's, \$200 S., 2 mile heats, at Greensburg, Ky. 1
PRIAM.
- 4 Monarch (Imported), Col. Hampton's, \$700 P. at Columbia, S. C., and \$1500 P. at Augusta, Ga., both 4 mile heats, and \$600 P., 3 mile heats, at Augusta, Ga. 3
- 3 The Queen (Imported), Dr. Merritt's, \$700 S. at Broad Rock, Va., \$1100 S. at Camden, S. C., and \$300 S. at Augusta, Ga., all 2 mile heats. 3
PULASKI.
- 6 Alice Grey, Mr. J. S. Jackson's, \$190 P., mile heats, at Livingston, Ala. 1
- 2 Chestnut Filly, Dr. Withers', \$300 S., mile heats, at Springfield, Ala. 1
RANDOLPH.
- 4 Jack Street, Mr. J. Lewis's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio. 1
RATTLER.
- Little Red, Mr. K. Morgan's, \$25 S., mile heats, at Murfreesboro', Tenn. ... 1
- a Rattler, Mr. Loudenslager's, \$150 P., 3 mile heats, at Frederick, Md. 1
- 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Buckley's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 1
REDGAUNTLET.
- 3 Elvira, Mr. M. R. Smith's, \$250 S. and a Purse, both mile heats, at Newberry, S. C. 2
- 5 Hard Times, Mr. Maxwell's, \$145 P. at Greenville C. H., S. C., and a Purse at Pendleton, S. C., both mile heats. 2
RED ROVER.
- 5 Leesburg, Maj. Doswell's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Charlestown, Va. 1
REGULUS.
- a Tip Top, Mr. Doggett's, \$250 S., mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio. 1
RICHARD SINGLETON.
- 3 Mary Brennan, Mr. J. R. Ward's, \$750 S. and \$200 P. at Lexington, Ky., \$100 P. at Georgetown, Ky., and Mr. Burbridge's, \$200 P. and \$300 P. at Cincinnati, Ohio, all mile heats. 5
RIEGO.
- 5 David Bailey, Capt. Harrison's, \$85 P., mile heats, at Milledgeville, Ga. 1
RIOT.
- 4 Bay Filly, Mr. Perkins's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Salisbury, N. C. 1
ROANOKE.
- 4 Pocahontas, Mr. Vaughan's, \$30 P. at Carrolton, Ky., and Mr. Gates', \$200 P. at Cincinnati, Ohio, both mile heats. 2
ROBERT BURNS.
- 4 Sally Burns, Mr. G. H. Sinclair's, \$50 P. at Newport, Ky., \$100 P. and \$55 P. at Cincinnati, Ohio, all mile heats. 3
ROCHESTER.
- 2 Grey Colt, Mr. Herr's, \$87 S., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 1
SARPEDON (IMPORTED).
- 2 Camden, Mr. T. J. Young's, \$60 S. at Cynthiana, Ky., \$100 S. at Olympian Springs, Ky., and \$300 S. at Mount Sterling, Ky., all mile heats. 3
- 3 Fleta, Dr. Goodwyn's, \$155 P. at Greenwood, N. C., and \$400 S. at Tree Hill, Va., both mile heats. 2
- 3 Grace, Mr. E. Townes', \$1600 S., mile heats, at Fairfield, Va. 1
- 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Newsom's, \$1075 S., mile heats, at Belfield, Va. 1
SAXE WEIMAR.
- 4 Saxony, Capt. Crow's, \$75 S., mile heats, at Murfreesboro', Tenn. 1

SEAGULL.

- 5 Chilton, Maj. Lockett's, \$500 P., 2 mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio. 1

SHAKSPEARE.

- 6 Red Wasp, Mr. McDaniel's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Raleigh, N. C. 1
a Shakspeare Jr., Ellis & Noell's, a Purse, 2 mile heats, at Frederickton, Mo. . 1

SIR ARCHY.

- a Mohican, Mr. Reams', \$50 S., mile heats, at Plaquemine, La. 1

SIR CHARLES.

- 6 Canary, Mr. Hare's, \$100 P. at Culpeper C. H., Va., and \$200 P. at Nashville, N. C., both 2 mile heats. 2
5 Charles Magic, Mr. Garrison's, \$500 P., 2 mile heats, and \$300 P., mile heats, at Mobile, Ala. 2
5 Charlotte Russe, Col. Hampton's, \$750 P., 4 mile heats, at Beacon Course, N. J., \$400 P. at Central Course, Md., \$500 P. at Union Course, L. I., and \$500 P. at Camden, N. J., all 3 mile heats. 4
4 Chifney, Mr. Hare's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Petersburg, Va., and \$180 P., mile heats, at Raleigh, N. C. 2
5 Fanny Wyatt, Mr. Hare's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, at Raleigh, N. C., and \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Tarboro', N. C. 2
5 Mediator, Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Belfield, Va. 1
6 Pioneer, Mr. McDaniel's, \$200 P. at Lynchburg, Va., and \$200 P. at Newbern, N. C., both 2 mile heats. 2
4 Polly Green, Dr. Goodwyn's, \$200 P. at Southampton, Va., \$400 P. at Columbia, S. C., and Lovell & Hammond's, \$400 P. at Augusta, Ga., all 2 mile heats. 3
5 Rhoda Crump, Mr. Shegog's, \$400 P., 4 mile heats, at Jackson, Tenn. 1
a Sir Charles, Mr. Baird's, £30 P., mile heats, at Montreal, L. C. 1
6 Sir Charles, Mr. Boarman's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Manchester, Miss. 1
4 Wagner, Mr. Garrison's, \$2500 P. and \$2000 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$1000 P. at Mobile, Ala., all 4 mile heats, \$1750 S. at New Orleans, La., and a Stake at Mobile, Ala., both 2 mile heats. 5
4 Willis, Mr. Hare's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Petersburg, Va. 1
4 Chestnut Filly, Mr. Meyers', \$300 S., mile heats, at Columbus, Miss. 1

SIR KIRKLAND.

- 3 Susan, Mr. Beach's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Newport, Ky. 1
3 Victoria, Mr. Sinclair's, \$600 P., 3 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio. 2

SIR LESLIE.

- 4 Celestion, Dr. Warfield's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 1

SIR LOVEL.

- 4 Gracchus, Maj. Jones's, \$200 S., 2 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at Beacon Course, N. J. 2
3 Hawk-Eye, Mr. Bradley's, \$700 P., 3 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky., and Mr. McKinney's, \$2000 S., 2 mile heats, at Lexington, Ky. 2

SIR PETER LELY.

- 4 Likeness (Imported), Phelps & Davie's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Warrenton, N. C. 1

SIR RICHARD.

- 4 Uncas, Mr. Farrar's, \$1000 S., mile heats, at St. Francisville, La. 1
6 Van Buren, Mr. Marigny's, \$200 P., mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 1

SIR WILLIAM.

- 3 Betsey Fisher, Mr. Weisager's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Terre Haute, Ind. . 1

SIR WILLIAM OF TRANSPORT.

- 4 Old Balls, Mr. Potts', \$200 S., mile heats, at Nashville, Tenn. 1

SNOW-STORM.

- 4 Guinea Pig, Mr. Hansbrough's, \$70 P., mile heats, at Culpeper C. H., Va. . 1
5 Tickle Toby, Dr. Slaughter's, \$75 S., mile heats, at Culpeper C. H., Va. . 1

SPLENDOR.

- 5 Polly Hopkins, Mr. Cunningham's, \$250 P. at Terre Haute, Ind., and \$150 P. at La Fayette, Ind., both 3 mile heats. 2

STAR.

- 4 Elvira, Mr. Verell's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Columbus, Miss. 1
4 Richard of York, Mr. Kenner's, \$1200 P., 2 mile heats, at New Orleans, La. 1

- 5 Roley Porter, Mr. Phelps's, \$100 P., 2 mile heats, at Rocky Mount, Va. 1
 Yahoo, Mr. G. D. Moore's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Charlestown, Va. 1

STARCH.

- 5 Langford (Imported), Capt. Stockton's, \$300 P. at Trenton, N. J., \$300 P. at Beacon Course, N. J., and \$2500 S. at Camden, N. J., all 2 mile heats. 3

STOCKHOLDER.

- 2 Allegra, Mr. Whitesides', \$100 S., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. 1
 2 Allen Brown, Mr. H. Smith's, \$1050 S., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. 1
 3 Betsey Boston, Mr. H. Smith's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. 1
 Crook Shanks, Mr. Dillard's, \$500 S., 3 mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks. 1
 5 Hardy M. Cryer, Messrs. Long's, \$500 P., 4 mile heats, at Sulphur Springs, Ky., and \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Hopkinsville, Ky. 2
 3 Joe Mabry, Mr. French's, \$1000 S., mile heats, at Jackson, Tenn. 1
 4 Maria Miller, Mr. Henry's \$250 P., 3 mile heats, and \$500 S., 2 mile heats, at Somerville, Tenn. 2
 6 Mary Davis, Mr. G. W. Cheatham's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Paris, Tenn. 1
 3 Miss Meadows, Col. Long's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. 1
 4 Narcissa Parish, Mr. Kirk's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Columbus, Miss., and \$250 P., 2 mile heats, at Natchez, Miss. 2
 3 Sarah Winston, Mr. W. E. Long's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Livingston, Ala. 1
 3 Stockton, Mr. L. J. Polk's, \$150 P., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. ... 1
 4 Widow Cheerly, Mr. Dillard's, \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks. ... 1
 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Zollicoffer's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. ... 1
 2 Bay Filly, Mr. Zollicoffer's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. ... 1

STOCKHOLDER (BERRY'S or LA FAYETTE.)

- 2 Echo, Mr. J. S. Berry's, \$550 S., mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1
 5 Great Mogul, Col. Bingham's, \$700 P., mile heats, at New Orleans, La. ... 1
 5 Martin Van Buren, Mr. Peters', \$200 P., 4 mile heats, at La Fayette, Ind., \$100 P. at Terre Haute, Ind., and a Purse at Carrollton, Ky., both mile heats: 3

ST. NICHOLAS.

- 4 Yorkshire (Imported), Mr. Morgan's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, and \$400 P., 2 mile heats, at Maysville, Ky. 2
 3 Bay Filly (Imported), Mr. H. Shepherd's, \$175 S. and \$200 S., both mile heats, at Charlestown, Va. 2

ST. TAMMANY.

- 5 Mary Hutton, Mr. Duval's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, at Warrenton Springs, Va. 1

SUMPTER.

- 5 Dick Chinn, Mr. T. J. Wells's, \$1200 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$450 P. at Opelousas, La., both 3 mile heats. 2

SUSSEX.

- 5 Mary Selden, Dr. Stockett's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Camden, N. J., and \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at Upper Marlboro', Md. 2
 3 Sam Brown, Mr. Stockett's, \$1700 S., mile heats, at Central Course, Md. ... 1

TARIFF.

- 4 Black Beggar, Mr. J. Davis's, \$450 S., 2 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio. 2

TELEGRAPH.

- 3 Tom Benton, Mr. Henry's, \$400 S., mile heats, at Somerville, Tenn. 1

TENNESSEE.

- 3 Miss Tennessee, Mr. J. Y. Sanders', \$150 P., mile heats, at Franklin, La. . 1

THE COLONEL.

- 4 Lily (Imported), Col. Flud's, \$500 P., 4 mile heats, at Camden, S. C., \$260 P. at Charleston, S. C., and \$280 P. at Fulton, S. C., both 2 mile heats. . 3

TIGER.

- Brown Filly, Mr. Eidson's, \$125 P., mile heats, at Frederickton, Mo. 1

TIMOLEON.

- 5 Boston, Col. Johnson's, \$1000 P., \$1000 P., and \$750 P. at Beacon Course, N. J., \$1000 P. and \$1000 P. at Union Course, L. I., \$1000 P. at Camden, N. J., \$700 P. at Petersburg, Va., \$700 P. at Central Course, Md., and \$500 P. at Kendall Course, Md., all 4 mile heats, and \$500 P., 3 mile heats, at Union Course, L. I. 10

- 4 Corsair, Mr. W. H. Tayloe's \$200 P. 2 mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va. . . . 1
 4 Helen Mar, Mr. Fisher's, £35 S., mile heats, at Montreal, L. C. 1
 6 John Lindsay, Gen. Harvey's, \$500 P. at Broad Rock, Va., and \$500 P. at
 Fairfield, Va., both 3 mile heats. 2
 4 Omega, Col. Thompson's, \$800 P., 4 mile heats, at Washington, D. C., and
 Mr. E. J. Wilson's, \$350 P., 3 mile heats, at Tarboro', N. C. 2
 3 Bay Filly, Mr. Norment's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Salisbury, N. C. 1
 3 Grey Colt, Mr. J. P. White's, \$450 S., mile heats, at Fredericksburg, Va. . . 1

TOM FLETCHER.

- 4 American Bottom, Mr. Judy's, \$150 P., 2 mile heats, \$150 P. and \$100 P.,
 mile heats, all at St. Louis, Mo. 3
 5 Independence, Capt. Tunstall's, \$200 P. at Batesville, Arks., and \$200 S. at
 Little Rock, Arks., both mile heats. 2

TRAMP.

- 3 Florida Hepburn (Imported), Mr. Winter's, \$300 P., mile heats, at Colum-
 bus, Ga. 1
 Susan Dodge (Imported), Mr. Winter's, \$500 P., 3 mile heats, and \$500 P.,
 2 mile heats, both at Columbus, Ga. 2

TRAVELLER.

- 3 Vanity, Mr. W. Palmer's, \$50 S. at Cynthiana, Ky., and \$71 P. at Chilli-
 cothe, Ohio, both mile heats. 2

TRUFFLE (IMPORTED).

- 3 Black Colt, Mr. J. Willis's, \$50 P., mile heats, at Culpeper C. H., Va. 1

TRUMPATOR.

- a Jim Williams, Mr. Norris's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Jefferson Co., Miss. . . . 1
 4 Orient, Mr. S. Smith's, a Purse, 3 mile heats, at Carrolton, Ky. 1
 4 Pressure, Mr. W. R. Barrow's, \$800 P., 4 mile heats, at Plaquemine, La.,
 \$1800 P. and \$1500 P., 3 mile heats, and \$750 P., 2 mile heats, at New
 Orleans, La. 4
 4 Sir Ariss, Capt. Minor's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Grand Gulf, Miss., and
 \$100 P., mile heats, at Jefferson Co., Miss. 2
 6 Splendor, Maj. Farris's, \$700 P., 3 mile heats, and \$1000 S., 2 mile heats, at
 Lexington, Ky. 2

TYCHICUS.

- 3 Anticipator, Col. Thompson's, \$950 S., mile heats, at Kendall Course, Md. . . 1
 3 Lily, Col. Stonestreet's, \$800 S., 2 mile heats, and \$200 S., mile heats, at
 Kendall Course, Md., and \$1500 S., mile heats, at Washington, D. C. . . . 3
 3 Wonder, Mr. Burch's, \$450 S. and \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Upper Marl-
 boro', Md. 2

ULYSSES.

- 3 Oscar, Mr. Chambers', \$400 P., mile heats, at Alexandria, La. 1

UNCAS.

- 4 Kangaroo, Mr. D. F. Cooper's, \$100 P., mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. 1

UNCLE SAM.

- 3 Sam Croaker, Mr. Raisen's, \$100 S., 2 mile heats, at Kendall Course, Md. . . 1

VALENTINE (IMPORTED).

- 5 African, Mr. Shacklett's, \$500 P. and \$700 P., 4 mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. . 2
 5 Bonny Black, Mr. Shacklett's, \$400 P., 3 mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. . . . 1

VICTORY (IMPORTED).

- 3 Bay Colt, Mr. Bathgate's, \$100 S., mile heats, at Union Course, L. I. 1

VOLCANO.

- 3 Bob Crittenden, Capt. Tunstall's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Batesville, Arks. . 1
 2 Hetty McIntosh, Capt. Tunstall's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Batesville, Arks. . 1

WAXY.

- 2 Alice Grey, Mr. Ward's, \$60 S., mile heats, at Marion, Mo. 1
 4 America, Mr. Dillard's, \$400 P., 2 mile heats, at Van Buren, Arks., and
 \$500 S., mile heats, at Fort Smith, Arks. 2
 3 Josephine, Mr. Herr's, \$250 S. and \$450 S., mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. . . 2
 4 Mary Vaughan, Mr. W. T. Ward's, \$1200 P., 4 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky.,
 \$300 P., 3 mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky., \$120 P. at Greensburg, Ky.,
 and \$500 P. at Louisville, Ky., both mile heats. 4
 3 Othello, Mr. Winston's, \$40 S., mile heats, at Marion, Mo. 1

- 3 Paroquet, Mr. A. Anderson's, \$300 S., mile heats, at Greensburg, Ky. 1
 3 Sally Ward, Mr. Barrett's, \$100 P., 2 mile heats, at Greensburg, Ky. 1
 5 Scarlet, Col. Bingaman's, \$700 P., 3 mile heats, at Natchez, Miss. 1
 4 Waxetta, Mr. W. T. Ward's, \$150 P., 2 mile heats, at Bardstown, Ky., and \$50 P., mile heats, at Greensburg, Ky. 2

WEEHAWK.

- 4 Black Maria, Mr. Harley's, \$100 P., 2 mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio. 1

WHALEBONE.

- 3 Bustamente, Mr. Camp's, \$400 S., at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., and \$400 S. at Huntsville, Ala., both mile heats. 2
 3 Louisianese, Mr. Duplantier's, \$1000 P. at New Orleans, La., and \$500 S. at St. Francisville, La., both mile heats. 2

WHIPSTER.

- Binney, Capt. Noe's, a Purse, mile heats, at Clifton, Miss. 1

WILD BILL.

- 4 Gander, Mr. Conally's, \$900 P., 4 mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala. 1
 4 Pollard Brown, Mr. R. B. Harrison's, \$1000 P., 4 mile heats, at Mobile, Ala., \$1000 P., 3 mile heats, at New Orleans, La., \$350 P. at Selma, Ala., and \$500 P. at Mobile, Ala., both 2 mile heats. 4
 4 Rhinodino, Mr. H. A. Tayloe's, \$300 P., 2 mile heats, and \$200 P., mile heats, at Greensboro', Ala., and \$200 P., mile heats, at Livingston, Ala. 3
 4 Talladega, Col. Long's, \$400 P., 2 mile heats, at Livingston, Ala. 1
 4 Van Buren, Mr. Gee's, \$290 P., 2 mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala. 1
 3 Chestnut Colt, Mr. Fleming's, \$500 S., mile heats, at Huntsville, Ala. 1

WOODPECKER.

- 4 Beans, Mr. G. E. Blackburn's, a Purse, mile heats, at Carrolton, Ky. 1
 3 Ben Franklin, Mr. Prior's, \$300 S., \$100 P., and \$100 P., all mile heats, at Chillicothe, Ohio. 3
 3 Grey Eagle, Mr. Dickey's, \$2600 S. and \$1400 S., 2 mile heats, at Louisville, Ky. 2
 4 Jemima Burbridge, Mr. Dowling's, \$200 P. at Terre Haute, Ind., and \$100 P. at La Fayette, Ind., both 2 mile heats. 2
 4 Little Red, Mr. Welch's, \$200 P., 3 mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky. 1
 3 Mary Cruisman, Mr. G. W. Cheatham's, \$400 P., 4 mile heats, at Paris, Tenn., and \$300 P., 2 mile heats, at Clarksville, Tenn. 2
 3 Ralph, Mr. Mosby's, \$350 S., 2 mile heats, at Crab Orchard, Ky. 1
 3 Willina Herndon, Greer & Head's, \$100 P., mile heats, at St. Louis, Mo. 1
 4 Woodpecker, Mr. Keene's, \$250 P., 3 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at Boonville, Mo. 2
 3 Bay Colt, Mr. W. Palmer's, \$50 S., 2 mile heats, at Cynthiana, Ky. 1

YOUNG VIRGINIAN.

- a Don Pedro, Mr. Duncan's, \$290 P. at Greenville C. H., S. C., and a Purse at Pendleton, S. C., both 3 mile heats, a Purse, 2 mile heats, at Newberry, S. C., and a Purse, mile heats, at Greenville C. H., S. C. 4

ZINGANEE.

- 4 Scipio, Mr. Garrison's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Norfolk, Va. 1

COCK-OF-THE-ROCK. (Omitted in its order.)

- Ann Barrow, Col. McGhee's, \$1000 S., mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn. 1

HORSES WHOSE SIRES ARE UNKNOWN.

- 5 Bay gelding, Maj. Richards', \$300 S., 2 mile heats, at Bean's Station, Tenn. 1
 6 Black Prince, Capt. Conroy's, £10 S. at Montreal, L. C., and £100 P. at Quebec, L. C., both mile heats. 2
 a Cheroot (Imported), Col. Whyte's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Quebec, L. C. 1
 6 Clodhopper, Dr. Guignard's, \$1000 P. at Charleston, S. C., and \$400 P. at Camden, S. C., both 3 mile heats, and \$100 P., mile heats, at St. Mathews, S. C. 3
 Cowdriver, Mr. C. Swan's, \$500 S. at Augusta, Ga., and \$100 S. at Macon, Ga., both mile heats. 2
 a Huron, Mr. Motley's, \$100 P., mile heats, at Quebec, L. C. 1
 6 Jim-the-Butcher, Mr. Laughman's, \$300 P. and \$400 P., mile heats, at Jefferson Co., Miss. 2
 3 John C. Stevens, Mr. Leavel's, \$200 S., mile heats, at Trenton, Ky. 1

	Peggy Stride, Mr. Reeve's, \$200 P., 2 mile heats, at Peoria, Ill.	1
a	Ratcatcher, Col. Sloan's, \$250 P., mile heats, at Salisbury, N. C.	1
4	Red Rover, Mr. J. W. Williams', \$200 S., 2 mile heats, at Lynchburg, Va. .	1
	Romp, Mr. S. Smith's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Houston, Texas.	1
	Snatchit, Mr. Crane's, \$40 S., mile heats, at Charlestown, Va.	1
	Tom Thumb, Mr. W. Duvall's, \$50 S., mile heats, at Van Buren, Arks.	1
4	Warning, Mr. G. H. Sinclair's, \$200 P., mile heats, at Cincinnati, Ohio.	1

MEMOIR OF PHILIP.

PHILIP, a brown horse, sixteen hands high, with a small star, was bred by Thomas Houlsworth, Esq., of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire; he was foaled in 1828—was continued on the turf till nine years old, and then purchased for a Company in Tennessee. He was shipped from Liverpool to New Orleans in the ship "Kensington," Capt. Curtis, and arrived 4th of February, 1838. He made his first season at Franklin, at \$75, and, as was reasonably expected from his own worth and the high claims of his family, received a liberal patronage. It might suffice to say to those intimately conversant with the Stud Book and Racing Calendars, that Philip was got by old Filho da Puta, out of Garforth's Treasure, by Camillus, and that he won twenty-three races; but for breeders and amateurs generally, a more extended account may be deemed proper; we therefore add that Treasure's dam was by Hyacinthus out of Flora by King Fergus—Atalanta by Matchem—Lass of the Mill by Oronoko—Old Traveller (sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill)—Holmes' Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock (dam of Lambton's Miss Doe)—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless (Desdemona's dam)—Brimmer—Dicky Pearson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton's Barb Mare, &c.

Such a pedigree would naturally induce us to expect extraordinary performances, and in the present instance those expectations have been fully realized; Christiana was three times a winner, once at four miles; Leda was nine times a winner, twice at three miles, and once at four miles; Fanny Davis was eight times a winner; Arachne won twenty-seven races, three times at three miles, once at three miles and a distance, and twice at three mile heats; Palatine won twenty-two times, winning nine races of two mile heats, one of three mile heats at three heats, and one four mile race.

Philip appeared forty times in public, and was twenty-three times a winner—several times at broken heats—was several times second, and on one important occasion he ran four miles carrying 130 lbs. losing by a head only. His thirty-second race was a most desperate contest of four heats—Philip winning the 2d, and running a dead heat with Retainer for the 3d, by whom he was beat a little the 4th—and pronounced a capital race.

In conclusion, it may be added, he won his 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th and 38th races, three of them at three heats each; so that the truth of "The Old Forester's" assertion is fully demonstrated by the produce of Treasure from old Filho da Puta, that *his stock train on and are winners at long distances and particularly at heats.* Treasure was in

truth a Treasure indeed, for besides the above (all by Filho da Puta, and she seems to have shown great aptitude to breed good stock from him) she also bred Vanish by Phantom, who won twenty-eight times, carrying on some occasions as high as 182 lbs. and beating some of the stoutest runners in the kingdom, such as Lady Elizabeth, Jocko, Euxton, Fylde, two, three, and four miles. Vanish has been purchased for Russia.

Philip's sisters were in the king's and other studs equally distinguished for breeding; from them, and from Philip especially, we look for the propagation of good stock and long runners, as that is the sort of racing most in repute here, and for which his long shoulder blades, strong back and hips, his clean limbs, are so well fitted; and as stoutness on both sides is the family trait, it may be presumed to descend to Philip's posterity in an ample degree.

T. A.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 5, 1839.

CIGAR SMOKING.

MR. EDITOR,—The following brochure was found inserted in a box of Havannah Cigars, and is apparently intended as one of the many puffs put out as inducements to the purchasers of the fragrant weed. As most of the maxims are good, and worthy of being recorded, I have pleasure in transmitting them to you, for insertion in your *Sporting Magazine*. But hark! do I not hear some of your readers exclaiming, "What *can* a cigar have to do with sporting?" Gentle reader, sporting reader, every day reader, I reply that it has, that it forms one item of the grand contingent whole. Who is there, who, when riding to cover, or when the dogs are at fault, does not refresh himself with a cigar? Who, when toiling with his gun in *search* of game, does not regale himself with a cigar? I affirm, therefore, that the cigar is virtually a portion of our sporting apparatus; and as such is entitled to our consideration, and I shall therefore, without further circumlocution, proceed to endeavor to ameliorate the art of *puffing*, which every one knows, ends and begins in *smoke*.

Ninety-nine gentlemen out of a hundred are even now in a state of most lamentable ignorance of the true mode of enjoying the exquisite luxury! Scarcely one man in twenty knows how to even *spell* the word *tobacco*, in the graceful and convenient form, which modern genius has conferred upon it. *Segar* was the horrid orthography throughout the British dominions. This, thanks to the patriotic exertions of Lord Byron, Professor Wilson, and the real author of these pages, is now no longer to be met with. Then, how savagely—how ignorantly, how improperly were cigars used. Cigar-smoking seemed to be a new faculty to man, which, he neither knew how to appreciate or to enjoy. Pitying your condition, ye smoky mortals, I shall proceed to tell you how to enjoy the blessing you have hitherto abused. Oh ye juniors and tyros in the art! Ye who know not a good cigar

from a bad one! *Ye* who *paw* the beauties in a box, as though ye have not the use of your eyes! *Ye* who bruise, crush, squeeze, pinch, crack, tumble, and toss about, and otherwise grievously maltreat, that which ought to be touched with as much delicacy of hand, as a waxen rose-bud! *Ye* spoons, who light the wrong end! *Ye* Vandals, who impiously *bite* off the twist! And *ye* and all such, as would smoke two-thirds of the right side of a cigar, before your obnubilated optics could discover that no spark of fire has touched the left! To *ye* and such as *ye*, I address myself; and if the smoking generation do not take advantage of the precepts I shall proceed to lay down for their especial behoof and benefit, why, I cannot help it, and things must take their own course. And now my very good friends, believe me always,

Your's, In a cloud!

THE SHADE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Neemuch, May 10, 1838.

CHOICE.

In choosing your cigars, try their flavor on the palate of your nasal feature.

A box of good Havannahs is a most delicious nosegay.

Reject all such as are ragged in outer appearance.

Above all, beware of purchasing a cigar that has lost his nose, the little twist at the taper end.

Avoid the soft yielding ones, they have not a bellyful; there is no substance in them, they will not outlive above a dozen hearty puffs.

Meddle not with those which seem to have hard, stubby knots beneath their outer skins—there are stalks in them, which, if you be young in the craft, will impede your smoking.

Choose a neat, sound article, that is neither so hard as a stick, nor soft as the pith of a rush; but moderately firm, tight, and elastic, yielding a little to a moderate pressure, from the thumb, but stoutly resisting your attempts to flatten it.

SIZE.

Small, well-made cigars contain a greater portion of leaf, and smoke more pleasantly, than many of their big-bellied brethren.

We have generally found the dwarf to contain "that within" which the giant usually lacks.

The real foreign made cigars are frequently but little thicker than the stem of a large rush; yet they are so well rolled, that they live long in the lips, if properly treated.

TEXTURE.

The finer the leaf is in texture, the milder it will be found, generally speaking, to the palate.

The dark, rough cigar, that feels as though it had been buried in a sepulchre of sand, is usually of a stronger flavor.

You must not judge of a cigar entirely by its coat: pearls of small price are sometimes locked in golden caskets; the most beautiful broadcloth often covers a ragged shirt, and trashy tobacco is not unfrequently found folded in a most dainty outer leaf. The respectable manufacturers, who have a credit to lose, of course, are not guilty of this trick, but there are rascals, you know, in all trades.

Veterans in the smoky craft, unless sure of their man, always either smoke a sample before they buy a lot, or anatomize one to see if any perilous stuff should lurk about its' heart.

The alledged superiority of speckled cigars, is all nonsense.

CONDITION.

Do not be persuaded by any man to buy *wet* cigars ; they will assuredly, or at least in nine cases out of ten, prove very offensive in smoking.

The wrapping leaf should be just bedewed by your tongue, but the heart of a cigar ought to be dry as well as sound. Age, its great improver, mellows and dries, without withering it.

IMPORTANT PRELIMINARIES.

Supposing ye now to have "*caught your fish*," we will endeavor to give you a few plain and easy directions "*how to cook it*."

In the first place, moisten the cigar lightly and delicately with your tongue ; pass your finger gently around it.

A cigar should be used tenderly—with a soft, lady-like touch close up its seams.

If, in case you have purchased a quantity, you meet with one now and then, which has a hole in its coat, first wet, and then remove a sufficient portion from another part, with which you may mend the rent by the aid of your tongue.

But beware that, in attempting to cover one gap, you do not make two : with caution you may easily detach enough of the outer leaf, at the thicker end, to plaster up a hole, which, if left open, would mar your smoking.

IGNITION.

Your cigar being thus prepared for your lips, let us say a word or two about lighting it.

A flame ought never to be used for this purpose.

We do not mean that you should poke your weed into the flame of the candle, and so scorch half its vitality out of its body ; but we strongly recommend you, if you would smoke luxuriously, to light your cigar with tobacco tinder, charcoal, or any of the usual flameless, steady-burning materials, which are sold at the cigar shops, under a dozen different names for the purpose.

In this country, however, these are not procurable ; the best substitute, therefore, is a silver tube with a stopper, which contains some common cotton or lampwick in colored calico ; this may be lighted by a flint and steel, or by a burning glass, or by a Lucifer match, which does not flame. The latter are procurable at the chemist's shops in this country.

If you put a cigar to the flame, it often lights raggedly, and is liable to smoke uneven, which is by no means pleasant.

A good cigar dies away to ashes in beautiful regularity : the progress of the fire is equal, from its skin to its core, and the tip of pale blue ashes, breaks out from the exterior leaf at an equal distance from the mouth all round ; so, that the space betwixt the living and the consumed parts, is a well-defined circle.

A bad smoker on the contrary, often burns the heart of his cigar,

without consuming the skin ; or draws the fire up one-half of the cigar, leaving the other side unsmoked, dry, and useless.

In ordinary cases, people care but little how they light their cigar. We however are here addressing those who are in their novitiate ; still, the most accomplished of whiffers, when luxuriating, prefer a piece of China Jostic, with which to ignite their weed.

Be it remembered that when we speak of the beautiful regularity with which a proficient smokes his cigar, (we allude to smoking in a room, out of doors,) the best of glow-worms cannot become a regular fireworker, nor serve his artillery properly, for it *will* obey the wind, and swerve.

TUBES.

Be assured of this—namely, that a cigar can never be thoroughly enjoyed through a straw, quill, or tube of any description : a genuine smoker despises such things, *ergo* use neither.

If you cannot bear—aye, and enjoy, the rich smack of a cigar in your mouth, rely upon it, you have no business with cigars *yet* ; you may practise upon a piece of cane !

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE TWIST.

It is a common, a vulgar, a mighty foolish, and a very droll and ridiculous custom, to bite off the end of a cigar ; the nose, or twist, to which we have alluded. For my own part, I would not give the fifth part of the smallest copper coin, for fifty cigars, if their twists were destroyed.

The curl, at the end of a cigar, is its nucleus, a vital part which was never intended to be destroyed. Without it, your cigar loses its charms, smoking is no felicity ; the outer leaf becomes untwisted long before the article is half consumed. Instead of having a tight, firm, comfortable peak between your lips, you hold a foul, ragged, washy, sucked, disgusting little bunch of leaves, and the smoke rises to your mouth in huge billows, frequently bearing with it the finer particles of the ashes, instead of gliding, in pure slender streams, upon the delighted palate.

All this is avoided by retaining the twist on the end of your cigar.

“ But how do you make it draw ? ” is a question which the young in the craft will ask. “ Do you prick it with a knife ? ” asks another, We reply—“ By no means ; that would be as bad as biting the nose off.” We therefore do no such thing. We neither puncture, tear, or scarify our cigars ; we twist their noses as tight as possible ; we inhale the odorous and palatable vapor, filtrated from impurities, as it were, through the leaves, and we have rarely met with a cigar which would not draw.

UPON THE HONOR OF A GOOD CIGAR, WE DECLARE THIS !!!

Aye, and we declare more, that it draws pleasantly. Some smokers, and even some tobacconists, will tell you it is impossible to smoke a cigar without taking off its twist. Don't believe them, they know nothing about it, attend to us, and we engage that you shall smoke in this manner, and enjoy smoking more than ever you did previously to your adopting our mode.

Our disciples in the whiffing art have all been at first astonished

at this system, but after one or two trials, they have not only admitted its feasibility, but lauded it for its excellence. Try it, but first hoard up in your brain the following, which we lay down as

CIGAR LAW.

When you begin to draw your cigar, do not stick a mere barley-corn's length of the end of it between your lips, as if you were afraid of the taste of it: put full one-half or two-thirds of it into your mouth: suck it lustily for a few seconds, to open its pores, and it will afterwards draw delightfully.

As soon as you find you can work it with ease, thrust it out from the interior of your mouth, and suffer about an inch of it only to repose lightly between your lips, and then puff away with comfort.

But, beware, don't suffocate the babe; don't squeeze it so tightly, in its infant state, that no breath from its living fire can pass upwards: stick not your teeth in it, but kiss it without tightly pressing its throat.

Smoking a cigar, and strangling a cigar, are acts widely different. You should just keep your lips close enough, to prevent any air from entering your mouth, but through its fuzed end, and no more.

CLASPS, AND OTHER INUTILITIES.

Some smokers make use of a neat little silver instrument, instead of the hand, to remove the cigar from the lips; we find but little fault with the fashion, but that it looks coxcombical, and decidedly is unnecessary.

For our own part, we scarcely ever take the weed out of our mouth; until its fire approaches close enough to almost singe our mustaches—that is, when we wore them!

We never drink or expectorate while smoking, and have therefore neither of the two usual motives for removing the cigar from our mouth.

Should you, however, be otherwise, and have occasion to take the delicate luxury from your lips, for the purpose of speaking, dallying with your stock of smoke, drinking, or doing any thing else, use your fingers, for they are far better than the best of instruments for the purpose.

But mind my words! do not thumb the darling as the uninitiated do; but with your palm towards your face, take her lightly round the waist, between your fore and middle finger, and replace her in the same manner; this is more orthodox, more graceful, and more convenient than the thumb and fore-finger fashion.

RE-IGNITION.

A cigar should never be lighted twice.

If properly smoked, it will retain its vitality without a puff, for upwards of a minute: you have no excuse, therefore, for abbreviating its existence—for suffering it to expire.

But should the berry-tinted love, the ladye-love of your lips, accidentally breathe her last breath, unnoticed, meddle not with her beloved corse; do not be a vampire.

FINAL EXHORTATION, AND ON BEVERAGE.

You can never be looked upon as an accomplished glow-worm,—you will never enjoy a cigar in perfection, if you adulterate its flavor by uncongenial potations.

Strictly speaking, a smoker should never taste any liquid while inhaling the precious weed, but if you are such a proficient as to consume a dozen cigars at one sitting, some refreshment becomes necessary.

In this case, allow a tolerable interval to elapse between your third and fourth, or between your sixth and seventh, when a cup of Mocha coffee is pleasant.

Should you be unable to smoke without drinking, take claret; brandy and water, gin, beer, and such like potations, are fit only for those who nocturnally “do themselves up,” with a vile shag in a yard of clay.

On re-perusing what I have written, I find I have given seven maxims which (it did not occur to me at the time) do not exactly apply to this country, where Havannah Cigars are not so easily procured as Manillas which have not a twisted end, both being the same.

And now, my smoky, puffy, friends, wishing you a good cigar, and a jovial companion to enjoy it with, Vale, vale, vale.

THE SHADE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

[Bengal Sporting Magazine.]

NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS.

Mr. Editor.—It has long been my opinion that no horse can succeed as a stallion, unless early withdrawn from the Turf; and with me it is a recommendation that he should break down young. The first, many will admit, may be true, as in this country, Sir Archy, confessedly our best stallion, was withdrawn from the Turf at four-years-old; but that a horse breaking down at 3 or 4 years, can be no recommendation, let me request those gentlemen to look into the facts of the case, and consider my views of the matter, and I am persuaded they will arrive at almost similar conclusions.

In England, Highflyer and Sir Peter Teazle, were the most successful stallions of their day; yet each of them gave way at four-years-old. At a still later period, Emilius and Velocipede are, perhaps, equally celebrated; the first of these broke down at 4, and the latter gave way at 3 years-old. These circumstances at no time affected the reputation of these horses, nor did it impair the powers of their stock; at least such is the opinion in England, and John Bull is no bad judge of horse-flesh.

Among the sons of Sir Archy, Charles and Virginian are unquestionably entitled to the first rank as stallions. They both gave way

early ; one at 4, the other at 5 years-old. The stock of Charles ran fast and long, and none complained that he entailed a want of durability on his stock. Virginian was but a few years in the breeding stud, but in that time he got as many racers as any horse of his day, and in the immediate vicinity of his sire.

This, it must be granted, is high evidence in favor of my *theory*, that an early abandonment of the Turf is a recommendation of a stallion, and that breaking down young does not, in the least, detract from his value. And here I might rest its defence, but out of respect to your readers, I will attempt to give some reasons in support of my opinion.

The character and style of racing, both in this country and England, has undergone an entire change in the last fifty years, and a similar change in the rearing of the stud horse. In the olden times horses were seldom broken till four-years-old, at which time they started for some few Colt Stakes, and never ran for Purses or King's Plates till five. About the year 1770 it became fashionable to open three-year-old stakes, and shortly after, the great St. Leger and Derby Stakes were established ; it then became necessary to break and train the colts at two-years-old, if expected to contend successfully for those high prizes. It was also soon apparent that the colts must be raised on the forcing system to acquire *size*, *stride*, and *speed* ; then two-year-old stakes were opened, and at this day some horses do more hard running at two and three-years-old, than in the days of Childers and Eclipse they were called on to perform in a life-time.

We find most of the horses in England are full size at two-years-old ; many of them as high as they should be at three ; under these circumstances it is impossible their bones and tendons should be matured in strength and tenacity, while the great size up to which blood horses are now bred, the stride and speed which the good ones must possess, puts the limbs of the race-horse to a test it is impossible to sustain ; hence horses of great size, muscular power, and speed, if raced young, must break down.

For the same reasons they are the most successful stallions. I have yet seen no horse that deserved a high reputation in the stud, that was not himself a horse of great substance and strength, *not mere bulk*, but that happy union of form, blood, and finish, which bestows power.

There is a sort of horse that has been brought to this country, (in by-gone days) that ran for years long repeating races, of fine blood too, that came sound from the Turf. These, though highly patronized, have not been successful stallions. Such were Citizen and Chariott. I hear some one say, what, Citizen ! Yes, sir ; he was a failure ; he left from six to seven hundred colts, many from the best mares of the *Race-horse Region* ; of these some half-dozen were just fair runners ; not one reached the head of the Turf. Was not this a failure ?

If I am to choose a stud, let him be of great form, pure blood, and racing family, that has run enough to show he inherits the running qualities of his family ; and with power sufficient to break himself down. Such was Highflyer, and such is Velocipede, and for myself, I ask no better.

A.

A MARYLAND FOX-HUNT.

YOU must know, Mr. Editor, that among the people of our country there is a great attachment to the joys and sports of the fox-hunt. Great care is taken by them to raise a good strain of dogs, and I think we have now among our different packs, some that can victoriously compete with the best dogs of the Union in all the qualities of a good fox-hound. For the purpose of testing the speed of the different packs, the 14th of March was selected as the day for "a great hunt." Fifteen dogs were chosen from the three packs of Messrs. H., G. & Y.,—five from each, and about forty gentlemen, young and old, were to be present on the day of trial. Great interest was excited. The dogs were known to be good, and all were certain that "sly Reynard" would be put to his best tricks and turns.—The time was looked to with the most anxious expectation. As it approached, the weather was most glorious; but on the previous evening some clouds were seen flitting before the wind, and soon the horizon was darkened, and the sky grew black and gloomy. Every thing, then, foreboded that the 14th would be a rainy and inauspicious day. The huntsmen, assembled in the little village of Port Tobacco and its immediate vicinity, were up long before the dawn of the following morning; but how sadly were they disappointed to find that it was damp, wet, and raining without? Notwithstanding, they decided to go out at all events; and soon the loud blasts of the "mellow horn," echoing with their cheering sound from hill to hill, summoned the true and deep-mouthed hound. All now being ready, we start for the cover. The rain, however, still continues to descend, and the weather-wise see no prospect of its stopping. The cover is soon reached,—the dogs spread out and eagerly seek for the trail. They are cheered on by the voice of the huntsmen, but no trail is touched,—the cover is beaten, but no fox is found. It begins to grow late, and the rain, which before had fallen in showers, now increases and holds on steadily. Many grow weary and propose that the hunt be postponed until to-morrow. The huntsmen, finding there is no chance of putting up a fox, readily accede, and the sound of the horn again collects the dogs at our sides. We all then moved off in the direction of Port Tobacco, where a fox-hunting dinner, as had been previously arranged, was to be served up by a worthy landlord, Mr. D——. At half-past 2 o'clock, upwards of forty gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner,—one that reflected much credit, I assure you, upon "mine host." Mr. Editor, if you could but have been present to have seen the joyous faces, and to have heard the many jokes, and sallies of wit that passed so good humouredly from mouth to mouth, I am sure you would say it was one of the most pleasant days you had ever spent, and that it did your heart good to see "men so merry."

After the cloth was removed, the following toasts were offered and drank to with the warmest applause.

1st. Harry Dent of old, the Nimrod of Charles County—A full bumper to his memory.

2d. The Judges of the Hunt—May they long live to enjoy sport and pleasure.

3d. The death of two red foxes in one day—A feat worthy of *Diana*,* achieved by *Medora*, and her *Famous* compeers.

4th. The Turf and the Chase—Alike gentlemanly sports, when under the direction of gentlemen-sportsmen.

5th. The coming Hunt—May its pleasures doubly compensate us for the disappointments of to-day.

6th. The best dog of the coming Hunt—May he have a bard to chant his praises, and an historian to hand his memory down to posterity.

7th. The fifteen dogs of the Hunt—May they, like the dogs of Crete and Sparta, have another Shakspeare to sing their praises.

8th. Old *Nestor*—Not of Pylos, but of Charles County.

9th. The veteran *Warrior*—Though old and disabled, we shall long remember his services.

10th. *Mingo*, a dog that knows no flinching—May Pomphret Forest oft ring with his merry note.

11th. *Nimrod*, a dog of well earned reputation—May the laurels he has won flourish green in the memories of Sportsmen.

12th. The imported *Champion*—May he prove a champion worthy of the chase, and his descendants worthy of their sire.

13th. The red foxes of Panguya—Too cunning to be tricked on a rainy day.

14th. The horse, the horn, the hound, the merry chase—When Washington and Macon patronised them, who cares for fanatics.

15th. The fair Diana Vernons' of our land—May they often gladden with their smiles the votaries of the chase.

Many volunteer toasts were also given complimentary to the President of the day, Mr. F., the old Huntsmen of the State, and to dogs that at different periods had distinguished themselves. We adjourned late in the evening, well satisfied with our enjoyments, and gladdened with the prospect of a fine chase on the morrow; for the clouds had disappeared and all was clear, mild, and tranquil. We separated that night, Mr. Editor, fully satisfied we should meet the next morning under a clear and auspicious sky. Nor were we mistaken, for it was one of the most beautiful mornings I have ever seen. Every thing was silvered over with the thick white frost of the early morn. Nature seemed to be still slumbering, for not a breath of air was stirring, nor a sound to be heard. But list! The stillness is soon broken. The merry halloo of huntsmen, the winding of horns, and the baying of dogs, are borne to our ears. We eagerly leap upon our horses, and are soon carried to the cover of Panguya. Heavens! what an array of men,—at least fifty. A wag observed—but stop, I've no time to tell it. Old *Warrior* touches a trail. That's right my dog! How soon the others hearken to him. But how is this?—They separate. Twelve of the dogs take one course, and Mr. Y's. Diana, Driver, and Flora another. They all trail well, and there must be two foxes. No, says a huntsman, the twelve are upon the back trail, and the three are right. Bless my soul, 'tis so! The twelve have come to an out; the trail is cold. We then listened for the three, and soon heard their merry notes. *They* are right, and *the fox*

* Those names printed in italics are the names of favorite dogs.

s up! It was not the work of many minutes to get the other dogs in, for they showed as much eagerness and anxiety as the huntsmen themselves. They soon pack, and

“Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry.”

He's fairly up, and the dogs are running hard. They push him closely, and he will soon make a double—He has *doubled*, and will cross an open field to our right—We hasten there and take our stand in silence. The cry approaches nearer and nearer. *There he is*, just running from the cover!—The field is more than four hundred yards in length, and he is crossing close by us—He is running at the top of his speed, and is one of the largest red foxes I have ever seen.—“Now we shall see what dog is leading,” cry many voices—Here they come! Nimrod is a-head!—Medora, Warrior, and Rover, are pushing him hard, and the others are all up. Here they go! *Warrior* is locking Nimrod; he winds the fox and takes the lead. They ascend a small hill, and Nimrod is running with tremendous strides. The halloos of many are pushing them on, and Nimrod shows a-head when they enter the cover! Did you ever hear such a cry?—not a moment's cessation! No out, no loss, and the fox not more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards a-head.—He can't hold to it long! The burrows are stopped, and they will kill him on the ground! They are running at a rattling speed, and turn towards an open field by Mrs. S's.—We hasten there; the fox has passed, but the dogs are just in sight—Nimrod shows a-head, but see Medora locks him! She is running and opening, as if she had the fox in view. They enter the cover neck and neck. Mr. Reynard, finding he couldn't do much by short doubles, now takes a course of six or eight miles. The morning was so calm, however, that we did not lose for a single instant, the “gallant chidings” of our gallant dogs. The distant cry seemed more tunable than ever! They follow him up and force him to turn again.—He is running directly towards us, and the quick openings of the dogs show he has no time to spare. He again changes his course and runs, evidently, for his burrow. The dogs pass near us—We do not see them but we hear their many mouths, and so loud is the cry, that it seems as if every leaf is gifted with a tongue. He passes his burrow, takes another stretch, and circles again towards the open field by Mrs. S's. We ride in that direction to see him cross—We just reach it in time, and he is running with tongue out and tail down. He comes up to the fence, and goes down several panels before he jumps it—He is at last over, and before he fairly reaches the cover, the dogs are in sight. They have gained upon him and are following close at his heels—They approach the fence, and for a few moments are at an out; but Rover has leaped it and touches the trail—They rush to him, and soon they take it off most gallantly. Hark! hark! *Nimrod* and *Medora* have outstripped *Rover*, and are running side by side—Now *Medora* leads, now *Nimrod*—Then again *Medora*, and then again *Nimrod*. How nobly do they contest with each other!—They again run in the direction of the burrow. It is evident the fox will soon be killed, if he does not reach some hole; for he cannot be more than fifty or a

hundred yards ahead—The dogs are running hard and give mouth freely and quickly. Hill and dale are echoing and re-echoing the merry peals!—but the cry suddenly ceases. They have caught him!—No, no! I hear the baying of Warrior and Diana: they are true at a burrow, and he is burrowed! We ride quickly in that direction, and find that he is, indeed, *burrowed*. Tarquin, Diana, and Warrior, are at the burrow's mouth, furious at being foiled in their efforts to kill him upon the ground. He had rushed into a hole, which it was not thought necessary to stop, as it was old and covered with leaves. Thus in the short space of an hour and a half we forced Mr. Reynard to seek refuge and safety in the "bowels of the earth." We then commenced the operation of digging, but the cliff was so steep, that our efforts of more than five hours proved entirely unavailing. We at last concluded to kindle a fire in the mouth of the burrow; we did so, and left it in a full blaze. We then remounted our horses and slowly and leisurely pursued our way towards Port Tobacco. The dogs spread out in the covers around us, and we had scarcely gone two miles before a full cry was heard, "that fairly made the woodlands ring." We knew our dogs and felt certain it must be a fox. We dashed at full speed in that direction, and soon found that they were running furiously upon the track of a *gray*. They had *bounced* him, and he was not many yards ahead. Soon they get him by *sight*, and onward they rush as quick as the lightning's flash—Every leap brings them nearer to him, and soon they have fastened their teeth upon him—He gives one last squeal, and the next moment is lifeless and limbless.

Thus, Mr. Editor, ended, with a *short* chase of not more than five minutes, the sports of the day, and we returned to our little County-town pleased and satisfied. Here a consultation was held to decide what dog should bear off the palm of victory. Nimrod was the favorite, and all decided for him. But I must add, in justice to all, that never in my life have I seen dogs that ran so well and so nobly. We separated in good cheer, and I trust we may all long live to see often and often the pleasures of that fox-hunt renewed. G.

CHARLES COUNTY, April 7th, 1839.

SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.—No. I.

"— But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our Anglers have invented; peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights and ingenious deceptions, &c., will say that it deserveth like commendation and requireth as much study and perspicacity as the rest (field sports) and is to be preferred before many of them. Because Hunting and Hawking are very laborious; much riding and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet, and if so be that the Angler catch no fish, yet hath he a wholesome walk to the brook side, and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air and sweet smiles of fine fresh meadow flowers; he heareth the melodious harmony of birds; he seeth the swans, herons, ducks, water hens, cootes, and many other fowl with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds or blast of horns, than all the sports that they can make."—*Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Most eloquent and philosophic Burton! how sweetly run thy mel-

low sentences of "Old English undefiled" in laudation of the mysteries and delights of Angling—imperfectly as that science was known in thy day.

Most sour and cynical Samuel Johnson! who didst dare to define the main implement of the Angler "a long, tapering, flexible rod, with a *Fly* at one end and a *Fool* at the other"—Poet, Moralist, Philosopher, and Lexicographer as thou wert, who couldst

"———trace
A panting syllable through Time and Space;
Start it at home and hunt it in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark."

yet with regard to the knowledge of aught respecting Angling, or its cognate science Ichthyology, thou wert altogether ignorant. Content if thou couldst *eat* them *both*, thou caredst not to distinguish a trout from a tench.

Yet the satiric bolt was not without merit, for there was antithetic point and wit in it. How the colossal Houynhym must have chuckled when he shot it; and how busily must Boswell have been employed the same evening in circulating his master's *mot* through half the clubs and coteries in town.

Now, in defiance of the despot of literature, and of all puling sentimentalists, I am not ashamed to acknowledge myself an angler. I am an angler, but of a genus unknown to Dr. Johnson, and even to Patriarch Izaak Walton. I eschew and abominate all the rudimental, inane, and childish part of the sport—watching a floating cork, or bobbing from a chair in a punt, or tossing out minnows or gudgeons, or even basketing little finger trout. No—no,

"Around my steel no tortured worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line,"——

mine is scientific, exciting, absorbing, glorious, imperial salmocide! I am a *Salmon Fisher*.

And is not the *Salmo salar* a princely fish? View his symmetrical mould, uniting the utmost lightness of outline with great muscular strength. Behold his pearly tunic of rich silver tissue, shaded along the back, as it ought to be; with both cut and color beautiful and in the chastest taste. See his rapid but graceful movements in his own element, and consider how well his moral qualities harmonize with his physical advantages. He is, *par excellence*, a gentlemanly fish. How courageous—how adventurous—how abstinent—how faithful to his mate—how reckless of fatigue, and how persevering. He ascends the longest and most turbulent rivers to their distant sources—over-leaping dams and weirs, and shooting up formidable rapids and cataracts to fulfil the instincts of his nature. When deceived by the craft of man he is tempted to seize the simulated fly—poor fellow, he has tasted nothing stronger than water for a fortnight—with what velocity he darts across the stream, and what magnificent leaps he makes to get rid of the barbed torment within his jaws. Hark, how his fins whirr in air like the wings of a whole covey just flushed. What desperate efforts to escape. At length, when wearied and exhausted he is dragged to the shore, observe with what fortitude and resignation he meets his fate—noble-minded and gentle to the last—not fiercely

squinting at his captor with diabolic leer, nor biting his fingers in the last agony, like that finny blackguard—the Pike. Last, not least, consider, O consider the exquisite firmness and flavor of his pink and delicious flesh!

I am a Salmocide of old standing, for even when a little boy I was initiated, and before my second lustre had caught fish longer than myself. Vividly do I recollect the sensation that swelled my young heart when I beheld my first salmon gasping on the green sward.—Napoleon's feelings the morning after Austerlitz were as inferior to mine in point of ecstasy as of purity—Nor could Wellington's rival them on the evening of Waterloo. For a proper parallel we shall search through modern history in vain, and must go back to the heroic times. As I bestrode my shining prize the triumph was that of Achilles surveying the bleeding corpse of Hector!

Since that period, forty eventful years have elapsed, passed amid stirring scenes in all quarters, and many subdivisions of the globe. During this time I have had no lack of miscellaneous sensations. I have had the tea-cup, just raised to my lips, thrown down by one earthquake, and been awaked by the drumming of the bed-posts against the floor, as a civil warning from another. Half a dozen storms at sea have pitched the ship under me from one mountain wave to another like a football, and I have run the gauntlet (without running away), of some seven or eight terra firma engagements. Queer, in sober truth, was the virgin whistle of a musket-ball grazing my nose, and rather alarming the booming of a first cannon ball taking the same liberty with my head. Many a feast have I enjoyed, and, though never intemperate, have helped to finish some exquisite Magnums in my time. I have conversed with Napoleon and Wellington—though never yet with *Governor Fairfield*; kicked a bully, relieved a friend in distress, and saved some lives—I have confronted a buffalo, a bear, and a furious bull, and trod on a Cobra de Capello. I have hunted—positively, comparatively and superlatively—hares—jackals—foxes, and stags—shot grouse, partridge, pheasants, wild peacocks, and even a tiger—caught minnows, gudgeons, perch, pike, dace, bass, barbel, tench, carp, trout—mackerel, bonitos, cod-fish, dolphins, flying-fish, and sharks—and once bumped against a sleeping whale. But above each and all of the multifarious moods of mind, or delight of the senses, or agitation of the nerves, or effect in any way on the sensorium, agreeable or terrible, painful or pleasant, I have ever experienced—

“More than this, than these, than all,”

is beyond any comparison, the transporting thrill excited by the first rush of a thirty-pound salmon, when firmly hooked, and the hollows of the neighboring bank are busy in echoing the music of the “many sounding” reel!

I pray thee, most delectable reader, not to consider me, after the above confession, a fish of the most extraordinary oddity myself. Lest thou shouldst, I must now give thee a small spice of Natural History, and then go on steadily with my theme.

The *salmo salar* or common salmon, is found only in the northern hemisphere, and generally in the cold latitudes. In Europe the fish is not seen, I believe, south of the 45th degree; consequently never in

the Mediterranean nor any of its rivers. The North Polar regions abound with salmon. Commander Ross, on one occasion obtained a ton weight from the Esquimaux in exchange for a sailor's knife; and his men afterwards caught 3300 fish at one haul of the seine.

The shipping and steamboats have almost entirely banished these fish from the Hudson, as they had, long before, from the Thames. The same causes operate to a certain extent in the St. Lawrence; but the waters of that vast stream afford much more space for their movements; and when they meet an impediment of the above description they are not frightened so much as to turn back, but only swerve to one side and then proceed in their course.

Salmon begin to run up the St. Lawrence in April and May, but not in any considerable numbers till the middle of June; coasting along both shores on the look out for the mouths of the rivers where they have been bred, to which they almost invariably return. This remarkable local instinct has been lately satisfactorily established by actual experiment in some of the Duke of Sutherland's rivers in Scotland. A storm, or the pursuit of some of their natural enemies, may sometimes drive them into a strange river—like a ship forced into a hostile port by stress of weather—but, under ordinary circumstances they always return to their parent streams.

The majority of the St. Lawrence fish ascend the rivers of the north shore, which, in consequence of their mountain sources, are cooler, clearer, and more rapid than those on the south side. The deep and extraordinary Saguenay absorbs a great proportion of the largest salmon; but immense numbers pass Quebec annually on their way to the Ottawa and Lake Ontario.

The North shore of the great Canadian Estuary is in some places an interesting field for the researches of the Geologist as well as the Fisherman. At the falls of the Montmorenci, a little below Quebec, the river has cut through the junction of the Sienite with the superincumbent Limestone, and developed or illustrated not a few of the recondite secrets of the early history of Rocks. At Beauport, in the same neighborhood, enormous quantities of marine shells, in a state of remarkable preservation, the colors even yet perfect, are found imbedded in blue clay. Further down the North shore the country becomes more purely granitic and mountainous to the very edge of the St. Lawrence; the bold capes and headlands increasing in wildness and altitude until they are interrupted by the singular and enormous fissure through which the Saguenay runs. The waters of this great tributary, beneath a perpendicular bank from 6 to 900 feet high, and only a foot or two from the shore, are more than 1000 feet deep, and in some places unfathomable.

There are a number of good Salmon rivers below the Saguenay, but with them I am not acquainted. I have only fished the Malbaie River and another stream twenty miles lower down.

SALMON FISHING IN THE MALBAIE RIVER.

Ninety miles below Quebec, and nearly opposite Kamaraska on the South shore, the *Malbaie* river enters the St. Lawrence. After an impetuous mountain course of 200 miles it escapes through a gorge; tumbles down a granite rock, and then winds very prettily along a

cultivated valley, six or seven miles, until it meets the tide. There is a tolerable wooden bridge at its mouth, whose large abutments loaded with great boulders tell of the formidable floods that sometimes sweep down the valley. A respectable Church with its long tin roof, glittering spire, and at all elm or two, stands on an elevated point near the junction of the river with the St. Lawrence.

A quiet and moral population of 7 or 800 people inhabit this valley. Shortly after the conquest a number of Scotch soldiers obtained land and settled here; intermarrying with the Canadians, and leaving traces of their larger stature, and peculiar lineaments, which are still visible. In fact the cross seems to have improved the breed considerably; but the language of the military settlers have yielded to that of the more numerous class, and the whole community now speak French.

Notwithstanding several fish-traps and stake nets at the mouth of the river, a considerable number of salmon make their way up the stream, and as there is no obstacle of any consequence for the first six miles, they run at once to the Chute. Here they are generally obliged to make a halt; and if the water is high, to wait until it subsides; when they can leap up. Consequently at this point, and for two or three hundred yards below, the angler finds his principal sport.

In the latter end of June 183— my friend Major W——d of the 66th and myself set out from Montreal on a fishing expedition to the Malbaie river. We embarked in buoyant spirits, well provided with choice angling apparatus; and taking with us *materiel* for preserving the fish we anticipated catching,—spices, fine salt, and a large cask of vinegar; not forgetting an ample stock of provisions. A good natured American General with his Aid de Camp were our fellow passengers in the steamboat to Quebec. They were heretics of the utilitarian-school, and thought it not a little extraordinary that we should make so long a journey to catch fish that might be so easily obtained in the market.

On reaching Quebec we found to our great mortification the wind blowing up the river strong against us, and no steamboat running whither we were bound. We were, therefore, obliged to wait there three days, and then to take our passage in a miserable schooner from Kamaraska, the captain engaging to land us at our destination on the opposite shore. The voyage was extremely tedious and disagreeable, lasting four interminable days and nights, though the distance was only ninety miles. Moreover our lubberly skipper very nearly upset us half a dozen times by bad management, during the gale from the eastward that lasted the whole voyage. To add to our misfortunes, we were nearly starved as well as foundered; for our sea stock was laid in under the anticipation of a few hours voyage, and consisted only of a loaf, a quarter of cold lamb, and a bottle of wine. Thirty or forty dirty habitants from Kamaraska were on board, and occupied the limited space below; we were, therefore, obliged to wrap ourselves in our cloaks and bivouack under the "grande voile" on deck. This was all very well as long as the weather continued dry; but on the third day the rain came down in torrents—often extinguishing our cigars; but we took fresh ones, still maintained our ground on deck, and puffed away in hope of better times. Towards the end of our wretched voyage sheer hunger made us purchase some bad salt pork and sausages,

crammed with garlic, as our own barrels of provisions were hooped up, and if we broke bulk there might be a sorry account of them. At length, with beards like Jews, cold, wet, half-starved, and every way miserable, we reached the mouth of the Malbaie river, where we had bespoke lodgings at the house of a Canadian named Chaperon.

By a beneficent ordination our sense of present enjoyment is keen in proportion to the recollection of recent discomfort or distress: but I shall say nothing of the converse of this; having little to do with that branch of the subject at present. Dryden has condensed the idea into five words—

“Sweet is pleasure after pain.”

Indeed the sensations of my friend and myself, when at length we found ourselves clean and comfortable in M. Chaperon's pleasant parlor, were much to be envied. Sweet, very sweet was our shave, and our bath, and the feel of cool linen, and the sense of total renovation pervading our whole persons—but, shade of Apicius! how exquisite the Gunpowder and Pekoe tasted after rancid pork and garlic!

On our way from the shore we cast our hungry eyes on a salmon, just come in with the tide, that was floundering in a net. We incontinently licked our lips and purchased him. When we reached the house our servant handed the fish over to Madame Chaperon with instructions to broil it for our breakfast—not alive, but as near as might be. Our toilet being finished we drew the table to the window, into which a rose bush in full bloom was peering from a flower garden underneath. There, amidst the mixt aromata of flowers and fish, we commenced an attack on a pyramid of toast fit to form a new apex to that of Cheops—numerous dainty prints of fresh butter, some half gallon of thick cream, and a half a bushel of new laid eggs, which was kept up vigorously for a couple of hours.

On Monday morning, July 5th, we engaged a caleche with a good looking Canadian boy, named Louis Panet, to attend us on our daily visits to the *Chute*, about six miles distant. The road up the valley is very good, following the winding course of the river, and overhung on the other side by green globular hills, very steep in many places. These are covered with a thin soil which often after rain, peels off in large patches, carrying down trees, fences, flocks, and even the houses, in “hideous ruin and combustion” to the bottom. One of these *ebonlements* had fallen across our road lately, and the country people were still busy in clearing away the rubbish.

Having been on fishing trips here before two or three times, the first glance at the river assured me we should have good sport. Instantly our fishing rods were got ready, and taking old Jean Gross with us, an old habitan who had accompanied me on former occasions, we descended the steep bank, got into his crazy canoe, and were ferried across to the best part of the stream.

There was a huge granite boulder in the river as large as a middling house, in the wake of which I had formerly hooked many a fine fish. At the very first throw here I rose a large salmon; but although he appeared greedy enough he missed the fly. On these occasions—particularly so early in the season—the most experienced and best anglers will feel a slight palpitation arising from a struggle of opposite emotions—hope of success—doubt of failure, and uncertainty and

curiosity as to the size of the fish. Giving my friend time to resume the position at the bottom he had quitted, and to compose himself, I then threw the fly lightly over him, communicating to it that slight motion which imitates life. He instantly darted at the glittering deception, and I found him fast on my line. After half a moment's wonderment he dashed madly across the river, spinning out the line merrily and making the reel "discourse eloquent music." This fine fish did not stop in his career until nearly touching the opposite bank, when he turned, made another run for the middle, and then commenced a course of ten leaps a yard or two out of the water. This is a dangerous time, and here unskilful anglers most frequently lose their fish: for each leap requires a corresponding movement of the arms and body to preserve the proper tension of the line. In fact on these occasions a good angler should make a low *courtesy* to his fish. I played this active gentleman fully three quarters of an hour, when he gave up the contest and I gaffed and secured my prize—a beautiful male fish in fine season, weighing twenty-five pounds.

We continued our sport till mid-day, when it became too hot and clear. By this time my companion had caught a number of large salmon trout, and I had secured two more good salmon and several trout of the same description with most brilliant colors. We then crossed to the shady side and reposed ourselves. Having discovered a copious spring bubbling through the gravel, we enlarged it into a little well, into which we plumped our fish and some Hodson's Pale Ale; covering it with green boughs. We then picked strawberries for a dessert to our lunch, and afterwards enjoyed our cigars and talked over our morning exploits—

"Fronde sub arborea ferventia temperans astra."

When the shade of the high bank began to stretch across the river we resumed our sport, and returned to a late dinner, with our caleche literally full of fish. A goodly show they made as they covered two of Madame Chaperon's tables; the sum total being five salmon weighing 105 pounds, and 48 trout averaging three pounds a-piece.

Next morning after an early breakfast we started for the Chute; taking a tent with us, which we pitched on a knoll overlooking our fishing ground. It proved, however, more ornamental than useful; the banks being so umbrageous that we did not require it by day, and we always returned to our lodgings in the evening.

Nothing mundane is without its alloy. Our enjoyments were great, with one considerable drawback—the flies, those volar leeches that surrounded us; and notwithstanding our defence of camphorated oil smeared over our hands and faces, sucked our blood without compunction. A fly is considered a stupid creature notwithstanding his powers of observation; but our Malbaie mosquitoes were insects of great sagacity, for they appeared to watch their opportunity to take us at a disadvantage, and when they saw us occupied in playing a fish they made play too, and had fifty spears in our skins in half a minute. The little insidious black wretches also, who gave no warning, like the more honest mosquito, these crawled about our necks and up our sleeves, tracking their way with blood.

Another plague that annoyed us not a little, was the ill-manners of the dogs along the road from M. Chaperon's to the scene of our sport.

Twice a day had we to sustain a continued attack, each cur when he had barked himself hoarse handing us over to his neighbor. Horses in Canada are so accustomed to this that they pay little attention to yelping, unless some brute more savage than the rest attempts to seize them by the nose, when they get frightened and may run away. Once or twice we observed our sagacious little horse looking a little bothered at the assaults of one fierce brute, who must have had a cross of the bull-dog in him.

This was a black and shaggy cur of great size, whose wont was to dart at once at the poor horse's mouth. We had often flogged him severely, but he did not mind it the least, being protected by his thick woolly hair. One day I put a long handle in my salmon gaff for his express use, and when the savage darted at us, I watched my opportunity and hooked him by the side. Louis whipped his horse, who by his movements appeared to enjoy the punishment of his enemy. Away we went at a rapid rate, the dog yelling hideously, and the *habitans* running out of their houses at the noise, and holding up their hands in astonishment. After a little we stopped and I shook him off, apparently not much the worse for the discipline he had received. Next morning in going to our sport we saw him at the door of his own house; and certainly no punishment could ever have a better effect. As soon as the brute recognized us he put his long tail between his legs and limped into the house, as mute as a fish, and never annoyed us again.

During our second day's fishing I had a little adventure which was not unattended with danger, though such was the excitement of the moment that I was scarcely conscious of it. Having observed a large salmon rising at a fly in the middle of the river, I got into the canoe and made old Jean Gross pole me out to the spot, kneeling, as we both always were obliged to do, for fear of upsetting the little unmanageable craft. I soon hooked the fish, and making my Charon stick his pole firmly into the bottom we brought our tiny vessel athwart it, kept our position against the force of the current which here ran very strong, and having a fine range of the open stream, I played the fish for half an hour until quite reduced to subjection. I then desired M. Jean to weigh anchor and push for a shelving sandy bank where we had been accustomed to gaff our salmon. In pulling up the pole, which was shod with iron, the old man by some inexplicable awkwardness lost his hold of it—away the rapid stream bore us, whilst the long pole was left standing perpendicularly out of the water, shaking its head at us still very ominously.

Jean Gross' shoulders elevated themselves to his ears instantly, and his wizened and corrugated face was elongated some three or four inches to the obliteration of manifold wrinkles that adorned it. It was irresistibly comic, and I could not help a loud laugh, though it was no joke. We had no paddle nor any thing else to assist us on board, and were running at six knots an hour towards the very jaws of a very dangerous rapid. My old friend after his first astonishment uttered an indecent oath like a veritable French Colonist; then apparently resigning himself to his fate, became paralyzed with fear and began to mumble a prayer to some favorite Saint. In the meantime some good-natured *habitans* who had been watching us playing the

salmon, ran down the shore parallel with us when they saw us drifting down, flinging out to us every stick they met for the chance of our catching it and using it as a paddle. All this time the salmon remained on the line, and my large rod occupied one hand entirely and prevented much exertion in stretching for the floating timber. As for abandoning either fish or rod it was not to be thought of for a moment. Once the canoe and all were nearly over in a great effort I made to get hold of a piece of board. At last success attended my endeavors, and the first employment of the prize was the conferring a good sound thwack on Jean Gross' shoulders, accompanied with—"Ramez !—s——e ! ramez !" The effect was electrical—the old fellow seized the board and began to paddle vigorously, steering, as we approached an island, down the smaller branch where the rapid could be passed with safety. By great good luck our co-voyageur in the water took the same channel ; and down the stream we all three went merrily for half a mile. The rapid ended at a deep and quiet hole where the fish was soon gaffed ; and after a little rest, and a *coup* of brandy to the old man notwithstanding his delinquencies, he placed the canoe on his shoulders, I carried the fish, and we returned by the bank.

The practicability of passing the smaller rapid being thus established, W——d, two or three days after, having hooked a large salmon, and not being able to prevent it from going down, guided it in the canoe through the same branch of the river ; but, unfortunately the line caught in a large rock near the bottom, and the fish broke off.

We spent a delightful fortnight at Malbaie—killing many fine salmon and a great number of magnificent trout, whilst we employed our servant when we were fishing in pickling, smoking, or salting them. But the season became dry—the river fell, and the fish ceased to run in any considerable numbers. Towards the end of July we struck our tent, embarked in a large boat and proceeded twenty miles down the north shore of the St. Lawrence, with the intention of exploring a small salmon stream called "Riviere Noire," which it was said had never been fished.

It was a fine afternoon when we left Malbaie—the river was calm, and the white porpoises, those unwieldy looking creatures, were tumbling about in all directions. We had guns, and tried a few shots without effect—the balls *ricocheting* off their smooth and oily skins whenever they struck them. As it approached sunset our boatmen, who were French Canadians, began a quartetto—by no means inharmonious, though the voices were rough enough—and kept it up with great spirit nearly all the rest of the voyage. At midnight we arrived at the mouth of the river, where we found a fine dry sandy beach, with a line of creamy surf rippling gently against it, in a wild and uninhabited country. We landed, found plenty of wood to kindle a large fire ; ate our supper, which we shared with our voyageurs, for which they gave us another song under the exhilarating effect of a *coup* or two of brandy. We then wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, looked out for a soft stone for a pillow, placed our guns by our sides, put our feet to the fire, and soon fell asleep.

The morning sun awoke us : we started up, and took a refreshing swim in the salt water, whilst our attendants were getting breakfast ready. When the meal was over we prepared our rods and set out to

reconnoitre the stream, the banks of which were covered with almost impenetrable jungle, but after great exertions we explored to the distance of three or four miles, but got little for our pains. The river, as far as we could reach, was a continuous succession of rapids and falls from one enormous granite rock to another. We saw some fish in the holes, but the water being too low we only caught two small ones.

On our return we disturbed a huge bear, who was busily employed in tearing up a large rotten pine to get at a colony of ants that inhabited it. We stopped, and so did he, looking as sulky as any Christian at being interrupted in his meal. Having rather unwisely left our guns in the boat, and our fishing rods not being adapted to make much impression on this veritable *Ursa major*, we could only stare and shout at him and bid him go about his business, trusting to the well-known effect of the human voice and eye on the inferior creation. Probably our shaggy friend would have been proof against their power if he had not tolerably satisfied his hunger: however, he looked at us savagely enough for a minute or so, and then turned away with a growl, leaving us to follow our course.

Next day we returned to Chaperon's, and the following morning revisited the Chute. We found that a fresh batch of fine trout had made their way up the river, low as it was, which afforded us capital sport, rising greedily at our salmon flies, and very lively and strong on the line, but we could see no salmon until late in the evening, when we noticed a very large one sucking in some small flies in the middle of the stream. We both covered him, endeavoring to tempt his palate by various flies resembling those on the water, using at the same time a single gut casting line, but all in vain. At last, just before starting for home, I tried one more cast over him—he rose like a young whale, and I found myself fast, and, considering the slender tackle, I much feared that he would prove a Tartar. Great was the—

“———— certaminis gaudium”

of my contest with that fish, and many, many apprehensions had we of the result. But the staunch O'Shaughnessy kept its hold, and the tenacious gut, assisted by an admirable rod, failed not. Finally, after a glorious struggle for an hour and a quarter, this magnificent fish lay gasping on the sand. It weighed 28 French pounds, or about 31 English.

On the 3d of August we returned to Quebec with two large barrels of fish for distribution amongst our friends; and I guess, if our utilitarian Yankee acquaintances had met us then we should have been less the objects of their derision.

[The Albion.]

PISCATOR.

FOOD FOR HORSES.—A practice is becoming general in Silesia of feeding horses with bread, made by taking equal quantities of oat and rye meal, mixing it with leaven or yeast, and adding one-third of the quantity of boiled potatoes. To each horse is given 12lbs. per day, in rations of 4lbs. each. The bread is cut into small pieces, and mixed with a little moistened cut straw. It is stated, that by this means there is a saving in feeding 7 horses of 49 bushels of oats in 24 days, while the horses perform their common labor, and are much better in look, health, and disposition.

THE LATE MATCH IN VIRGINIA.

We give place to the annexed letter of a Correspondent, referring to the great match between Boston and Portsmouth, instead of some remarks of our own. It is undoubtedly the most important event that has occurred in the Atlantic States, since John Bascombe and Post Boy ran on Long Island,—if we regard the character of the competitors, the amount risked upon the result, or the interest excited by the race. Our Correspondent writes warmly, but expresses the feelings of a good number of gentlemen, by whom we have heard the match discussed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TURF REGISTER :

Sir:—My heart is so full of the subject that I can but exclaim—"How has the campaign opened in Virginia?" *Boston*, the victor in countless fields, the winner of laurels on every course from Newmarket to Long Island, yields at last on his own ground to the young *Luzborough*! Who dared to anticipate this result? Surely not I, Mr. Editor, for though I have not been without my doubts as to the unflinching game of *Boston* since I have heard of his great struggle with *Duane*, on the Hoboken Course, yet, sir, I did believe him too fleet for the fleetest.

I cannot forbear expressing my feelings, if you will allow me, as to the propriety of matching this horse in a race at any distance save his own four miles. The character of my horse I would watch over with as much solicitude as my own,—after he had once achieved a reputation, he should not be allowed to start in a race in which the honor of victory, should he win, would not be as ample, as would defeat be humiliating. Now, what had *Boston* to gain in a contest with *Portsmouth*, at two miles, or in a contest with any horse at that distance? Were there any doubts as to the speed of this worthy son of a noble sire? Had any question been raised as to the fact, whether he had run four miles on Long Island in 7:40,—three miles in 5:36, and the first and third miles of that four mile race in 3:42½? Had that rate of speed been paralleled in America in fifteen years, and if not, why risk the reputation of a horse that had never started but he won,* and that at distances which with us stamp the character of a race-horse? Why risk his hard won honors by running him two mile heats? Had *Boston* beaten *Portsmouth* out of sight at Newmarket, it would not have added a cent to his value in my estimation, while the prestige of his great name, the invincible four miler, is now gone.—"His best play was his speed, and yet *Portsmouth* has fairly out-footed him,"—this is what will now be said of the champion of 1838.

I write warmly, because I write for the honor of a worthy champion of the South—a worthy champion of our Native stock. It is too late to deny to the Imported stock and the get of Imported stock, extraordinary success as sweepstake colts. The names of *Portsmouth*, of *Altorf*, of *Picton*, of *Steel*, of *Bee's-wing*, and of a host of others, are familiar in all mouths; but I am yet sceptical as to their ability to cope with our Native stock at the long distances. True, there

* *Boston* lost his first race—a colt's stake—by bolting when a-head, since which he has never been ridden with spurs.—*Editor A. T. R.*

have been many winners of four mile purses in the South and West, got by Imported horses; but I fearlessly assert that from the choice of mares which these horses have now so long had, they have made no corresponding show on the Turf. Look to the time made the three past years at four miles, and tell me if the get of Timoleon, of Sir Charles, of Andrew, of Henry, of Eclipse, and of old Bertrand, suffer when compared in the mere point of speed, with the fast Leviathans and Luzboroughs, the Fyldes and Hedgefords? Why, Sir, I can name four mares who have appeared of late years on the Virginia and Northern Courses, all the get of Sir Charles, whose performances for speed and stoutness please me more than the record of all the races of all the Imported stock. I allude to Trifle, and her sister, Charlotte Russe, Mary Blunt, and Fanny Wyatt. Seven forty-nine in a second heat was a pastime for the first-named mare, the nonpareil of the Turf, and Fanny Wyatt contested every heat of the great race on Long Island, in which the brag of the Imported horses won the first heat, though he lost the race. I name these mares because they have been especial favorites of mine in their running, and because I admire the noble but unfortunate courser from whose loins they sprung, and not because I find in their performances proofs of a greater speed than have been afforded by the get of others of the Native stock which I have named.

But I have allowed myself to digress from the point on which alone I thought of writing you—the race of Boston and Portsmouth, which has just terminated. Though I have reason to regret the result of that race, and though I have all along believed that the match was injudicious on the part of the owners of Boston, and hazardous to the reputation of the horse, yet I trust I am cool enough to discuss the race with temper, and with justice to Portsmouth, who so fully justified the expectation and confidence of his friends. And can you for a moment believe, Mr. Editor, that Boston was himself in this race? Three fifty and three forty-eight is certainly fast time for the course, but that the condition of the track was surpassingly fine I think is shown by the race that *Rocker* made over the same track the day afterwards, when he ran the second heat in 3:46½, beating Willis and Tom Walker, who were both well up. This convinces me that the track was in the best possible condition for quick time; the day itself was most propitious, and I will not then believe that Boston had his foot, when he could not get up to the colt in a race several seconds slower than he had before ran in his four mile races.

If my notions should agree with yours, Mr. Editor, I hope you will write one line to stay the exultation of the Luzborough party, and the tide of public sentiment which, strangely enough, has caught the infection from this defeat, and seems to overlook a long career of brilliant races in contemplating the result of this one.

Yours,

LOUDON.

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK.

In placing upon record in the pages of this Magazine, the following sales of stock, within the last few months, it is proper to state that the Editor has not, in all cases, been apprised of the facts by the parties to the transactions themselves, and therefore it is not impossible that an inconsiderable error may have occasionally crept in. He has the authority, however, of gentlemen of responsibility, in every case, and so general a desire has been expressed that these sales should be published in this work, that he trusts, should any inaccuracies occur, they will be attributed to the proper cause—the want of accurate information by correspondents. The prices at which fashionably bred running stock has sold recently, affords to breeders the most gratifying inducement to persevere in the good work; and when the fact is considered that new race courses are being established in every direction, it must be perceptible that the demand for thorough bred must continue to increase; as the country is recovering from the monetary difficulties which have depressed its energies so long, it is fair to suppose that there will be a corresponding increase in the prices of stock, and it is well known that the supply is quite inadequate to the demand.

J. C. Rogers, Esq. of Raleigh, N. C., has sold a b. f. by Mons. Tonson out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 2 yrs. to Col. Johnson and Williamson & Townes, of Va., for \$3000, retaining an interest of one-fourth in her engagements.

Maj. N. T. Green, of Warrenton, N. C., has sold his brood mare *Aggy-down* by Timoleon, dam by Janus, to P. A. PRINDLE, Esq., of Va., for \$1500, retaining an interest of one-fourth in her produce this season, which is nominated in the Peyton Stake.

James G. McKinney, Esq. of Lexington, Ky., has sold *Hawk-eye* by Sir Lovel out of Pressure's dam by Sir William, 3 yrs. to Messrs. Bradley & Steele, for \$3000.

Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, of Hicksford, Va., who paid Col. Hampton of S. C., \$6000 for his imported filly *The Queen*, at 2 yrs. old, recently sold her for \$8000 to a gentleman of Columbia, but subsequently repurchased her, and refused that amount in cash. It is now understood that Messrs. J. C. Rogers and Dr. Geo. Goodwyn, have an interest in her: she is 3 yrs. old, by Priam out of Delphine by Whisker, and own sister to *Monarch*, for whom Col. Hampton refused \$20,000 at the late Charleston races; Col. H. has also imported Delphine, who recently dropped a filly by the great Plenipo, which is nominated in the Peyton Stake. Dr. Merritt has refused \$5,600 for his colt *Chevalier* by imp. Luzborough out of Lady Lagrange.

G. Tarry, Esq. of Mecklenburg Co., Va., has sold *Attaghan* by imp. Fylde dam by Washington, 4 yrs. for \$1000.

James Jackson, Esq. of Florence, Ala., has sold a sucking colt by imp. Glencoe out of Pickle, (own sister to Mango, Preserve, etc.) by Emilius out of Mustard, to Mr. C. C. S. Farrar, of St. Francisville, La., for \$3000!

Dr. Robt. Wm. Withers has sold *Henrietta*, by Bertrand dam by Whip, 4 yrs. to Gen. Green of Texas, for \$2000.

Mr. R. H. Long, of Columbus, Miss., has sold *Likeness*, (imported by A. J. Davie, Esq.) by Sir Peter Lely dam by Worthless, 4 yrs., to Thomas Reeve, Esq. of Miss., for \$6,500.

Col. W. C. Beatty, of Yorkville, S. C., has sold *Almyra*, by Eclipse dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs., to Major John Gist, of Union, S. C., for \$4,800.

Dr. George Goodwyn, of Belfield, Va., has sold *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles out of Polly Peachem, (the dam of Portsmouth) by John Richards, 4 yrs., to Mr. Lewis Lovell, (Hammond's partner) of Augusta, Ga., for \$2000.

Wm. L. Alexander, of Hartsville, Tenn., has sold *Betsey Alexander*, by Jefferson dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 5 yrs., to Tunstall & Noland, of Batesville, Arks., for \$1500.

The same gentleman has sold the following stock to Messrs. Hugh Blevins and Samuel Gray, of Hempstead Co., Arks., for \$4000 cash;—*Eudora*, by Jefferson dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.—B. c. by Jefferson out of Old Git, 3 yrs.—B. c. by Jefferson, dam by Champion, 2 yrs, and B. c. by Jefferson dam by Bagdad, 2 yrs.

Duke W. Sumner, Esq. of near Nashville, Tenn., has sold *John Howard* by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 2 yrs. for \$2,000, and *Cinderella*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet, 2 yrs, for \$1500—both to Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., of Macon, Marenco Co., Ala.

Y. N. Oliver & Co. of New Orleans and Louisville, have sold an interest of one-half in the young stallion *Birmingham*, by Stockholder out of Black Sophia (Bee's-wing's dam,) by Topgallant, to Messrs. Throckmorton and Prestbury, of the latter city, for \$4000.

Gen. C. Irvine of Philadelphia, is understood to have sold an interest of one half in his splendid stallion, *Mingo*, by Eclipse out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, to Mr. George E. Blackburn, of Versailles, Ky. for \$12,000. It is within the Editor's knowledge that an offer from another gentleman of Ky. of \$5000 for an interest of one-fourth was declined.

Hon. Balie Peyton, of New Orleans, has sold a bay filly by Henry [query, Sir Henry Tonson ?] out of Lady Burton, by Sir Archy, to Charles Lewis, Esq. of Gallatin, Tenn., at a high figure. Lady B. died recently at Mr. P.'s farm in Tenn., at the advanced age of 25 years; she produced nineteen foals.

Capt. John Eubank, of Stonesville, Va., has sold an interest of one-third in *Steel*, by imp. Fylde out of the dam of Sally Eubank, by Constitution, 5 yrs., to Messrs. Townes and Williamson, of Va.

Mr. Thomas A. Pankey, of Franklin, Tenn., has sold the following lot to Mr. Geo. B. Long of Hopkinsville, Ky.,—Br. c. by Pacific, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs.—Br. c. by Stockholder, out of the same mare, 3 yrs., and *Mary Mott* by Merlin, out of Pete Whetstone's dam, 4 yrs.

John L. & G. B. Long, of Ky., have sold old *Stockholder* for \$4,000.

W. Ruffin Barrow, Esq., of St. Francisville, La., has sold *Dick Haile*, by Sir Charles, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs., to Maurice E. Boyles, of Lagrange, Tenn., for \$600. Boyles has also purchased old *Rattler*, by Sir Archy, dam by imp. Robin Redbreast, of Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn, of Mobile, have sold an interest of one-half in their five imp. fillies, all 3 yr. olds, to Capt. D. Stephenson of that city. Messrs. Duncan & Withers of Ala., have sold the same gentleman an interest of one-half in *Object*, (the dam of Linnet, Wren, Thrush, etc.), and her two youngest foals. Mr. Bosley, of Nashville, also sold Capt. S. a b. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard, 2 yrs. for \$1,000.

Thomas Flintoff, of Tenn., has sold *Partridge*, an imp. yearling filly, by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton, to Minor Kenner, Esq., of New Orleans, for \$1,000 cash.

Messrs. Greer & Simmons have sold *Henry Bynum* by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 3 years old, to Mr. Smith of Texas, for \$1,500.

James K. Duke, Esq., of Scott Co., Ky., has sold the following stock to Messrs. Isaac M. Dawson and Thomas Dowling, of Vigo Co., Indiana:—B. m. by Doublehead, dam by imp. Buzzard, and a 3 yr. old filly by Singleton, a 2 yr. old filly by imp. Sarpedon, and a yearling filly by John Richards, all out of the same mare.

Col. George Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., has sold an interest of one-half in a b. c. by Birmingham, dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 2 yrs., to Mr. Simpson of that place for \$900.

Mr. Liles E. Abernathy, of Pulaski, Tenn., has sold his brood mare *Caty Louis* (by Constitution, dam by Shylock), and her yearling colt, to Mr. John J. Davis, of Maury Co., for \$1,000.

Messrs. Wm. McCargo and John S. Corbin, of Va., have sold *Altorf*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Countess Plater, by Virginian, 4 yrs. to John Campbell & Co., of New Orleans, for \$10,000. Mr. Cheatham has since sold his interest (one-half) in him to Mr. Abner Robinson, of that city for \$3,000.

Josias Chambers, Esq., of Alexandria, La., has sold *Billy Read*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Dare-devil, 4 yrs., to Ed. V. Davis, Esq., of Opelousas, La., for \$800.

Francis Henderson, Esq., of Alexandria, La., has sold *Seagul*, by Seagul, dam by Moses, 6 yrs., to J. White, Esq. of the same place, for \$1000. Mr. H. has also sold *Saladin*, by Pacific, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs., to Mr. F. Mitchell, of Natchitoches, La., for \$1000.

J. W. T. Lorimer, Esq., of Tallahassee, Flo., has sold *Junper*, by Timoleon, dam by Herod, 6 yrs., to Messrs. Hawse & Wilder, of Quincy, in the same Territory

John Morrison, Esq. of Augusta, Ga., has sold *Maj. Jones*, by Andrew out of the dam of Vertumnus, 4 yrs., and *Jim Kearney*, by Medley out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs., both geldings, to Col. James J. Pittman, of Marianna, Flo., for \$2,200. Mr. M. has also sold *Pennoyer*, by Henry out of Ariel by Eclipse, 5 yrs., to Dr. James Leveritch, of Augusta, Ga., for \$3000, and *Gano*, by Eclipse out of Betsey Richards by Sir Archy, 3 yrs., to Mr. James W. Palmer, of the same city, for \$2000; Mr. P. has since refused \$5000 for him.

Col. Robt. Smith, of Murfreesboro', Tenn., has sold *Lavinia*, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs., and *Lizzy Diggs*, by the same horse out of an Oscar mare, 4 yrs., to Mr. B. M. Grissett, of Autanga Co., Ala., for \$6000.

Mr. Alfred Conover, of Long Island, has sold the brood mare *Grass-*

hopper, (the dam of John R.) by imp. Roman out of Garland (Post Boy's dam) by Duroc, to Josiah Wm. Ware, Esq. of Berryville, Va.

Hamilton Wilkes, Esq., of this city, has sold *Viceroy*, by Eclipse out of Saluda by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., (own brother to Dr. Syntax,) to John T. Lamar, Esq., of Macon, Ga. Mr. John McComb, of Long Island, has also sold to the same gentleman, *Reindeer* (own brother to Alice Grey,) by Henry out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, 8 yrs.

Maj. W. Hopkins, of S. C., has sold *Bel Tracy* by Crusader with a filly at her foot (called *Neva*) by imp. Rowton, and stinted to imp. Non-plus, to Messrs. R. J. & J. M. Gage, and Dr. R. A. Nott, of the same State; also, to the same gentlemen, *Amigo* by Crusader with a filly foal at foot by imp. Rowton (since dead) and stinted to imp. Emancipation.

Mr. Van Leer, the agent of the Messrs. Stevens, of this city, (now on his way to Tennessee with a long string of fashionably bred stock for sale) has sold *Seminole*, by Eclipse out of Celeste by Henry, 3 yrs., to Messrs. Palmer and Leveritch, of Augusta, Ga., for \$1500. Van Leer also sold *Equinox*, by Gohanna out of Janette, (Fordham's dam) own sister to Sir Charles, 2 yrs., to Powell McRa, Esq., of Manchester, S. C., for \$1600.

Robert Tillotson, Esq., of this city, has refused \$10,000 for *Post Boy*, by Henry out of Garland by Duroc, now standing at Murfreesboro', Tenn.

Dr. Joshua Clements, of Dayton, with a few friends, have purchased the fine young stallion *Washington*, by Timoleon out of Ariadne by Citizen, with the truly praiseworthy view of improving the breed of stock in that section of Ohio.

Mr. James M. Beall, of Russellville, Ky., has purchased *Brilliant*, by Sir Archy out of Bet Bounce, Arab's dam, 12 yrs, for \$2000.

Walker Thurston, of Ky., has sold *Maria Duke*, by Medoc out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 4 yrs., to Dr. Ira Smith, of St. Francisville, La., for \$4,000.

Mr. John G. Winter, of Augusta, Ga., has sold *Ariel*, own sister to O'Kelly and Lance, to Col. Bullock, of Tarboro', N. C., for \$1000.

J. S. Berryman, Esq., of Ky., has sold *Webster*, by Medoc out of Sthreshly's dam, by Paragon, 2 yrs., to Mr. John G. Perry, of St. Francisville, La., for \$2000. Mr. B. has also sold *Ellen Ferguson*, by Medoc out of Emily Melton by John Henry, 2 yrs., and a Ch. f. by Medoc out of Mary Sthreshly by John Henry, yearling, to Joseph W. Tucker, Esq., of Thibeaudeauxville, La.

Thos. J. Wells, Esq., of Alexandria, has sold *George Elliott*, by imp. Leviathan dam by Lawrence, 4 yrs., to Hugh Carlin, Esq., of Cheneyville, La., for \$1000.

Fergus Duplantier, Esq., of Baton Rouge, La., has sold *Dandy*, a gelding by Candidate, out of Sally Harvey, 4 yrs., to Mr. Rosseau for \$1000.

James Shy, of Ky., has sold *Curculia*, by Medoc out of a Sumpter mare, 4 yrs., to John F. Miller, Esq., for \$4000.

Mr. James B. Kendall, of Baltimore, has sold *Molineria*, by Medley out of Algerina by Jones' Arabian, 6 yrs., and a Br. c. by Sussex, out of the dam of Miss Phillips, 4 yrs., to Hon. Albert G. Harrison, of Missouri, for \$1500 each.

In our last Number, mention was made of the recent Importations from England; drafts from several of them have been sold at auction at good prices, (when the character of the horses are considered) which are annexed:—

Mr. Porcher sold on the Washington Course at Charleston, S. C., on the 22d Feb., the following lots, imported in the ship "China:"—*Portland*, ch. h. by Recovery, out of Caifacaratadaddera by Walton, 5 yrs., to Col. P. Fitzsimons, of Ga., for \$850. *Bay Filly*, by Mulatto, out of Olinda, by The Colonel, 1 yr., to P. McRa, Esq., of S. C., for \$680. *Brown Filly*, by St. Nicholas out of Mysinda by Lottery, 3 yrs., to Col. Fitzsimons, for \$800. *Rosolia*, ch. g., by Vanish, out of Roseleaf by Whisker, 3 yrs., to Col. W. Hampton, for \$280. *Black Colt*, by Cain or Actæon, out of Panthea by Comus or Blacklock, yearling, to G. W. Polk, Esq., of Tenn., for \$780. *Brown Mare*, by Mambrino out of Clinkerina by Clinker, 5 yrs., to W. J. Taylor, Esq., for \$700. *Grey Mare*, by Velocipede, dam by Minos, in foal to The Saddler, to Col. Fitzsimmons, for \$725. *Brown Filly*, by Bay Walton, dam by Whisker, 2 yrs, to Col. T. Pinckney, of S. C., for \$320.

At Tattersalls, New Orleans, the following lots imported in the ship "Henrietta," were sold on the 19th April:—*Bay Filly*, by Trumpator out of Ringdove by Bobadil, yearling, to Fergus Duplantier, Esq., for \$200; *Black Mare*, by Olympus out of Proserpine by Rhadamanthus, 5 yrs., to James Porter, Esq., for \$560; *Bay Colt*, by Zinganee or Priam out of Weeper's dam by Cervantes, 3 yrs., to Richard H. Haile, Esq., for \$340; *Brown Mare*, by Revenue out of Eliza by Filho da Puta, in foal to Worlabay Baylock, to Hon. Alex. Barrow, for \$475; *Bay Filly*, by Tramp out of Petuaria (the dam of Bamfylde Carew) by Rainbow, 4 yrs., to F. Duplantier, Esq., for \$305; a *Roan Bull*, yearling, by Hector out of Avelina by Norfolk, to Minor Kenner, Esq., for \$220; a *White Bull*, 3 yrs., by Swiss out of Augusta by Ambo, to Mr. Bruce, for \$175; a *Roan Bull*, half bred, 3 yrs., to Mr. Waggaman, for \$225.

The following lots, imported into Charleston, S. C., by Mr. Fryer, of Columbia, have been disposed of at private sale:—*Bay Colt*, by Sorcerer out of Minnow by Filho da Puta, to Capt. Donald Rowe, of Orangeburgh. *Chesnut Filly* by Priam dam by Velocipede, to Gov. Butler, of Columbia. *Bay Filly*, by Emilius out of Minerva by Merlin, to Gen. Jas. H. Adams, of the same city. *B. m. Sarah*, by Sarpedon out of Frolicsome by Frolic, with a colt by Dr. Syntax, to Mr. Sutton, of Charleston.

A WORD FOR THE DUMB CREATION.—If you keep dogs, let them have free access to water, and, if practicable, take them out occasionally into the fields, and let them have an opportunity of swimming whenever you have the chance. If you keep birds, do not, as is too commonly practised, expose them in their cages to a hot sun: it is a cruel and a fatal mistake. If you do expose them out of doors, cover the top of their cages with a piece of carpet, or, which is better, a green sod, or abundance of leaves.

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

(Resumed from page 96.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA. ECLIPSE COURSE, *Concluded.*

MONDAY, Dec. 10, 1838.—Proprietor's Purse \$600, conditions as on Tuesday, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Capt. W. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific—Sumner's Matilda by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 y. 1 1 1
 J. S. Garrison's b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand—Oscarina by Tennessee Oscar, 4 yrs. 2 2 2
 W. R. & B. H. Barrow's b. c. *Dick Haile*, by Sir Charles, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 1:57—1:54—1:57.

TUESDAY, Dec. 11—Proprietor's Purse \$1000, conditions as on Tuesday, Three mile heats.
 H. A. Tayloe's imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs. 1 1
 W. R. Barrow's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs. 2 2
 James S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs. dist.
 Time, 5:55—5:59.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., METARIE COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 12, 1838—Match, \$2500 aside, h. ft. Weight for age. Four mile heats.
 Greer & Simmons' b. c. *Henry Bynum*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. 2 1
 Maj. Thos. J. Wells' bl. f. *Extant*,* by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Refugee by Wanderer, 3 yrs. 1 dr
 Time, 8:41. * Extant let down on last quarter of 1st heat.

THURSDAY, Dec. 13—Match, \$5000 aside, h. ft. Weight for age. Four mile heats.
 Maj. T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan—Black Sophia by Topgallant, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Greer & Simmons' ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 8:15—8:37.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Eight subs. at \$500 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan—Techehama by Bertrand. 1 1
 W. R. Barrow's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Arthur. 3 2
 C. C. S. Farrar's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon. 2 3
 Greer & Simmons' b. c. by Pacific, dam by Clay's Sir William. dist.
 Time, 1:56—2:02.

FRIDAY, Dec. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$500, ent. 10 per cent., free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific—Matilda, by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs. 3 2
 Col. Bingham's (J. Routh's) Imp. ch. f. *Matilda*, by Merchant, d. by Cervantes, 3 yrs. 2 3
 J. F. Miller's (Jas. Shy's) f. *Barbara Allan*, by Collier—Lady Jackson by Sumpter, 3 yrs. 4 dist.
 Time, 1:54—1:53.

SAME DAY—Second Race—J. C. Purse \$750, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 Thos. J. Wells' Imp. ch. f. *Chnk*, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Oiseau, 3 yrs. 3 3 2
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles—Lady Amelia by Imp. Magic, 5 y. 1 2 3
 Time, 3:57—3:53—3:58.

SATURDAY, Dec. 15—J. C. Purse \$2000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, d. by Smolensko, 4 yrs. 2 3 1 1
 D. Stephenson's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs. 3 1 2 2
 J. S. Garrison's (Mr. Harrison's) b. c. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 1 2 3 dr
 Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 4 dist.
 Time, 7:52—7:55—8:04—8:27.

FIFTH DAY, Dec. 16—J. C. Purse, \$1200, conditions as before. Three mile heats

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's Imp. b. f. *Britannia*, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrew, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's b. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 5:53—5:54.

MONDAY, Dec. 17—Proprietor's Purse \$700, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 Wm. J. Minor's (John Routh's) Imp. b. f. *Marchesa*, by Tramp, out of Marchesa (sister to My Lady, Jereed's dam,) by Comus, 3 yrs. 2 2 2
 Minor Kenner's b. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs. 3 dist.
 Time, 1:53—1:51—1:54.

TUESDAY, Dec. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs. 1 1
 W. R. Barrow's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs. 2 dr
 Time, 6:03.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., LOUISIANA COURSE.

TUESDAY, Dec. 25, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, catch weights. Four subs. at \$500 each, \$200 ft. Mile heats,

Col. A. L. Bingham's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Tachehama by Bertrand. rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Creole Purse \$500, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's ch. g. *Dandy*, by Candidate, out of Sally Harvey, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Henry A. Tayloe's ch. m. *Southerner*, by Candidate, dam by —, 5 yrs. 3 2
 J. F. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, by Napoleon, dam by Jerry, 3 yrs. 2 3
 Time, 1:56—1:52.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$100, ent. \$25, free for all horses, weights as before, Mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. c. <i>Kleber</i> , by Bertrand—Oscarina by Tenn. Oscar, 4 yrs.....	0	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's (M. E. Boyles') ch. c. <i>Dick Haile</i> , by Sir Charles, d. by Mons. Tonson, 4 y	0	2	dr.
F. Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Maid of Orleans</i> by Little Red, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	3		dist.

Time, 1:54—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26—Proprietors' Purse \$250 ent. \$25, conditions as before, Mile heats.

F. Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's (Greer & Simmons') ch. f. <i>Willina Herndon</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:00—2:05.

THURSDAY, Dec. 27—J. C. Purse, \$1000, ent. \$100, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. f. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... walked over.

FRIDAY, Dec. 28—J. C. Purse \$1800, of which the second best will receive \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

T. J. Wells' ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, Black Sophia by Top-gallant, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. <i>Pacolet</i> , by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	3	2
H. A. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>Pactolus</i> , by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 5:53—5:49.

SATURDAY, Dec. 29—New Orleans Plate, value \$1000, ent. \$200, free for all ages, 4 yr. olds and under carrying their appropriate weights, 5 yrs. and upwards, 100lbs. Two mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's b. m. <i>Glorvina</i> , by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs.....	1	1
John S. Miller's (Col. Bingham's) ch. f. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....		2 dr.

Time, 4:19.

SIXTH DAY, Dec. 30—Proprietors' Purse \$600, ent. \$60, for all ages, weights as on Tuesday, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

T. J. Wells' ch. c. <i>The Poney</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	4	4	1	1	1
M. Kenner's gr. f. <i>The Jewess</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	1	1	0	3	2
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. <i>Charles Magic</i> , by Sir Charles—Lady Amelia, 5 yrs.....	2	2	0	2	3
F. Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3	2		dist.

Time, 2:04—2:02—1:59—2:09—1:59.

MONDAY, Dec. 31—J. C. Purse \$2500, \$500 of which is to go to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$2000; conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	1	2	1
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2

Time, 8:13—8:10—8:10.

TUESDAY, Jan. 1, 1839—Match, \$500 a-side, catch weights, Mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 2 yrs.....	1	1
G. Arnault's ch. m. by Candidate, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 2:01—2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietors' Purse \$200, ent. \$25, added; free for all ages; weights as on previous Tuesday. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

M. Marigny's gr. g. <i>Van Buren</i> , by Sir Richard, 6 yrs.....	1	1	1
M. Daunoy's gr. g. <i>Rolla</i> , by Pacolet, 6 yrs.....	2	2	2
F. Duplantier's ch. g. <i>Dandy</i> ,* pedigree above, 4 yrs.....			dist.

Time, 2:09—2:14—2:21. * Distanced for foul riding.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., MULBERRY COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$150 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian.....	1	1
Capt. John S. Corbin's b. c. <i>Bandit</i> , by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian.....	2	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Tariff.....		pd.ft
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington.....		pd.ft
Col. John P. White's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Herod.....		pd.ft

Time, 2:03—2:03.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4,100—5,110—6,118—and aged 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m's. and g's. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> , by Goliah, dam by Trafalgar, 3 yrs.....	6	1	1
Wm. McCargo's (J. M. Botts') ch. f. <i>Mary Tyler</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Playon, 4 yrs....	1	3	2
Col. John P. White's gr. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	7	4	3
James Talley's gr. c. <i>Servetus</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.....	5	2	4
Arthur Payne's ch. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Imp. Autocrat,—Eliza White by Sir Charles, 3 yrs....	4	5	dr
W. H. Tayloe's b. h. <i>Monbodo</i> , by Imp. Apparition, out of Angeline, 4 yrs.....	2		dist.
Col. J. C. Gibson's gr. m. <i>Molinera</i> , by Medley—Algerina by Jones Arabian, 5 yrs.....	3		dr.
Chas. Tayloe's (Mr. Ginness') ch. c. <i>Oscar Jr.</i> by Oscar—Bet. Wilkes by Sir Archie, 4 y			dist.

Time, 4:29—4:32—4:47. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> , by Goliah, dam by Trafalgar, 3 yrs.....	rec'd ft.
From—Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Jackson, out of Eliza Clay, and	
Col. J. P. White's ch. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Hal.	

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	2	1	3	1
Isham Puckett's (J. M. Botts') b. f. <i>Spindle</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, yrs.....	4	3	1	2
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Missouri</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2	3
James Talley's ch. f. by Goliah, out of Polly Snyder by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	3	4	4	*

Time, 6:50—6:40—6:43—6:40—Track very heavy. * Ruled out.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$20, added; conditions as before; Two mile heats.

Arthur Payne's ch. c. <i>Camden</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Eliza White by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.	1	1
John P. White's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2	2
Wm. McCargo's (J. M. Botts') ch. f. <i>Mary Tyler</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Playon, 4 yrs.	4	3
Chas. Tayloe's (Gen. Gibson's) b. f. <i>Duchess of Carlisle</i> , by Oscar Jr. d. by Rattler, 4 yrs.	3	4

Time, 4:20—4:21. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Match, \$500 a-side, catch weights, Two mile heats.

Col. J. C. Gibson's gr. m. <i>Molinera</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	1
Col. W. L. White's ch. c. <i>Jack Pendleton</i> pedigree above, 3 yrs.	2

Time, 4:12. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a-side, 86lbs. on each, One mile.

Col. W. L. White's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	1
Col. J. C. White's b. m. <i>Ruth</i> , by Medley, aged.	2

Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, \$200 a-side, catch weights, One mile.

Col. J. C. Gibson's gr. m. <i>Molinera</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	1
Col. W. L. White's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2

Time, 1:57.

NASHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. K. Bullock's ch. f. by Pacific, dam by Sir Archie.	1	1
A. H. Arrington's ch. c. by Escape, dam by Bagdad.	2	2

Time, 2:04½—2:06.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, carrying 86lbs.—4:100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Canary</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Battle's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam omitted, 4 yrs.	4	2
J. K. Bullock's gr. f. <i>American Maid</i> , by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch, 4 yrs.	3	3
J. Wynne's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs.	2	dist.
Gen. Williams' b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 4:04—4:02.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1.—J. C. Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

D. McDaniel's b. f. <i>Vashti</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs.	1	1
O. P. Hare's bl. c. <i>Black Prince</i> , by Imp. Fyde, out of Fantail, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	2	dr
Dr. Payne's ch. c. <i>Cyrus</i> , by Marion, dam by Director, 4 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 6:06½.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, BUCKEYE COURSE, SECOND FALL MEETING.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Ladies' Plate (value \$200), free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m's. and g's. Mile heats.

Capt. J. D. Edmond's (S. Burbridge's) b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs.	2	1	1
H. Spencer's (T. Lynch's) ch. f. <i>Queen Dido</i> , by Mucklejohn, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Countess Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand—Budget of Fun by Kassino, 3 y.	3	3	3
W. Thurston's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. <i>Maria Duke</i> , by Medoc—Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 y.	4	4	4
Jas. Ryan's ch. g. <i>Jack Strut</i> , by Randolph, dam omitted, 4 yrs.	5	dr	
Maj. Jas. F. Conover's (Jas. Pryer's) ch. c. <i>Ben Franklin</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 3 yrs.	dist.		

Wm. P. Hughes' (W. F. Hunt's) ch. h. *Rothsay*, by Archy Montorio, d. by Sweeper, 5 y

Time, 1:59—2:00—2:07. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$55, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Geo. H. Sinclair's b. f. <i>Sally Burns</i> , by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.	1	1
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. <i>Brighton Lass</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs.	3	2
Wesley Fisher's b. f. <i>Lady Hamilton</i> , by Boxer, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.	2	3

Time, 2:00—2:04. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Citizen's Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. Marshall Anderson's b. m. <i>Lady Hope</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.	1	1
Geo. N. Sander's (Maj. E. S. Revill's) b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , by Bertrand dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs.	2	2
H. E. Spencer's (S. Burbridge's) b. c. <i>Tarleton</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 y.	fell	

Time, 8:58—9:24. Track knee deep.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

M. W. Dickey's (Thos. Lynch's) b. f. <i>Lady Bertrand</i> , own sister to West Florida, (by Bertrand, dam by Potomac,) 3 yrs.	2	4	1	1
Maj. J. F. Conover's (W. P. Hunt's) ch. f. <i>Betty White</i> , by Alonzo, d. by Mercury, 3 y	3	1	2	2
G. Coffeen, Jr's. bl. c. <i>Orient</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.	4	3	2	r.o
G. N. Sander's (Maj. E. S. Revill's) ch. c. <i>Red Hawk</i> , by Medoc, d. by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1	3	dist.	

Time, 4:31—4:31—4:33—4:37. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

M. W. Dickey's (T. J. Robinson's) b. h. <i>Jim Allan</i> , by Archy Montorio, d. by Hamiltonian, 6 y	1	1
Geo. H. Sinclair's gr. f. <i>Victoria</i> , by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippto Saib, 3 yrs.	2	dist.

Time, 8:48—8:38. Track very heavy.

The Secretary does not report a race, mile heats, which came off this day.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

S. Burbridge's b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	3	1	1	1
Thos. Lynch's ch. f. <i>Queen Dido</i> , " " 4 yrs.	4	2	4	2
Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. <i>Lorenzo</i> , " " 4 yrs.	2	3	3	3
M. W. Dickey's ch. f. <i>Jenny Willing</i> , by Medoc, 3 yrs.	1	4	2	4

Time, 2:06—2:02—2:03—2:08. Track very heavy.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MONDAY, Nov. 5, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Ten subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's Imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker..... 1 1
P. McRa's br. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier..... 2 2
Capt. Jas. J. Marrison's f. Own Sister to Kite..... 3 dist.
Time, 4:04—4:07 Track very heavy. Won easily.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds taking up 90lbs.—4, 102 5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards 126lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Col. A. Flud's Imp. b. f. *Lily*, by The Colonel, out of Fleur-de-Lis by Bourbon, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. h. *Rienzi*, by Bertrand Jr.,—Carolina by Buzzard, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Capt. J. J. Harrison's ch. f. *Eliza Garrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.
Time, 8:03—8:00. Track heavy. Won handily.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—J. C. Purse, \$400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 6 yrs..... 2 1
Col. J. B. Richardson's b. f. *Miss Clinker*, by Humphrey Clinker—Imp. Mania, 3 yrs..... 1 dist.
Time, 6:40—6:00. First heat won by a brush.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—J. C. Purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs..... 2 1 1
P. McRa's ch. f. *Ellen* by Godolphin, dam by Bedford..... 1 2 dr
Capt. J. J. Harrison's bl. f. *Black Cat*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam omitted..... 3 dist.
Time, 4:04—3:52½. Track heavy and raining.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Post Stake for 3 year olds, Club weights. Three subs. at \$— each. Mile heats.

Maj. Powell McRa's br. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Financier..... 2 1 1
Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam omitted..... 1 2 2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's br. f. by Dockon, dam by Sartorius..... 3 dist.
Time, 2:04—1:56—1:57. Won cleverly.

SPRINGFIELD, ALABAMA.

MONDAY, Oct. 22, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds bred in Greene or an adjoining county, feather weights. Seven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Robt. Wm. Wither's ch. f. by Pulaski, out of Sally Harwell, by Virginian 2 1 1
J. L. Wardlaw's b. f. by Sir Hancock, out of Mary Triniem* 3 2 2
Henry Hobley's ch. f. by Sir Hancock, dam unknown 1 3 dist.
John Long's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Old Nell..... dist.
Time, 2:03½—2:13—2:17.

*The name of this mare is written so indistinctly that the editor is not at all certain the above is correct. Too much care can hardly be exercised in writing proper names.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$375, free for all ages, 5 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; with the usual allowance to m's and g's. Three mile heats.

John Long's gr. m. *Merino Ewe*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs..... 3 1 1
Dr. W. A. Leland's ch. h. *Red Tom*, by Bertrand, out of the Duchess of Marlborough by Sir Archie, 5 yrs..... 2 2 2
Dr. Z. Meriwether's b. f. *Coquette*, by Stockholder, dam by Dion, 4 yrs..... 1 dist*
W. R. Bullock's ch. h. *Bolivar*, by Eclipse..... dist.
Time, 5:58—5:57—6:03. * Dist. by her Jockey's foul riding.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$275, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Head & Smith's b. f. *Francis Tyrrel*, by Bertrand, out of Susan Yandell's (late Hinda) dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs..... 1 1
Wm. E. Long's ch. f. *Medora*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs..... 2 2
Dr. W. A. Leland's ch. h. *Nullification*, by Caledonian, dam by Director, 6 yrs 3 dr.
Time, 4:05—4:04.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, club weights. — Subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Dr. Robt. Wm. Wither's br. f. *Fyldina*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Moll Romp, by Frantic..... 1 1
John Long's br. f. *Sarah Winston*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap..... 2 2
Won handily—no time given.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Dr. Robt. Wm. Wither's, gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs..... 1 1
Head & Smith's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, 3 yrs..... 2 2
John Long's b. f. *Talladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs..... 3 3
Time, 1:55—1:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$210, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. f. *Harpalice*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
Dr. R. W. Wither's b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip..... 2 3 2
Dr. Z. Meriwether's b. f. *Coquette*, by Stockholder, dam by Dion, 4 yrs..... 3 2 3
Time, 1:54—1:57—1:59.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, club weights, Mile heats. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.

Albert Jackson's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Conqueror..... rec'd ft.
From the nominations of Messrs. Webster and Jones. D. McGEHEE, Secretary.

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

MONDAY, Nov. 12, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. E. Long's b. f. *Sarah Winston*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap..... 1 1
M. E. Gary's ro. c. *Sleepy Davy*, pedigree unknown dist.
Time not given.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Col. John Long's (David Conner's) b. f. *Taladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs... 1 1
 Dr. Wm. A. Leland's s. h. *Oliver Twist*, by Sir Charles, dam by —, 5 yrs... 2 2
 A. B. Newsom's b. f. *Calanthe Motley*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 3 yrs... dist
 Dr. Z. Meriwether's ch. f. by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs... dist
 Time, 4:04—4:07.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—J. C. Purse \$600, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Dr. Wm. A. Leland's b. c. *Bay Bill*, by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs... 1 1
 Wm. E. Long's gr. m. *Union*, by Jerry, dam by Josephus, 5 yrs... dist
 Won easily. Time not kept.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—J. C. Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Dr. Wm. A. Leland's s. h. *Red Tom*, by Bertrand—Duchess of Marlboro, by Sir Archy, 5 y. 1 1
 Col. John Long's gr. m. *Merino Eve*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs... dist
 Won without a struggle. Time not kept.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 J. J. Burton's (W. E. Long's) b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs... 1 1 1
 Daniel Gray's br. h. *Cock Robin*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs... 2 2 2
 Edward Johnson's b. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs... 3 dist
 R. Tarborough's gr. f. *Volant*, by Helm's Democrat, dam omitted... dr
 Time, 2:06—2:01—2:07.

SATURDAY, Nov. 17—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, h. ft. — heats.
 B. B. Newsom's b. f. *Calanthe Motley*, pedigree above, 3 yrs... rec'd ft

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"And first behold this cordial Julep here!
 That flames and dances in his chrystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mixed;
 Not that nepenthes which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena.
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this.
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst."

MILTON.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
 (And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt,)
 One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
 That his last butt of nectar somehow had run out!
 But determined to send round the goblet once more,
 They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
 In composing a draught' which, till drinking were o'er,
 Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.
 Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
 And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
 And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
 Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.*
 Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
 Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
 When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
 Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.
 The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
 With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
 That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
 Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.
 Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
 And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
 All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
 The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.
 The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
 Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
 But JULEPS the drink of immortals became,
 When JOVE himself added a handful of HAIL!

* A "spirit of balm" may, as our Southern readers know, be thus procured. But alas, for the Olympians to whom seignette and cognac were unknown, and whose nearest procured to champagne brandy must have been rectified, whiskey or apple-jack made from pippins in the gardens of the Hesperides.

Notes of the Month.

MARCH AND APRIL.

THE NORTHERN TURF.—It will afford peculiar gratification to very many readers of this work to learn, that the prospects of an enduring revival of the Racing Spirit of the North is likely to be consummated beyond the most sanguine expectations of the friends of the Turf in this region. A meeting was convened on the 24th instant, at the Astor House, in this city, of gentlemen interested in the success of the Turf, and others attached to its manly sports, to hear the Report of a Committee appointed "for the purpose of devising and recommending, for general adoption, such means as should seem best calculated to effect" this object. The Committee comprised Messrs. John C. Stevens, John A. King, Commodore Ridgeley, William Gibbons, Walter Livingston, Robert L. Stevens, Asher P. Hamlin, John R. Thomson, and Charles Livingston.

The Report of the Committee was introduced by Mr. King, the presiding officer, and unanimously adopted. The following is a synopsis of its provisions :—That a Club be formed for three years. That no subscription be less than \$20, nor more than \$50, per annum,—payable whether present or absent, and annually. That the Proprietors, for the above subscription, give two meetings per annum, the one in the Spring and the other in the Fall. That Extra Meetings, if given by the Proprietors, entitle them to make a separate charge for admission to the privileges of the Course. That the amount raised by the Club be given in Purses during the two Club Meetings, and that this amount be in such Purses as the Club may designate. That gentlemen paying \$50 per annum, have the privilege of inviting a friend (a non-resident of the State of New York) to the two Club Meetings. That the Proprietors are not expected to put up in purses more money than is raised by the Club subscription. That gentlemen joining the Club on nomination (after its organization on the 4th of May) be liable for the unexpired term of the Club, from date of such admission.

A second meeting of the Club is to be held at the Club House of Capt. Branch, at the Union Course, on Saturday, the 4th of May, with a view to its full organization, the election of officers, etc.—A large majority of the gentlemen in attendance at the meeting, on the 24th, subscribed \$50 per annum, each, and, in all likelihood, a very large addition will be made to the list of members of the Club. The business of the meeting being concluded, the company sat down to a very superb dinner, and the occasion was one of the greatest hilarity.

THE "HAMPTON" STAKES.—In the "Notes" of last month, reference was made to the splendid Produce Stake at Nashville, Tenn., which had been designated the "Peyton" Stake, in honor of the "chivalric originator"—the Hon. Balie Peyton, of New Orleans. Since January last, when that stake closed with thirty subscribers, at

\$5000 each, a second has been proposed, over the same course, by a distinguished supporter and ornament of the American Turf, and we have taken the liberty of denominating it "*The HAMPTON Stake*" in honor of Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. This second Produce Stake has also been opened for colts and fillies dropped this Spring, and will come off, over the same course, on the day previous to the first stake, being the first day of the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, in 1843; the subscription is \$2000 each, \$400 forfeit, Two mile heats. Though the programme of the stake differs in one essential particular from the original proposition of the "chivalric originator," inasmuch as he intended the nominations to comprise the foals of 1840, still the suggestion was thrown out by him, in the hope of getting up "an episode to the great drama—to enable those who have only one nomination in the large stake, to accompany it with a junior partner to run for the smaller one;" and in his communication to the Editor on the subject, he distinctly expressed the wish that the second stake might be "shaped so as to meet the views of the Western gentlemen." The stake is to close on the 1st of August, and those gentlemen who failed to make a nomination in the "Peyton" Stake, have an opportunity now presented in The "Hampton"—the Derby, and the St. Leger. We look to see every fine stallion in the country represented.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—There are two well organized Associations in this city, the members of which devote considerable time and attention in acquiring a proficiency in the use of the Rifle, and few pastimes are more interesting or manly. Of the "N. Y. Off-Hand Rifle Club" we have the honor to be a member "in regular standing," save that we find small leisure for practice; and we are glad to see that the targets of our up-town friends, under the designation of the "North River Rifle Society," are reflecting no small credit on "the crack shots of Gotham." A prize of a silver Powder-flask was recently won by Mr. Henry Dibdin, who, at a distance of 50 yards, off-hand, made two shots measuring $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Mr. W. L. Davis, at the same time and distance, off-hand, won another prize, two shots in three, measuring $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

A few weeks before the organization of the "Off-hand Club," (mentioned on page 112 of last No.), four gentlemen, now enrolled as members, had a trial of skill at Hoboken, near the Beacon Course; three practise rest shooting, while the fourth shoots off-hand. The distance agreed upon was 110 yards or 20 rods. Each put up his target, and commenced shooting in turn, ten shots each. The shortest string measured $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The off-hand shooter, at the same time and distance, made the best 9 in 17 shots, placing nine balls in his bull's eye of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter. It was then proposed that the off-hand shooter should contend with the three, ten shots each, string measure, the latter still shooting at a rest. This second match resulted in the off-hand shooter's making a string measuring $19\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the gentleman who made the best target on the first trial reduced his string to seven inches; eight of his shots would have hit a dollar!

On the 13th of last month, the "Off-Hand Club" held its first monthly meeting for practice, at the Thatched Cottage Garden, Jersey

City; although there was a general turn out, six members only engaged. The distance first appointed was 60 yards—ten shots each; the best target measured (string measure) $13\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The second distance appointed was 100 yards—10 shots each; the best target measured $26\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The third distance was 120 yards—10 shots each; the best target measured $26\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

On the 10th instant, the Club met again at Williamsburg; the best target made was by Mr. William Watts, whose 10 shots, at 100 yards, measured $22\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

Mr. W. L. Hudson, rifle-gun maker, 467 Greenwich street, has sent us several targets, made with new rifles from his manufactory, that not only speak well for the excellence of his workmanship, but for his proficiency in the use of these beautiful weapons. Three successive shots off-hand, at 110 yards, with one of them, measures but $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This target was made with a rifle weighing $14\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; length of barrel 2 ft. 10 in.; calibre 60; patent breech; the sights are very fine, as in addition to the front, there is a very slight ball placed in the centre of the tube shade, and a centre shaded crotch on a spring, graduated by a screw; the false breech, or break-off, runs parallel with the barrel, on which rests a spring with a convex perforation for sight; this sighting is unusually distinct. With a rifle of a different pattern, on the 29th ult., Mr. H. made 10 shots at 110 yards, off-hand, which measured 25 inches.

A member of the Savannah (Ga.) Rifle Club, lately made 10 shots off-hand, at 120 yards, measuring $27\frac{5}{8}$ inches, and 20 shots at the same distance off-hand, measuring $61\frac{5}{8}$ inches. Of course, in all the targets adverted to the shots were successive.

SOMETHING *like* A COMPLIMENT.—Our neighbor of the "Literary Gazette" relates the following anecdote in illustration of the "notions" entertained by thousands of Her Majesty's subjects, of these United States:—"A cockney sportsman who had read with delight Mr. Hoffman's new work* on the Wild Sports of America, took passage in a London packet, and arrived here during the present week, in search of wild game. He brought letters to a highly respectable merchant, with whom we are well acquainted, and desired, after delivering them, to be directed to the best hunting grounds without delay, as he could only remain here a few days, purposing to return in the Great Western. He said that he came to New York principally to shoot bears. Our mercantile friend, satisfying himself that his new acquaintance was perfectly serious, informed him that the sport had been greatly *cut up* here, and recommended him to proceed to Philadelphia. He departs for that city this day: and we call upon our friends there to extend to the distinguished stranger their usual hospitality."

"THE ENTIRE SWINE."—The "Tennessean" informs us that a farmer of Henry County, in that State, about two years since, expended 35 dollars in the purchase of hogs. Since then he has not bought the first hog, pig, or shoat, or pound of pork; but has sold 9000 lbs., has now for sale 4000 lbs., and upwards of 200 head of live hogs upon his farm.

*The work referred to is "*Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie*," by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, Esq., of this city, which has just been published in London and greatly admired. An extract from this delightful volume—"A Sacondaga Deer Hunt"—appeared in the last number of this Magazine.

MATCH FOR \$20,000 A SIDE!—We are officially informed that Mr. John C. Rogers, of Raleigh, N. C., has concluded a Post-match with Mr. Charles Hatcher, of Norfolk, Va., for \$20,000 a side, Four mile heats, to come off over the Newmarket Course, near Petersburg, during the ensuing fall meeting of the Club. Mr. R. is to name at the post the choice of *Monarch* and *The Queen*, against the choice of *Portsmouth* and *Omega*, to be named by Mr. H.

In the match between *Boston* and *The Queen*, for 10,000 a-side, four mile heats, to come off at Raleigh, N. C., on the 30th instant, the former, it is understood, will receive forfeit, the latter having been for some time turned out.

CATTLE IN TENNESSEE.—A journal published in Rutherford Co., Tenn., called "The Times," relates the following singular instance of precocity:—"There is at this time on the farm of Overton W. Crockett, Esq., of this county, a milch Cow, the property of his son-in-law, Mr. Wm. G. W. Beaty, which brought a calf on the 14th February, 1838, which calf continued to suck its mother as calves usually do, until last Saturday morning, 16th March, 1839, when it refused to obey the maternal call of its mother, or the mandates of the milkmaid, and seemed disposed to withdraw itself from company. During the day it produced a fine sprightly calf of the masculine gender, all doing well. The mother having assumed all the dignity and responsibilities of a more aged matron, being only thirteen months older than the suckling. This is the most extraordinary instance of precocity within our knowledge, and, we think, on record—the truth of which, as before stated, can be established by as good witnesses as the world can afford. This calf we learn is since dead."

A NOVEL RACE.—In his report of the Fall Races of last season at Springfield, Ala., (published in this number) the Secretary furnishes the following interesting particulars of a match in which the celebrated *Pelham* ran without a rider!

"A match of a single mile was made between Mr. Wizer's old *Pelham* and Mr. Duke's chesnut gelding, for \$100 a-side—weight at the pleasure of the parties. Mr. W. started *Pelham* without a rider. The old horse showed his blood and training by his anxiety for the start, which was as conspicuous as if he had been backed by the best jockey in the country. At the tap of the drum he dashed off, evidently aiming to take the track at the first turn, but failing, he declined into a more moderate pace, till fairly entering upon the back stretch, where he made his brush, got a-head, took the track fairly, and again moderated his stride till he entered the last quarter stretch, when a second time he made a desperate brush for the distance of about two hundred yards, when, finding he had the race all to himself, he *pulled himself up*, and came in, looking to the right and left, and winning handsomely, in 1:55—passed to the judges' stand, stopped, and turning round with all the majesty of a triumphant hero, started to the stand, (*to report his weight*) and would no doubt have trotted up to it, as he had before done, but for the interference of some spectator, who caught him. The shouts and acclamations were loud, long, and rapturous, for "old *Pelham* forever."